JANET'S POETICAL WORKS

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CAREY'S

POETICAL WORKS,

INCLUDING A

SELECTION OF POEMS

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

33

HELENA M. CAREY.

—:o:—

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INTRODUCTION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

THERE is a charm in the friendship and companionship of a man of poetic temperament. The charm is all the greater to the prosaic citizen, who, while he enjoys the reading of poetry, cannot clearly comprehend the mental development, which creates the beautiful imagery which delights him. In the friendship and companionship of Patrick Carey, I have found the charm of which I speak.

I confess that in my busy work-a-day-life, I have had little time to dream as do the poets; and less time to enjoy, as I feel I could, the sweet and soothing influence of poetic creations. But I have read the poems written by Patrick Carey, and with many of the thousands of readers, of the daily and weekly newspapers, I have admired them.

Before I knew the author I could picture the man. All his poems reflect his character. They show in the first place the cultured gentleman, fine-strung, highly imaginative. The man whose ideals are high, and whose aspirations are noble. His writings breathe in every line a love of truth and justice; a deep-rooted affection for the lovely, but woeful land of his birth; and a devotion, all too rare in this indifferent age, to the Church of Christ.

The success which he has achieved has been pleasing to me, as it has been to many; for in the popular recognition his talents as a poet has received, I have found,—and all his friends have found—a triumph, for a true and loyal Irishman; expatriated because of his intense, and perhaps indiscreet devotion to his native land.

The Irishman who can read the patriotic poems printed in this book, and not exult in his heart, that here in free America, one able to sing the glories of Erin has found a refuge and a home; has never been swayed by the tender thoughts, which our poet has clothed in such beautiful language.

Knowing my friend as I know him, I fear that what I have said will not find favor in his eyes. At first, too modest to write a preface for his own book, he asked me as one of his

friends and admirers, to pen a few lines by way of introduction.

That I have done in my own poor way, would that I could do more.

Whatever of merit lies in the poems, is left to the judgment of the reader. The sentiments they voice I know are sincere. Of the mere mechanical excellences of the poems, (and mechanical excellences seem to count for a great deal in modern verse,) the critics must be the judges.

WILLIAM C. COZIER.

TROY, N. Y., March 1st, 1888.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In presenting the following collection of poems to the intelligent and critical judgment of the American people, I feel I have undertaken a task, which, while elevated and refined, falls far short of the ideal for which it was intended.

But, though their poetic merits may not reach the standard of critical taste, nor their profound depths alarm the superficial thinker, yet their purity and modesty, will, I trust, commend themselves to the guardians of such kindred virtues, as jewels more inestimable, than the cultured thought, more elaborately clothed, or more insidiously portrayed.

The subjects of many of the poems are of the most edifying nature,—purely Christian in spirit and tone; and directly appealing to the warmest sympathies of our nature. If otherwise excellent, out of the *Ten Thousand* lines herein printed, there is not one I would elimi-

nate, as offensive to the most refined taste. The same Christian spirit pervades my daughter's poems, for whom, more earnestly than for myself, I would ask generous criticism.

Amid the galaxy of bright stars, that now, more than ever, in the Literature of this country, adorns its sky; I am more willing to admire their glory, than to emulate their fame; content that I have performed my part, to the best of my poor ability.

An Irishman by birth and instincts, and an exile through coercion, is it to be wondered at that I should nurture and preserve an undying hatred for the tyrannical power that grinds my country under its despotic heel, and treats my countrymen as though they had no right to exist in any part of the world, much less their native land. To any one whom I have offended by my writings and hostility to this inhuman government, and who is so base as not to sympathize with the cause of Freedom, I would say in the title of Charles Reade's novel: "Put Yourself in His Place," and ask, "Would I be more forgiving?"

I have been the recipient of many kind words and encouragements from my patrons and the Press; which I shall ever treasure with the keenest sense of gratitude and pride; among these is the following criticism from the *Cath-*

olic Weekly of December 11th, 1887, on the Discovery of America, to the writer of which I am deeply grateful;

"We shall publish next week a poem entitled the "The Discovery of America," written by Patrick Carey of Cohoes, whose poems of late, in the Catholic Weekly, have attracted such extended notice. Mr. Carey's latest and most ambitious effort, teems with striking metaphors, clothed in beautiful and appropriate language. The narrative is historically faithful; and the prosaic details of the work are so interwoven with poetic sentiments; that the poem as a whole, satisfies the most exacting taste. "The Discovery of America" is a well written poem, and of itself, is sufficient to establish Mr. Carey's reputation. We bespeak for it the commendation of critical readers."

I have little more to add, than to thank my kind patrons for their generous appreciation and support of my humble efforts, to some of whom, more than to myself, I shall owe whatever success the future may bring.

PATRICK CAREY.

COHOES, N. Y., March 1st, 1888.

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CAREY'S POETICAL WORKS.

——:o:——

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Iberia's sun rose clear and bright
Flooding fair Palos in his light.
Then stretching onward to the West
Silvered the foam on Ocean's breast;
That untried Ocean, vast, unknown,
Now blazed beneath his fiery zone;
That untried Ocean, soon the scene
Of man's unconquerable mein;
Of man's indomitable will,
As godlike as his power and skill;
That untried Ocean soon shall glow,
With pregnant sail as white as snow:
That untried Ocean soon shall hear,
The glorious sound of song and cheer:
Shall mark the highway of the earth,
Predestined at Creation's birth!

But what great captain can we find,
With grasp of will and force of mind,
Whose daring would the vast explore
From Tarik's wave to western shore,
And plow those seas, ne'er plowed before.

Already 'midst the throng we see,
Moving along in majesty,
A stately form, erect and fair,
With brow of Jove and snowy hair;
Determination in his eye,
And high resolve to dare, or die:—
'Tis he of men the truly brave,
Who now tempts fortune and the wave,
'Tis he, Columbus, great and blest,
Who seeks Cathay by sailing west.

And now a hymn of praise is sung!
To Him whose name rests on each tongue!
For priests and laymen now unite,
To praise the God of Love and Light:
To ask His blessing and His care
For those who now the Ocean dare.

Three caravels at mooring lay
Whose snowy sail adorns the bay—
Rude in construction—tempting winds,
The argosies of daring minds;
Not e'en the Argonauts of old
Who sought the fabled Fleece of Gold,

Embarked for Colchis with such pride,
As they who now would tempt the tide.

The daring band now reach the shore,
Their much loved captain gone before;
Their children, wives, and freinds are met,
With anguished hearts and deep regret;
Their tearful eyes the vast explore,
And call up fears ne'er felt before;
Beyond the trackless ocean lies
Kissing the rim of western skies;
Behind the beauteous land of Spain
Thrice blessed is Isabella's reign—
That glorious queen of fair Castile,
The vanquisher of Boabidil.

But oh! for him the great Genoese,
Whose tears are shed, who dares accuse
The enterprise whose glory shed,
Its lustre on a monarch's head.

And now the parting hour draws nigh
When tender hearts must say good-bye;
When loving wish and earnest prayer,
Will sanctify the morning air!
When every feeling of the heart
Is centered in those words—we part,
With earth's fair hopes forever thrown
Upon the breast of the unknown.

O, what a theme for poet's pen
This noble quest of daring men;

O, what a theme on which to write,
To snatch a gleam from Nature's light:
To paint in burning words of fire,
The mind that planned this bold desire;
But vain the effort, vain the thought,
The mind is lost in what it sought.

The caravels are set, and now,
They face the west with sullen prow:
The morning's sun behind them lies
Kissing the rim of western skies;
Their captain in the first is seen,
The Sancta Maria—Ocean's Queen—
Presage of Hope's expectancy—
Protectress of the land and sea!

The anguished moan of grief and pain,
The earnest eye whose vivid strain,
Would hold the shadows growing dim
Beside the dark horizon's rim;
Those fading shadows soon shall lave
Their gull-like breasts in western wave;
Shall leave behind a hallowed name—
The everlasting wreath of fame.

Look to the east, ere yet the wave,
Shall roll above Hispania's grave:
Look to the east, where Palos lies,
Nestled beneath cerulean skies;
Look to the east, where sorrowing friends,
Indistinct grow,—indistinct blends

With that last glance you e'er may gain
Of "Europe's Queen,"—"Fair Sunny Spain."
Look! look again, the sea and sky
Are met, and now brave hearts good-bye,
Around, before, north, south, east, west,
God's bound'ries on the Ocean rest;
His mercies now are thine to save
The daring hearts that tempt His wave;
Are thine thro' danger and thro' ill,
The creatures of His Sovereign Will.

Alas! for man's stability
On God's fair earth or boundless sea,
The very courage he'd evoke
Ere tested is too often broke;
So was it now when Palos grew
Indistinct o'er the waters blue;
So was it, when with tearful grief
They gazed their last on Teneriffe:
Whose fiery cone, far reaching gave
A lurid glow to eastern wave.

And now, the last known land is passed,
And countless fears come crowding fast;
The unexplored, uncertain, lies
Unbroken 'neath the saffron skies,
Whose beauteous tints the west adorn,
The reflex of the weeping morn;
Whilst Hesperus, with silver crest,
Lights up the arch, that bounds the west,—

The star of hope whose beck'ning ray
Now cheers them on their trackless way!

The night comes down upon that sea
In all her dreaded panoply,
Shadowing the heart with horrid fears,
And forcing back the coward tears,—
Mistress of Thought, whose shadows roll,
Across the mirror of the soul!
Mistress of Thought, whose silence brings,
Our life before the King of Kings!

The terrors, which their fears awoke,
Were quieted, as morning broke;
That August morning—weeping balm—
Now rose o'er ocean sweet and calm;
Now saw the blazing orb of day
Rise in the east with fiery ray;
Light up the arching dome that erst
Had hung in gloom o'er ocean's breast.

Soft was the influence it threw
Over that grim, rebellious crew,
Whose furtive glance and pallid cheek
Indexed the fears their tongues would speak;
Whose longing eyes now sweep the main,
To catch in thought, one glance of Spain;
To wish them safely back once more,
With loving friends, by Palos shore.

But where is he whose genius gave
A soul to silence and the wave?

We find him filled with hope and cheer,
A light that shines o'er doubt and fear;
We find him ere the morning's spent,
As Abram praying 'fore his tent;
His god-like purpose glowing there—
A sacrifice of love and prayer.
We find him hopeful, radiant now,
As though the laurels pressed his brow.

He says, "My men, why do you fear?
A glorious land is drawing near;
The Indian islands of those seas,
Are richer than Hesperides;
Are rich in gold and precious stones,
That gleam beneath their fiery zones,
With cities grander, prouder still,
Than is Granada or Seville;
Than is Cordova or Madrid,
Twixt loftier hills, and mountains hid:
Then follow me, those riches share,
The sea and sky look bright and fair,—
Be of stout heart, a glorious day,
Shall beam when God lights up the way!"

The weary days, so long between,
Dawned on one unvarying scene—
Monotonously drear and lone,
As sea-birds' cry, or ocean's moan;
The morning came and saw the west,
A darkened band 'gainst ocean pressed—

The evening robed in autumn hue
Its royal tints o'er ocean threw.

A month had passed in doubt and fear;
That fancy lengthened to a year;
Faint signs of land came floating past,
The harbingers of Hope at last.

Grasses and sea-weed, dark and green,
Now crest the wave with welcome sheen;
Strange birds flew past on tireless wing,
Whose presence there, glad tidings bring—
Fair doves of promise, hope and rest
Now dip their wing in ocean's breast.

Anon the cry of land is heard—
That thrilling cry the bosom stirred;
That cry long seething thro' the brain,
Now links its hopes with home and Spain;
Electric, as the lightning's dart,
It fires the pulses of the heart;
Electric, as the quest it sought,
It swiftly flies on wings of thought.

But soon, alas! that word of cheer
Shall fall in gloom upon the ear;
A dark'ning cloud the mirage gave
That loomed beyond the distant wave;—
False, fleeting cloud, thy gloomy brow
But shatters hope and courage now—
The Dead Sea apple of the eye,
That comes as sin our hearts to try.

Dissatisfaction, long suppressed,
In open murmers was expressed;
Their promised dream of wealth and fame,
The glory of the Spaniard's name,
Were but the coinage of the brain,
The broken link of reasons chain.

Such were the thoughts that filled them now,
That sent the shadows to each brow,
That augured ill for him who bore,
Their trusting hearts from Palos shore;
Such were the thoughts their hearts now burn
To kill their chief, then homeward turn,
And so avert a nameless grave,
Unknown, unmarked, 'neath ocean's wave.

All suspecting,—yet secure,
Within a heart, as brave as pure;
The hopeful captain of that band
Still firmly gave the fixed command,
Nor questioned the averted eye
That met his gaze, as they passed by,—
A mightier Hand was his to save,
The author of the sky and wave.

And now a branch with berries red,
Like Angel's wings o'er Hope outspread—
The olive branch of peace and love
Now crest the wave, as Noah's dove;
The silent messenger that bore
Glad tidings from a distant shore!

Next grasses fresh from river's side
Whose undulations glint the tide,
Now drift along on ocean's breast,
A grateful offering from the west;
A paddle dropped from careless hand
Next thrills them as magician's wand,
Inspires their hearts with hope and cheer,
That now at last the land is near.

Once more the night, on ebon wing,
Her shadows o'er the ocean fling!
Shuts out mercy from the view,
That lately o'er the waters flew!

Once more fair hope is doomed to sleep
Upon the bosom of the deep;
Not so the soul of him, whose eye
Now scans the gloom of western sky,
Whose fancy brings the land e'en now
Beside the dim horizon's brow.

So sure is he the morning's light
Will bring the much-sought land in sight;
So sure is he of this surprise,
He offers him a costly prize,
Who first with penetrating eye
Will thro' the gloom the land descry.

'Tis ten o'clock, when lo! a light
Is seen to pierce the vault of night;
Its feeble ray comes from the west,
And glimmers o'er the Ocean's breast;

In doubt Columbus calls his mate
To verify the will of fate;
His joyous eyes behold it too,
And then the long expectant crew;
It disappears, then gleams once more,
As tho' it lit some distant shore;
Supremely blest, that ray so dear,
That comes as joy, their hearts to cheer!

And now in expectation bright
They waited for the morning's light;
That glorious morning, fair, sublime,
The fairest offering of Time;
Shall roll across the Ocean's face,
As Mercy from the seat of Grace!
That glorious morning bright and clear
With joyous vision shall appear;
Shall break o'er lands supremely blest,
Whose outlines now loom in the west.

A warning gun is fired, and now,
The land is seen from Pinta's bow—
The fastest vessel of the three,
That sailed across that mighty sea;
'Tis two o'clock, the gloomy shore,
The daring mind would fain explore;
But caution rules, with sober sway,
And waits the near approach of day.

Did ever sun in glory rise,
With brighter beams to glad the eyes?

Did ever heart with wilder joy,
Mark the radiance of the sky?
Ah! no, to them, the Orient ne'er
Looked half so beautiful and fair.

That morning dawned with rosy smile,
On what appeared a beauteous isle,
Clothed with verdure and with trees—
As orchards of Hesperides—
The glorious sight they now behold
Inflames their hearts with joys untold:
Enkindles hopes before unfelt,
That God with them had kindly dealt.

As thus their wond'ring eyes explore
Strange creatures hurry to the shore:
Primal, as he whose footsteps trod
The Eden of the Living God!
Unconscious they of harm or fear,
In naked trustiness appear—
As tho' the sin of malice ne'er
Within their breasts had found its lair;
As tho' of earth that moment born,
As was their beauteous land that morn.

Ah! would the future years but bring
Such heavenly trust as off'ring;
Ah! would the future years but show
The slaughter of the foreign foe;
Ah! would the lesson of the main
Forever in the heart remain;

That confidence alone, and trust,
Make all men happy, pure and just;
Then, then, indeed, that naked band
Would never seize the mur'drous brand;
Would never use the scalping knife,
Or poisoned arrow in the strife.

And now the hands that would destroy
Are raised to God, in thanks of joy;
A hymn of praise to Him is sung,
As ever voiced the human tongue;
They crowd around their patient chief
In all the semblance of grief.
They kiss his hands, embrace his knees
And pledge their future lives to please;
If he would pardon them that day,
His wish they ne'er would disobey.

Columbus robed in scarlet dress,
With royal banner for address,
Struck foreign shore with firm foot
And in its soil that banner root;
Then kneeling down in earnest prayer
As ever wafted on the air;
With tears of joy and eyelids dim
His fervid thanks arose to Him—
The Mighty God of Seraphim.

Erect of form his sword he drew,
Whose virgin blade, no blood e'er knew—

For he of men sought other fame
Than bloody deeds to wreathe his name—
Then, as a god, who rules the main;
Who vanquished doubt, distrust, and pain,
His much sought prize bequeaths to Spain;
Unselfish heart, unselfish gave
Dominion o'er the land and wave.

But higher thoughts now upward soar
He calls the land San Salvador,
In praise of Him whose mighty will
Encouraged Hope to mould his skill;
In praise of Him whose blessings gave
To man dominion o'er the wave.

And thus the genius and the force
Of dauntless will's resistless course,
Inspired of God, directed, blessed,
Had linked the Orient to the west;
Had lit the path till then unknown
A highway for the Spanish throne—
The Mecca of the weary soul
Whose fainting steps would reach the goal;
Tired of oppression's goading rod
Would fain commune with nature's God;
Would fain escape from tyranny
That holds the will in slavery;
For such as these, for such as those
Who'll yet confront their tyrant foes,

The rescuer of the mighty wave,
A refuge and a freedom gave.

And now, the ocean wide and deep,
Whose giant billows wildly leap,
Eternal, boundless, and sublime,
Shall mark the steady strokes of Time!
Shall dart the fiery spark of Thought
To furthest shore wherever sought;
Shall give to man resistless sway,
Where'er God lights the orb of day!

——:o:——

AMERICA.

As the condor of Andes, your sons are as brave,
And free as Mississippi's dark rolling wave!
As your white crested mountains, majestic and bold,
Your bright deeds of glory triumphant are rolled!
Thou fair shrine of Fredom, our song is of thee,
Diapasoned, sublime, as the waves of the sea!

How brightly the stars in your firmament shine,
As the amethyst hid in the depths of the mine!
How graceful the sweep of your wide, rolling plains,
As the sweet harp of Nature emitting her strains!

Around thee, fair land, the Beneficient Mind
In his blessings, to nations, left nothing behind.

Secure as the eyrie, your home is as free
As the sea gull that dips her white wings in the sea;
From the Poles to the Tropics your song as sublime,
As the anthems that roll thro' the arches of Time!
From the faint flush of Morning, to Evening's deep glow,
Your glories exultant, in harmony flow!

The one fairest jewel of nature is here,
Extending its light thro' the poles of the year!
From the Gulf to the Lakes, from the east to the west,
Its bounties, as Grace, are abundant and blest.
Its baldric of stars, as the Orbs in the Sky,
In purity gleam from their banner on high.

As long as the Morning diffuses her beam;
As long as the stars thro' the heavens shall gleam;
So long may thy glories unending and bright
On the down-trodden nations enkindle their light!
Till the voice of the people transcendant shall rise
In an anthem of praise to their God in the skies!

THE GRAVE OF DE SOTO.

Here, where the Father of Waters,
Rolls his muddy wave along;
Have they buried the brave De Soto,
Forever renowned in song;
With no tomb to mark his glory,
But the swift caressing tide;
With no scroll to breathe his story,
Save its bosom, deep and wide.

Away, 'neath that mighty river,
His dirge is forever sung;
As tho' the fair Guadalquiver
Had murmured its wail among;
Away from that land of glory,
Her chivalrous son finds rest,
To mix with the slime of ages,
That gathers above his breast.

Sad, sad, is thine end, De Soto,
Thou chief of the shining lance;
The spirit and soul of danger,—
Oh! thou of the eagle glance;
As the waves of that turbid river,
Thy comrades now must go;
To seek for a place of safety
Wither its waves do flow.

They felled a tree in the forest,
  From its bowels scooped a tomb,
Where they laid the famed De Soto,
  With no torch to light the gloom:
But the stars above are watchers
  Of that picture, drear and wild:
And their faint, fair light is gleaming
  On Adventure's fallen child.

And this is thy grave, De Soto!
  Captain of Spain's noblesse,
Companion of brave Pizzaro:
  Prince of each fair address:
Thro' the swirl and rush of waters,
  As a bubble that crests its wave:
To sink in its breast forever,
  To find on its bed a grave!

Unmarked is the spot that hides thee,—
  As the ocean's glassy breast;
And the quest, and the strife are over,
  That bent thy footsteps west;
But the wave shall break in glory,
  O'er that river, majestic, wide,
Bright as that hero's story,
  Reflected beneath its tide.

THANKSGIVING.

When the leaves are dead and the ground is bare,
And the Autumn of Life is no longer fair;
When the angry blasts unpitying sweep,
O'er the bare cold earth and the surging deep;
When the weary heart is oppressed and chilled,
And the cup of care to its rim is filled;
When the playful flakes of the snow come down,
In virgin wreaths, on each field and town;
When the crisp cold air, with its vengeful fang,
Bites into the heart, with envenomed pang;
When the threshold of Winter in gloom appears,
And the days grow short, as the fading years;
There comes a day, 'mid the hurrying throng,
That breaks on the heart with its joy and song.

There sits no gloom on this glorious day,
For the feast is spread and the heart is gay;
For the joys of Life, with their blessings stored,
Light up each cot and each smiling board.
From the shores of Maine, with its icy caves,
To the Tropic Gulf, with its balmy waves;
From the Land of Gold, with its sunny skies,
To the glowing East, does the anthem rise;
Of boundless thanks to the God whose Light
And Mercy break, on our souls to-night.

And yet there are hearts who would gladly bring
Their burden of praise to this Mighty King;

Would lengthen the day with their song and
cheer,
To welcome this guest of the changing year;
But cruel Oppression, begotten of Greed,
Would dare the blessings of God impede;
Would snatch from the Toiler the joy and cheer,
That brighten his path thro' each weary year;
Would gather his gloom o'er this fair, fair land,
So bounteously blessed by the Master's hand;
Would sever the ties that have bound him here,
The Thanksgiving Hymn of the dying year.

On this festal day when a nation's voice
On the wings of Prayer, our hearts rejoice;
We call on the Father, supreme above,
The author of Life, of Light and Love,
To banish the strife and the feud that shroud,
This beautiful land, as an inky cloud;
To roll the deep curtain of gloom away,
On the nation's feast—Thanksgiving Day.

ANDERSONVILLE.

LINES SUGGESTED AT SEEING O'DEA'S GREAT PICTURE.

Here, 'mid the groupings of the artist's mind,
My theme of horror and of woe I find;
Himself an actor in each fearful scene,
From memory drawn, thro' sleepless years between.
Unutterable thought, how swift thy flight!
On memory's wing thro' shadows black as night;
How will it brood? How feed the pencil's flow
That would portray each shifting scene of woe?
But weak the pencil that would bind the thought
Of demon hate! on man thus foully wrought.

Horror of horrors! crowding thick and fast,
As seething waves, by angry tempest lashed—
Squalor supreme! unutterable woe!
Revenge accursed!—of man the direful foe,—
Grim death unpitied!—Hunger's pangs a jeer!—
Nature reversed in all her terrors here;
Despair and death! in shapes to man unknown,
Look grimly on and laugh at mortal groan;
Hope fled the scene of Havoc and of strife,
Where Nature battles for each wretch's life;
Heaven appalled at man's unhallowed crime!—
The darkest stain that blurs the face of Time!

What wretch is he falls prostrate on the brink,
Of that foul stream, whose waters he would drink,
Pierced with a bullet from yon rifle bore,
Which sends his spirit to a brighter shore?
A gallant soldier he, as brave as true,
As ever blade for injured country drew;
He dies uncrowned beside that fetid stream,
The gaunt, pale hero of bright glory's dream.
His only crime!—just heaven record the same,
And brand the coward with eternal shame,—
The strife of nature,—as a thing divine
Would place the hand beneath historic line!
To fill his can from that foul, fetid stream,
Whose putrid waters hid the morning beam!
The Dead Line of that hell! Oh! who can tell
How many hearts beside its barrier fell?

From out the cloud, Oh! Pity strain thine eye,
What fearful cart is that now passing by?
Borne along on rumbling wheels of gloom,
To bear its burden to the monster tomb;
Onward it rolls its ghastly load of death,
To lie forever 'neath the grass beneath,
Oh! sweet release from misery and gloom,
To rest the body in the glutted tomb;
Far better death in all its ghastly throes,
Than such a life, of sufferings and woes.
Inhuman man, has pity fled the earth,
That reeks beneath the creatures of its birth;

Have honor, shame, the glory of your kind
Left not a trace of soldier's heart behind?

Thrice happy he to pain and sorrow dead
Who sees the future thro' the past outspread,
In one sweet vision, bright with joy and love
That soon shall break in glory from above.
Your suff'rings now will stand before you there,
As tho' your life had been continued prayer:
Yes, gaze your last on each familiar face
Ere you are called before the Throne of Grace;
Thy name, thy deeds, unwept, unhonored, lie
Beneath the glories of the Southern sky.

The yawning gulf of misery and pain,
Where Hunger revelled o'er the myriads slain:
Where loathsome sores, and fevers ever gave,
Unstinted victims to the charnal grave!
Where Freedom's dream brought terrors to the heart,
And sinking Nature sped her lightning dart!
Where man called down a curse upon his kind
As fierce and deadly as the Desert wind!

The scene is changed where *Fifteen Thousand* lives
Passed through grim death, thro' tortures and thro' gyves;
The scene is changed, which saw their bodies strewn
In festering heaps, as leaves in Autumn blown:

Where cruel hound, to instinct's laws accurst;
Sunk his red fangs, in flesh of him that burst
From that foul hell,—remembered but in name,
Of man the horror and of earth the shame!
A brighter dawn now breaks thro' Southern skies,
And deeds of mercy from her breast arise;
The Olive branch o'er her fair homes is spread,
And sorrow's tear o'er Blue and Gray is shed.
The graphic picture, fresh from artist mind,
Will in her breast the deepest anguish find;
And such a picture, bold beyond compare,
Whose range of thought, the heights of art would dare,
Alike an honor to the coat he wore,
As the Fair Land that sent him from her shore.

But the survivors of that fearful keep,
Whose terrors haunt them in their hours of sleep!
How have they fared? Has grateful country shed
Her fruitful laurels on each martyr's head?
Ah, no! alas! the sacrifice they made,
For Freedom's cause, can never be repaid;
The wasted form the broken spirit bore
Thro' suff'rings dire, no country could restore,
But grateful hearts shall yet inscribe to Fame,
The yielding marble, rich with storied name,

Shall mark the spot where Freedom's hosts lie dead
With Nature's carpet o'er their graves outspread;
Will raise the marble, dim with sorrow's tear,
To those whose famished forms were buried here;
Shall seek some legend dear to Liberty,
As tho' they fell at famed Thermopylæ!
Shall rouse the nation to the soldier's claim,
And heap distinction on each honored name;
Shall bend the heart to grateful praise and song,
That thro' the years shall roll its praise along.
Historic page shall yet, in words of fire,
Glow where its lines now faintingly expire;
Till this Great Land, as proudful as its name,
Shall crown the soldier with the wreath of fame.

——:o:——

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

Fair land of Freedom—beauteous France!
How prized the gift thy genius gave;
How bright its glorious outlines dance
Across the glinting, sunny wave
That bears our burdened hearts to thee,—
Thou shrine of Love and Liberty!

Hail! glorious land of Lafayette,
Our greetings as of yore, are thine;
Whose foot on Freedom's soil was set;
Whose arm in Freedom's cause divine,
Uplifted, smote the English host,
Of countless wrongs, the pride and boast.

Across the mighty ocean's span,
Resplendent as the morning's beam;
How swiftly speeds the thought of man,
As wings of Hope, or Lightning's gleam,—
Three thousand miles of flashing wire
Convey our thoughts in words of fire.

Here, where the surging waters roll
Their tireless wave, forever free,
Be thou the glory and the soul
Of this great land of liberty;
Thro' cloud and sunshine, gloom and cheer,
The Janus of the "changing year."

Sublime Bartholdi—Genius ne'er
Arose to grander, loftier height;
Art ne'er conceived a thought more fair—
Marvel of beauty and delight.
Land of the Starry Banner blue,
This glorious work was all for you.

Long may the homeless exile find
Beneath thy torch surcharge of pain;
Long may the hands that tyrants bind
In slavery, cast off their chain.
May thy fair light of Liberty
Forever shine o'er hearts set free.

CHARLESTON.

A few short hours ere the evening sun
Had sunk in glory o'er Charleston;
Had bathed the Ashley and Cooper streams
In the fading light of his glorious beams;
Had lit the jasmine, magnolia trees,
Whose odorous breath perfumed the breeze;
Had gathered his glorious light away,
From fort and river; from town and bay,
Leaving behind a languid delight
To soften the gloom of that August night.

Historic Charleston, sunk to rest!
As calm as a babe on its mother's breast;
The quiet of natue reigned around,
A city of love and joy profound.
But the Night was there with her solemn train,
Mother of Sorrow, of Sin and Pain;
A night of horrors, whose voice shall roll,
Its ghastly shriek o'er the troubled soul;
Shall blanch the cheek of the stout and brave,
And whirl the heart on its surging wave;
A night of horrors whose voice shall ring
To farthest bounds of her ebon wing.

A fearful tremor now shakes the earth,
As tho' she gave to some monster birth;
Louder and louder its echoes roll!
Like the voice of God to the sinful soul!

Onward, still onward, its surges sweep
As the giant billows that lash the deep!

Alas, fair city of strife and death!
Thine enemy now lies far beneath;
And yet not thine, but that Nature's law
That moulds the wish, which our senses draw:
That reckless Nature, what cares she now
For the pallid cheek or the fearful brow!
Havoc and Chaos are her's to bear!
From the depths of Earth's sulphureous lair!
Presage of doom, at some distant day,
That this fair, fair Globe shall pass away.

Alas, fair city beside the wave!
Ruin has dug thee another grave;
A ruin greater, mightier far
Than the puny strife—the scourge of war—
Driven thy children to cares allied,
To seek the shelter their homes denied,
Alas how fearful that night of gloom,
When the home of love becomes its tomb!
When the shriek of terror, and wild despair,
Mingle their tones with the poisoned air!
When death looks ghastly, and grim beneath,
The trembling earth, where his terrors seethe.

Yonder we see in the open air
The White and the Black unite in pray'r,
The fearful picture of death and woe,
Of ruin around and dread below;

The stifled cry, the deep groan of pain;
The surging earth in her labored strain;
The toppling mansion, the home of pride,
Now breaks as bubble upon the tide;
Nature convulsed in her fearful throes
Like maddened monster, confronts her foes!

Awake, dread souls, to that aweful hour,
When an angry God reveals His power;
Awake to the promptings of conscience now,
With an earnest soul and a peaceful brow,
For He who lashes its heaving wave
Is a mighty God with a will to save!
Awake, dread souls, for the morning's sun
Shall break in glory o'er Charleston.
Already her prayer, like Rachel's cry,
Is heard by the Ruler of earth and sky.

——:o:——

DECORATION DAY.

Comrades of the bloody fray—!
  Companions of the toilsome march,
We come in love this bright May day,
  Beneath the weeping willow's arch,
To strew your graves with Earth's fair gems,
Your heroic deeds our songs and hymns!

We care not what your creed or race;
  We care not how you fought or bled,
Our loving hands your graves shall grace
  With spring's fair offerings o'er them spread;—
The holiest task that duty craves,
Is when we deck our brothers' graves.

Companions of the Charge and Fire!
  Of Devastation and of Death!
We come to-day as Love's desire,
  To honor those who sleep beneath;
We come to them whose courage bore
Our rented flag thro' fields of gore;
We come the remnant of that wave
  That swept rebellion from our land;
We come to deck each honored grave—
  To grasp in thought each sleeper's hand;
We come as tho' our own should be
The next green grave of memory.

Our monument to worth is here,—
  Within our breasts it brightly gleams,—
A few sweet buds as memory's tear,
  Our promised hopes, our fancied dreams;
We fondly hoped to-day would see
A column raised to fame and thee;
But no, the grasping, grinding few,
  Who hold this land in bondage dire
Pay little heed to Gray or Blue,—
  'Tis Mammon's worship feeds their fire!

Alas! that Honor's trust should claim
From such as these, the shaft of Fame.

Ask him whose empty sleeve once bore,
The trusted sword of of Liberty;
Whose polished brow Hyperion wore
The laurel wreath of victory!
For country then his blood was shed—
To Freedom's cause his life was wed;
Ask him to-day with wasted frame—
With shattered nerves and broken health,
Where lies the honor and the fame
Among the pampered sons of wealth.
The sunken eye and wan pale cheek
Give back the answer we would seek.

Ask yonder tattered, torn flag,
With pale dim stars and faded blue,
Who bore it o'er each mountain crag
Thro' blood and fire, with courage true,
Thro' fields of dead, where carnage swept!
Where Glory's sons distorted slept!
Where death and havoc reigned supreme—
Where war's red strife in terror tore!
Where shot and shell mid lurid gleam,
Sped thro' the air as vultures soar,
Ask this, and tell me why this spot
Should by the living be forgot?

DEFEAT OF THE GALATEA.

How trimly sailed the Galatea,
Over the broad Atlantic Sea-ah,
Her crew were Henglishmen;
Sturdy Britons, bold and brave
As ever crossed the briny wave;—
So thought Lieutenant Enn.

And when she sighted Sandy Hook,
Defiantly her banner shook,
For Hengland's Jack, you know,
Has not its peer upon the wave;
Its triple cross defiant brave,
Is terror to the foe.

Already in their minds they see-ah,
Their gallant craft, the Galatea,
Outstrip the May-flower's speed.
The fancied victory of their craft,
So neatly trimmed both fore and aft,
Shows Hengland in the lead.

But fate decreed that Briton's boast,
For once should drink an empty toast;—
Should drown defeat in wine;
Should curse old Neptune and his shell,
And send them both to Pluto's ell,
Beneath the churning brine!

Should find them on that fatal day,
Plowing the foamy crested spray:
That Mayflower left behind;
Their manly breasts and gloomy brow,
As sullen as their vessels prow,
That sulks before the wind.

But so it was, so will it be-ah,
That any other Galatea,
They bring to Yankee shore;
Shall meet the fate her consort met,
Of England's skill, the pride and pet,
Their honored trust no more.

——:o:——

DEFEAT OF THE THISTLE.

Lightly, they're speeding over the wave,
The Thistle and Volunteer.
The crews of the twain are gallant and brave,
The Thistle and Volunteer!
The Red Cross of England claims one of the two,
The other the Stars, in their baldric of blue,
And both to their colors, no doubt, will prove true,
The Thistle and Volunteer.

Deftly, their pinions are spread to the breeze,
The Thistle and Volunteer,
As albatros poising o'er southern seas,
The Thistle and Volunteer.
Hurrah! for the start and the graceful careen:
Hurrah! for the glory and honor between;
Hurrah! for the pennant to which our hearts lean,
The Thistle and Volunteer.

Sportive, they scatter the silvery spray!
The Thistle and Volunteer.
Bright are its glints o'er the beautiful bay,
The Thistle and Volunteer.
Exultant they glide o'er the billowy crest,
The pride of a nation is pinned to each breast:
By the white feathered waves, are their bosoms caressed,
The Thistle and Volunteer.

Hurrah! the proud Scotchman is left on the lee,
The Thistle and Volunteer.
While gaily our own bonnie craft breasts the sea,
The Thistle and Volunteer.
Blow! breezes blow! fill her sails with delight,
A beaker of gold will be pledged her to-night!
As sparkling and clean as her pinions of light,
Invincible Volunteer.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Ah! ruthless blast of November,
  Why scatter my foliage so
Whose ripened and mellow beauty
  Gave autumn his saffron glow?
Why darken the face of Nature,
  That yesterday looked so fair
To whirl my golden treasure,
  Like chaff, on the pitiless air?

How fondly I clung to my darlings,
  Now pressed 'neath unpitying tread:
How fair were the hopes I cherished,
  When their emerald sheen had fled;
And the orient blush of the morning
  Had spread its beautiful shades,
Leaving its amber tintings
  To brighten the forest glades.

I have seen the joy-laden flowers
  Now bloom, and then wither away;
Fair as the hues of the rainbow—
  The light of one fleeting day;
And I asked myself in the greenwood,
  If the beautiful tint I wore,
Would die the death of the flowers,
  When the autumn of life was o'er.

Spring, with her glowing summer,
Brings brown-haired autumn along;
When the green of the leaf has vanished,
And the robin has ceased his song;
When the portals of death are nearing,
As the winter of life's decay,
And the souls of the just speed upward,
To the light of an endless day.

From life to death what transitions—
What changes doth come and go!
From the perfumed robe of the summer
To the winter's mantle of snow;
From the Spring, with her tiny blossoms,
To the autumn of russet sear,
The changes of life roll onward,
As the summons of death draws near.

——:o:——

ADDRESS TO THE SEA.

Thou lone, sad, tireless sea, I'd fain commune
with thee;
With thy vastness and thy might; with thy blue
waves crested white,
With thy surge's echoing roar, with the pebbles on thy shore;
Changed from Titan boulders through the years.

I fain would ask thy wave for the hero's briny
grave;
Where his valor and his quest, beneath thy
depths found rest;
Where beauty's brow is hid, 'neath thy coral
beds amid;
With pearly gems of ocean in her hair.

Thou restless, sleepless sea, O tell your wealth
to me;
That 'neath thy waters rest, through ages long
caressed;
The shining golden gem, the priceless diadem,
That kings have fought for, buried there.

Where lies the princely ship, who ventured to
equip
Her tall and gallant masts against the winter's
blasts;
Down-hidden in thy breast, thro' years of gloom
to rest;
There to rot and crumble 'mid thy caves!

Where are the hopes she bore, to reach some
foreign shore;
The tender heart of love, that does our natures
prove;
The zeal for God and kind, gone down before
the wind,
There to rest till Gabriel's blast is heard!

Thou false and treacherous sea, tho' ever true
to me,
There 's dread around thee cast when thy waves
are fiercely lashed
To maddening foam and spray, in Cyclopean
play!
Or tempest cloud of heaven looming o'er.

The tumult and the roar that break upon thy
shore,
The thunder's crashing sound that shakes the
earth around,
The tempest's fearful sweep, whose terrors ridge
the deep,
Disturb the tranquil beauty of thy breast!

——:o:——

THE PRESS.

Thou messenger of good or ill,
Omniscient as the Argive Jove;
How great thy power to mould the will
Of nations and their deeds control.
There are no words that can express
The mighty lever of the Press.

There is no safety to be bought
By him who once incurs thy hate,
Thou lexicon of human thought,
Unbending as the will of Fate.
There is no force that can repress
The lightning vengeance of the Press.

The watchful Argus of the hour,
The mint of thought, superb and bright,
Earth's rulers quail beneath thy power
As darkness does before the light.
The tyrant may the weak oppress,
But stern rebuke comes from the Press.

The Mercury that bears the light,
Of winged thought to myriad homes;
That brings the deeds of men to sight,
Where'er their wandering footsteps roam.
The power of man can ne'er suppress
The teachings of an honest Press.

The impure streams that often flow,
From minds corrupt into thy wave;
The noisome winds that often blow,
Both find in thee, oblivion's grave;
For purity and truth impress
Themselves on freedom of the Press.

The venal Press—The purchased scribe,
That tyrants use to practice wrong,
Are like some looting, wandering tribe
That bring distrust where'er they throng;

But their vile teachings but compress
A narrow space in Freedom's Press.

May honor crown, with sweetest bays,
The brows of those who would impart,
To man his meed of honest praise,
For purity of mind and heart.
May earnest effort ne'er depress
The honest teachings of the Press.

——:o:——

MORNING.

The glitt'ring stars sank in the west—
The east awoke a purple stream—
The Zenith bent its fair blue crest
To meet the rising crimson beam
Of Morning!

The jeweled flowers kissed its rays;
The stream reflected back its hue;
The song of bird broke forth in praise!
And earth's fair robe was wet with dew
Of Morning!

Empurpled hill, clear stretching lake,
Poured out their smiles to greet the sun!
Whose golden beams, transcendant break
O'er nature's woof, the glories spun
Of Morning!

Throughout the blue, where countless orbs
In rhythmic measure circle bright!
Where pulse of heaven, ecstatic throbs,
At song of angel robed in light
Of Morning!

From out this circling world of fire,
Whose splendors shroud the sun's bright beam!
The soul of man, as angel choir,
Descends to earth, a joy supreme
Of Morning!

The hand of God directs the whole,
Transcends the glories and the bliss
Of nature's laws—their life and soul—
Thro' myriad worlds more fair than this,
The Morning!

DECEMBER.

Thou gray-haired stepping-stone of Time;
Whose robe of crystal gleams,
As pure as vestal of the sun,
O'er rivers, brooks, and streams:
The Dog Star blazing o'er your path,
With fierce, yet steady glow;
Now climbs the brow of heaven's arch,
In glory from below.

Orion's glittering Club and Belt,
Erst while lit up the dome;
Pursuing Taurus in his flight,
Thro' God's mysterious home:
Far, far away, the Pleiades,—
Fair Daughter's of the Blue,
Celestial, as the Light of God,
Their wondrous course pursue.

Thou dear Old Father of the months,
Thy night, as death, is long;
Yet dost thou cheer its lengthened gloom,
With mirth, and joy, and song;
Within thy breast a jewel 's hid,
That breaks in beams of light,
Refulgent as the orb of day;—
The world's fair Chirstmas night.

Thou dear, old, kind, December month,
No flatterer art thou;
For the wreath of dissolution,
As jewels press your brow;
The death thy life foreshadows,
Is ever round thee seen,—
A glory o'er each field and hedge
So lately robed in green.

The fair, bright hues of Autumn,
As beams of light are fled;
And trees that bore their glories,
Are cheerless, bare, and dead;
The leaves that crimsoned in the glade
Are hid beneath the snow,
To rot and crumble into dust
That feed fresh life below.

——:o:——

TO A SEA SHELL.

Who painted thy marvelous tints, fair shell,
Away 'neath the sleepless sea?
Whose fingers penciled thy pink cheeks' swell?
O tell us the mystery.

Whence comes that croon, as a drowsy hush,
Or labored song of the bee?
Dost murmur the tumult, and roar, and rush
Of the wild, impetuous sea?

Dost sigh for thy home on those coral beds,
That glow 'neath the swelling wave,
Whose tintings proclaim and whose beauty sheds
A glory that earth ne'er gave?

Dost mourn the anemone's blushing hue,
That circled around your home,
A fringe of glory beneath the blue,—
The glass of heaven's fair dome?

Who polished thy beautiful cheeks, O, shell
With wondrous tints so fair?
Who fashioned thine armor beneath the swell
Of the boundless ocean there?

Who, but the Artist whose mighty skill
Is found in the vasty deep;
Whose Hand divine, and whose mighty will,
Harmonious beauties keep.

As well 'neath the turbulent, surging sea,
As the worlds that gem the sky;
As well in the grasses that deck the lea,
As the bird that soars on high;

As well in the myriad shapes that live
On the coral's floating spray:
As in the flowers, whose colors give
A joy to the summer's day.

For the hand of the Master—supremely blest—
  Is seen thro' the wondrous whole;
From the depths beneath, to Empyrean's crest:
  The glory and the soul.

——:o:——

SHADOWS AND LIGHT.

Over the river, once so fair,
  My wond'ring eyes are set,
To see the trees look cold and bare
  Where erst earth's glories met;
The greenwood shade, where song of bird
In joyous notes the bosom stirred,
Alas! by me no more is heard,—
  So runs the heart's regret.

Where are the many beauties gone,
  That gleamed beneath the sun?
Where are the joys that thro' them shone,
  When summer's tints were spun?
They go to crown another year
With leaf as green, and song as cheer;
With thought as fair, and hope as dear,
  As rhythm e'er begun.

The leaves that grew on yonder trees,
  Oh! whither are they fled,
Whose glories kissed October's breeze
  In wanton sport o'erhead?
They lie beneath December's snow,
Breathing new life to earth below;
Whose green from Death doth ever flow—
  A wondrous joy outspread!

Whence comes the snow, so pure, so fair,
  So pulseless and so cold?
Whence comes the bitter, biting air
  That doth the crystals mould?
They come to vest the year in gloom;
They come as Death, to things that bloom;
They come the heralds of the Tomb,
  When Autumn spills his gold.

So fade the charms that Nature yields,
  So wither and decay;
To-day a joy that decks the fields
  With tints of beauteous May;
To-morrow, shadows, drear and lone,
Which darken scenes where sunbeams shone,
Until God's mercy rolls the stone
  Of gloom and death away.

Thus youth brings age and winter's snows,
  Unerring as the years;
Thus fall of leaf brings summer's rose
  Thro' showers of April tears;

Thus life must pass from death to life,
Thro' beams of sunshine, cloud and strife,
Till heaven is gained with glories rife,
And God's fair light appears.

——:o:——

GOD IS LIGHT.

God is light—all Nature cries!
From Ocean's depths, to farthest star;
From out His fair celestial skies,
His beams of glory shoot afar.

God is Light! The spheres that roll
Thro' boundless fields of space proclaim!
Their guidance, as the human soul,
On Him, who robes their orbs in flame.

God is Light! The flashing thought
Emerges from the quickened mind!
Thro' myriad worlds its source is sought;
Leaving time and space behind.

God is Light! The red, round sun
Is but a taper in His hand,
Whose fiery beams in heaven were spun
Ere man received his first command.

God is Light. The flowers that bloom,
Await the opening beams of morn,
Whose beauteous tints and sweet perfume,
The dewy brow of earth adorn.

The sable cloak of Night but hides
This flood of glory from our gaze,
That on the wing of morning glides
Thro' heaven's blue arch, a living blaze.

God is Light, and Light is Love
And Life and Hope and joy supreme,
O'er earth beneath or sphere above,
It's splendors from Empyrian beam!

——:o:——

TO A CAGED EAGLE.

Bird of the dizzy steep,
Where the swift chamois leap!
Cloud-capped thy home 'neath the avalanche's brow;
Fearless, and bold, and free;
Fierce bird of liberty!
Narrow the space for thine ample wing now!

Bird of the blue expanse!
Where the bright sunbeams dance!
Eager thy glance on the red rounded sun;
Scream thy wild grief and pain!
Over thy lost domain!
Scream for the freedom thy brave pinions won!

Lord of the mountain height,
Glinting its crystals bright!
Fallen thy flight, from God's clear sunny dome!
Down in this prison cage!
Freedom and light the gauge!
Down from the splendors, that streamed o'er thy home!

Bird of the tireless wing!
Where the wild waters fling!
Their mad rushing foam in the chasm beneath!
Down from thine eyrie high!
Down from sublimity!
Down in this prison of madness and death!

Man who would dare be free,
Bars thee from liberty!
Flings thy wild wing in this foul narrow cage!
Whilst the blue sky and air,
Beckon thy pinions there!
Tantalus beckons thy fierce swelling rage!

Many a heart as brave,
Freedom and light would crave;
Flung in the dungeon of serfdom and gloom!
Dies for the cause of Right!
Buried in gloom of night!
Dies for the glory, that ends in the tomb!

——:o:——

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

Where lurk your terrors! Oh! subtle Death?
Why fateful to life and bloom?
Whence comes the chill of your icy breath?
Where gather your shadowy gloom?
Amid the pleasures of life your dart
Is sped with a thrill of woe!
And the rosy currents that wreathe the heart,
'Neath your glances cease to flow.

You have no pity for infant smiles,
For beauty's all classic grace;
For the brave stout heart, or angel wiles
Of the maiden's radiant face.
O'er bud, and blossom, and sear alike,
Your chill, cold breath is blown;
Whilst the swiftest arrows you aim but strike,
Where the seed is fairest sown!

How many who build their hopes in life,
When its sun soars brave and high;
E'er see the shadows that herald strife,
Thro' its bright alluring sky;
The morning breaks with her rosy blush—
Enrobing the blue immense;
The evening gathers its dying hush,
To the throne of Omnipotence!

We count the years as the hopes they bring,
Unmindful of Death's decree;
Their fairest glories our hearts would sing,
Untrammeled, and pure and free!
But the doom that heaven has set for all,
Its shadows fling o'er our way!
As the broken heart, or funeral pall,
That shadows life's fleeting day!

——:o:——

THE SEASONS.

Which take we first, when all are fair,
Supernal and divine?
Which take we first, when heavenly care
Proportioned thro' them shine?
The dawn of life, its flush and bloom,
Its glory and decay,
"Quaternal spring from Nature's womb—"
Transcendant as her day!

Symbolical of life is Spring,
Sweet nursling of the year,
Whose tiny buds to nature sing,
Their balmy song of cheer,
The bare cold sod beneath her care;
Unrolls its robe of green;
Whilst song of bird, as soothing prayer,
Entrancing thrills between.

The clothed earth perfection takes,
When summer pours her beam,
And song of bird the grove awakes,
In trills that joyous stream.
Around, above, where'er we gaze,
God's wondrous skill is found,
Exultant as our song of praise
For blessings so profound!

The tints that paint the daisy's rim,
That flush the crimson rose,
As morning's beam are sent by Him,
As fair as sunset's close;
The balmy moisture of the air,
That bathes their sweet perfume,
In tiny globules gathers there
Thro' night's deep curtained gloom!

The smiling earth with treasures stored,
Awaits the scythe and spade,
Invites the toiler's hand to hoard,
The cheer too long delayed;

The ripened fields of yellow grain,
As streams of sunshine flow;
Await the sickle's crescent strain,
To lay their glories low.

Her beauteous life awaits its close,
With many a thrill divine;
That thro' the forest brightly glows,
As onyx in the mine;
As life well spent her glories stream,—
A marvel of delight;
But beauty fled, her fading beam,
Eternal sinks in night!

The winter now, in gloom appears,
With chaste, cold robe of white;
His icy car rolls thro' the years,
On sable clouds of night;
Before his pulseless chill embrace
The tints of autumn die,
And crystals, pure as angel's face,
Above its beauty lie.

The tomb of Nature! cold and gray,
And pitiless and drear,
Comes as the time that bears away
Earth's sorrows and her tear,
Embalms and purifies the sod,
For glories yet unborn,
Then upward speeding to his God,
Is lost in beam of morn.

TO A ROBIN.

Where hast thou been, thou merry tramp?
From whence thy visit now?
Where did'st thou thro' the winter camp,
Safe perched upon some bough?
We missed thy tuneful, cheery note,—
Glad messenger of spring,
That rippled from your russet throat,—
A joyous offering.

Thou art as saucy as of yore,
As perky and as neat,
As when you trolled your last year's store
Of songs surpassing sweet;
No *prima donna* e'er arrived,
With half such uppish airs:
As thou, whose summer hast survived
The winter of our cares.

What bird sung sweeter notes than thine,
Within the green wood shade?—
You will not tell—then I 'll divine
You lost your minstrel trade;
You seek the beauty of our dells,
Our laughing brooks and rills;
And as of old in fits and spells
Pour forth your lyric trills.

I love to watch your saucy stare,—
  Inquisitive and keen;
I love to watch your jaunty air
  When tripping o'er the green;
There is a summer in your heart,—
  A spring-time in your bound,
That make me wish we shall not part
  When autumn comes around.

Unerring wing, instinctive law,
  To Nature ever true;
Our cooler shades your pinions draw,
  To flow'rs of fairer hue;
Untired of quest, thy flight has sought,
  The grove wherein thy nest,
By artist bill last year was wrought,—
  By loving mate caressed.

The primrose welcomes thee once more,
  With odor fresh and sweet;
The modest lily as of yore,
  Would fain your presence greet;
The grass in greenest vesture clad,
  Shall hail thine advent here;
The violet shall make thee glad—
  Fair spectrum of the year.

But you will leave us when the bloom
  Of summer's tints is fled,
And autumn's shades of death and gloom
  Their dying colors spread;

Thy beauteous wing, as pleasure's dream,
Shall bear thy song of cheer,
To fairer rill and clearer stream,
Than you have sung to here!

——:o:——

MUSIC.

Breaking in symphony,
Heaven's sweet harmony;
Chasing life's gloom and its shadows of care;
Fair as the morning's blush!
Soft as the evening's hush!
Fair as the sunbeam that gleams thro' our prayer!

Rapture and joy supreme!
Nature's enchanting dream!
Unison blending in sweet notes of song;
Proudly your trills and swells!
Break as magician's spells!
Leading the senses as captives along!

Lavish your tenderness!
Joy of earth's wilderness!
Charming the wayward, and binding the free;
Healer of broken hearts!
Speeder of magic darts!
Queen of the soul you are heaven to me!

THE RIVER SET FREE.

Hurrah! for freedom; I bear my chains,
As slaves on my breast, to the welcome sea;
By my crystal edges their glint remains,
To melt 'neath the sun, when I am free.

I 'll bear them along in my mad career,
Shattered and broken, in wild dismay;
I'll bear them along with their chill and tear,
To the wide, wide sea, or the sheltered bay.

Too long have I lain supine and cold
Beneath their shadows, thro' winter's gloom;
But nature aroused is brave and bold,
And her smile is a tear for things that bloom!

Crunched and crushed in my wild, mad race,
Unpitying swept from their crystal home;
As glass I shatter their beauteous face,
Whither my waters in madness foam.

The river, as man, would dare be free,
As eagle soaring o'er dizzy steep;
Would roll its waters where liberty
Is found in the billows that lash the deep.

On, where my banks are seared and bare,
I fly past their ghastly cold embrace;
On, past the haunts and the homes of care,
I gather fresh strength for the tireless race.

On, on, past the engine's labored strain,
Dragging its weary load along;
On free, swift pinions I seek the main,
To join in the surges' unceasing song.

——:o:——

THE SHIPWRECK.

The ship went down in that lonely sea,
Of helm and sails bereft;
Thro' the frothing surge—tumultuously—
Her stately masts were cleft;
Borne along on the swirling waves
That ridged the angry deep;
To rest thro' the years 'mid ocean caves:
Where hippa and star-fish creep.

In that yawning gulf what love went down,
What hopes, what joys, what pain;
The maiden's dream—her heart's fair crown—
Now swallowed beneath the main;
The far off vision of home and bliss—
The sailor's love and pride—
Sunk in the whirl, and roar, and hiss,
Of that dark, unpitying tide!

Ambition's hopes—proud manhood's dreams—
As a bubble that beads the wave—
Gone where the sea-grass brightly gleams,
Where earth once found a grave.
The mother straining her wond'ring child
To the breast its fate would hide,
Pierces the storm with shriek as wild,
As ever swept o'er the tide

The demon shout of the hurrying winds,
That revel amid despair;
The soul thro' its horrors a solace finds
In the tranquil voice of prayer.
Uplift the brow to that angry sky
That hurls its dart of fire,
Your morn of light shall break on high,
As its terrors here expire!

The waters close o'er that fated ship,
And the seething waves are hushed;
Their rippling crests in calmness drip
O'er the depths where strife is crushed;
The quiv'ring beams of the morning leap
In streams of purpling light,
As tho' no storm e'er woke the deep,
Or shadowed its breast in night!

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

The dead and dying lay around,
Upon the field of death and strife;
The cannon's boom had ceased its sound,
And streaming breasts spoke ebbing life.
Beside a rill that rippled through,
A soldier lay with colors torn:
A broken blade—impurpled—drew
The scenes thro' which its folds were borne.

I gazed upon the marble face,
That showed the calm of death was sweet;
I marked its beauty and its grace;
Its polished brow,—of love the seat;—
Unconsciously I raised the blade,
And pressed the cold steel to my lips;
When lo! the scenes around me fade,
As blood-drop from its keen edge drips!

Instinctive love—some far-off dreams
Of soldier brother, 'quipped for war,
Across my distant vision beams,—
With bullet wound, and sabre scar;
As musing thus, I nearer draw
To him 'mid glory's trophies sleeping,
When heavens! what love marks here I saw,
In death's repose their beauty keeping.

I raised his head upon my breast,
And gazed into the glassy eyes;
To those pale lips, my own I pressed,
Now cold and still as winter's skies;
The rented flag,—a nation's trust—
Across his still, cold heart I threw;
There to remain, till dust to dust,
It bears no star, nor trace of blue.

In genial earth his corse I laid;
His shroud the flag, for which he bled;
Beside his head the broken blade;
His tomb, the grassy mound o'erhead:
The parting tear affection traced,
Within my heart, more dear than when,
His soldier garb his beauty graced,
Among the serried ranks of men.

Upon that groaning field of pain;
Beside that glinting, laughing stream;
'Neath shady tree,—there to remain—
Till Gabriel's trumpet breaks his dream.
I parted from that grassy mound
With tender feelings unsurpassed;
Where I in death my brother found
With glory's wreaths around him cast.

Now song of bird and croon of rill
Shall hymn his requiem thro' the years:
The beam of sun the cloud shall fill,
That shall descend in grateful tears;

Whilst other names less famed than he
Shall lie in marble cold and white:
The scented sod of victory,
Shall mark my brother's grave to-night!

——:o:——

THE SONG-BIRD.

The song bird's life, as air is free,
As dusky son of Araby:
As laugh of rill, or hum of bee;
As beam of sun or wave of sea;
Beneath the greenwood's canopy,
He sings his song of liberty!

Facing the east his liquid note
Exultant pours from swelling throat:
Salutes the morning's smiling face,
That blushing speeds thro' fields of space:
Gives life and glory to the scene,
And paints the sod a deeper green.

Who has not heard the sky-lark's song,—
As beam of gold the sky among;
Who has not heard the robin's lay
Make resonant the summer's day;
Would in his heart the shadows hide,
That Malice brings to swell life's tide.

Unceasing thro' Meridian's glow,
Or when the evening's shadows flow
His joyful song unstinted trills;
His silver notes as water spills,
To Him who gave his tongue its note;
Who poured the russet on his throat.

The wand'ring orbs that climb the sky;
That thro' the arch of heaven fly;
The lamp of night that doth pursue
His god of light thro' fields of blue;
Would shed their soft reflected beam
On him, as on man's fairest dream!

The silent throb of starry night
Thrills, as the orb that gives her light;
Beneath the shade of bending tree
They whisper Nature's harmony;
On ravished ears its notes intrude,
As song of bird in solitude.

There would my soul communion find;
There would my heart its treasures bind:
Alone with nature and as free,
As crystal star in ether sea.
Beyond its orbit would I fly
To Him who lit its flame on high.

NATURE'S LESSONS.

How well the truant robin knows
The time when come the winter's snows;
How well his instincts lead him where
The perfumed summer scents the air;
Fair offspring of the leafy dell,
Amid its glories would he dwell!

E'en, too, the toiling busy bee
That hummed his song of industry
To flower, and shrub, and clover bloom;
To rose and lily's sweet perfume;
That gathered from their cups the store
His patience brought to winter's door!

Laborious ant, while Summer sung
Her song of joy the earth among,
No truant he while yet her beam
O'er nature's mantle sheds her stream;
Her golden hours no pleasure gave
Save where he would her treasures save,
Retires within his mound of clay
Secure 'gainst winter's cheerless ray.

Unthinking Man—in nature first—
Where lie the joys for which you thirst?
Must you a lesson glean from them,
The least of God's created hymn?

Must you, as Prodigal of yore,
No treasure hoard, no blessing store?
Must winter's chills, unsheltered, find
The treasures of your heart and mind?
And dearer yet, a conscience pure,
Must you not this great boon secure?

——:o:——

WINTER.

Silently, stealthily, treading his way,
Leaving the sun in his course behind;
Casting his gloom on the autumn day,
That now in fetters, his shadows bind.

Higher the Dog star climbs the arch;
Brighter the belt of Orion gleams;
Thro' quiv'ring space, supernal march,
Lighting the earth in their argent beams.

Pulseless and cold, as the touch of death,
The faded glories of nature lie;
Cheerless and withered before his breath,
Their sullied beauties, unpitying die.

Where Poverty's hearth is cold and bare,
His shivering throbs are keenest felt:
Where Hunger pinches the cheek of care!
His vengeful buffets are fiercest dealt!

The grave of nature, in truth is he,
That stores the treasures of Time's decay,
Whose shroud of crystal is fair to see,
As promise of hope to his cheerless day.

Our lives, as the years, are growing short,—
Steadily drifting to Winter's gloom!
As storm-tossed vessel that seeks some port,
Earth's cares would end in the silent tomb!

Oh! may that haven be one of bliss,
Where winter's shadows are never known:
With joys surpassing our hopes in this
To live in the light of God's heavenly throne.

——:o:——

A DROP OF WATER.

The crystal dew drops that repose,
As sparkling gems on leaf or thorn,
From ocean's breast in mist arose,
To cool the brow of summer morn.

The sun's bright beams their presence shroud,
Absorbed in vapor upward ta'en,
Invisible they shape the cloud
That on the morrow breaks in rain.

Whether as dew that beads the rose,
Or genial show'r that cools the earth,
The little drop of water shows
The Hand divine that gave it birth!

Supernal! as the orb that rolls
Its pond'rous bulk thro' fields of space!
The same eternal Law controls
The glitt'ring dew-drop in its place!

Whether in show'r, or mist, or dew,
In ice, or snow, or hail, or steam,
Its mission is as fair and true,
As tint of flow'r or morning beam.

Inexorable law, whose force
Conveys the rain-drop from the stream;
Whose sparkling glints thro' nature course
In tiny wreaths of cloud or steam.

The mighty lesson here is shown,
That death is but a change of form;
That pearly rain-drop hither blown,
Must as our lives obey the storm.

Transcendent Law to Nature true,
Be change of ours as fair as this,
On heaven's fair flowers to rest as dew,
Thro' clouds of glory and of bliss!

MOORE'S VISIT TO COHOES.

Here stood the master of the Lyre,
The sweetest bard that ever wrote;
Whose songs evoke the patriot's fire,
Whose genius struck the tenderest note:
Time's crumbling touch has no decay,
For Erin's Bard or Erin's lay.

How gazed he on those primal Falls.—
The giants of the crested flood?
Who penned the "Harp of Tara's Halls"
To strains that soothe, yet fire the blood.
In verse as rhythmic in its force
As is the Mohawk's rapid course.

The Sappho of the "Burning Lyre;"—
The Pindar of the "Melting Lay;"
The bard of Erin's proud desire,
To wrest his land, from foreign sway;
Now sees the struggling waters flow,
In mad'ning wreaths to depths below.

Oh, what a type of Erin's wrongs,—
What fervid mem'ries come and go!
The rush of waters, like her songs,
Now wildly leap, now gently flow;
Now swell their measure on the air;
Now die away in murm'ring prayer.

The rush of waters,—like the fire
That kindles in the Irish heart,
Shall gather strength—a fun'ral pyre
O'er which their wrongs shall fiercely dart;—
An avalanche of wrath and death
To those who 've ground their hearts beneath.

Thou mighty daughter of the flood!
Thou monument of earth's decay!
The hallowed spot on which he stood,
Like thee in time shall pass away;
When not a solitary thread
Of silver spray shall mark thy bed.

And when Time's changes come and go,
And thrones shall crumble into dust;
When sun and star shall cease to glow,
And nature's laws eternal rust;
The wrongs that man to man have shown
Shall stand before him at the Throne!

THE TOILER.

What nobler heart than thine—what form
  Self-conscious of thy strength and worth?
What braver soul to face the storm
  The heritage of man from birth?—
Then up and dare the sneers of those—
The pets of Fortune and your foes.

Look upward from thy toil and show
  What man can do, what man hath done;
Life would be worthless here below
  If thou the battle hadst not won;
The elements of earth and air
Have in thy toil an equal share!

Whom dost thou fear if true thou art
  To self and manhood's law sublime?
Whom dost thou fear—whose nobler part
  Keeps steady pace with march of time?
Where is thy peer? With whom compare,
If thou thyself the laurels wear?

Art thou less favored than the hind
  That doth abuse God's many gifts?
Can wealth enrich the heart or mind
  Or coward dare where danger drifts?
Ah! no, the greater of the two
Art thou, if to thyself thou 'rt true.

Why rail at Fortune, when her dower,
With lavish hand to thee is given?
Within thyself is all the power,—
When hand and heart have nobly striven
To ameliorate your cause,
When you, yourself doth make the laws.

Then up and cease the puny cry;
You fight with dwarfs, and not with men,—
The battle's yours, if you but try,—
And if a failure, try again.
The sturdy stroke of ax hath lain
The mighty oak upon the plain!

——:o:——

THE POET'S LAMENT.

Write something that will live in fame,—
A friend once said to me;
Write something that will wreathe your name,
Thro' ages yet to be.

That something, O, where can it be?
Where hidden in the earth?
What magic words can set it free?
What thought can give it birth?

The song of beauty has been sung,
Since Eve first saw the light;
The chimes of Love thro' time have rung
Their strains of wild delight!

The marvels of the earth and sea,
The glories of the sky,
Have swèpt the chords of Poesy
In language pure and high.

The secret wish,—ambition's aim—
Has found its theme of praise;
The hero's deeds, that sculpture fame,
Come up from Homer's days.

The power and glory, love and light,
Of Him who rules the spheres,
Have sped from pens as bold in flight,
As sun that shapes the years!

The wish for freedom—man's desire—
That burns within the soul!
From buried pens has caught the fire,
Which tyrants would control.

Man's inhumanity to man;
The Scottish Plowman sung,
That clouds the years since life began;
That has our bosoms wrung!

There is no thought howe'er sublime,
No theme however low;
But daring pen has set to rhyme,
To strains that deftly flow.

The cunning pen, of brilliant mind,
Exhausting Nature's store;
Leaves nothing for the groping blind
Of beauty to explore!

"Quaternion spring from Nature's womb,"
I penned the other day,
When lo! I found the rhythmic bloom,
Adorning Milton's lay!

O, friend of mine, the search is vain,
There gleams no crown for me,
Contented must my muse remain,
In dark obscurity!

But if a ray should thro' it stream
To light some darkened heart,
Acquiesced rests the poet's dream,
That sped the magic dart!

BOREAS.

The north wind blows his bugle horn,
Away from the Polar seas!
Thro' the woody dell, of beauty shorn,
He sweeps thro' its naked trees;
He ruffles the river, that erst had sped
In shimmer of autumn beam,
Then howls his delight where the leaves lie dead.
By margin of forest stream!

He gathers the snow-flakes upon his breast,
Or bears them upon his wing;
Their pure white crystals, as lily's crest,
Thro' the air he madly flings;
O'er moor and mountain, o'er lake and fell,
He speeds on his wild career;
As the shock of battle, or billows' yell,
He breaks on the startled ear!

O'er the bare cold cabin, of fire bereft—
To comfort and cheer unknown;
Thro' the broken pane or chimney cleft
His trumpet is loudest blown;
Where Poverty gathers her scanty gown
Around her shivering form,
His loudest whistle and darkest frown
Unpitying round her storm!

He stills the prattle of rill and stream,
With mantle as chaste as death!
The polished highway—the skater's dream—
Is chiseled beneath his breath!
Over the river, his road is made
Fairer than king ever trod!
Over the river, his floor is laid
Meet for Olympian god!

——:o:——

HOME.

Wherever through this world we roam
We find no dearer place than home;
Its memories, how fair and bright,
Beneath its roof there is no night;
Its fond affections, tender, pure,
Our warmest impulses allure.

The child by mother's arms caressed—
To mother's bosom fondly pressed—
By father's precepts day by day,
Taught in virtue's path to stray;
And when to man or woman grown,
Is left to battle life alone;
Say, can he e'er that home forget,
That brings such mem'ries of regret?

The wand'rer o'er the dreary wild,
Who once was sweet affection's child;
A prey to hunger and remorse;
A prey to disobedience' curse;
How do his thoughts in anguish flow,
When he recalls the long ago;
Would he, if now the power were given
To breathe once more that peaceful heaven,
Would he in wayward fancy stray?
Would he his parents disobey?

Ah! no, his heart's submission now,
Beneath their will would gladly bow,
Would enter in their joy or pain,
Nor think he wore coercive chain.

The sacred ties that wreathe the home,
Are themes for many a precious tome;
Whose chastened influences throw,
Their balm whereon their precepts flow:
As beams of light they shed their rays,
That thro' the soul awaken praise!
However poor the home may be,
Its precincts bring security!

Homeless wanderer of the earth—
Proscribed by nature from your birth;
Has she no refuge found for thee,
Thro' all your years of misery?
Has her great Author sent you here,
Without a home, from year to year;

An outcast thro' the world to roam,
Friendless, unloved, bereft of home?
Ah! no, the Ruler of the spheres,
Who numbers man's dark sea of tears,
Has found for them a home above,
Eternal as His light or Love.

——:o:——

THANKSGIVING REFLECTIONS.

Once more our thankful hearts are raised;
Once more God's plenteous gifts are praised:
Once more the world beholds amazed,
The strides that freemen make;
Once more the sumptuous feast is spread;
Once more our thanks to heaven are sped:
Once more we bow the grateful head,
For joys that o'er us break!

But do we on this day of cheer—
The fairest one of blissful year;
Do we forget the widow's tear,
That speaks of grief and pain?
Do we forget the cheerless hearth,
Where joy and comfort rudely part?
Do we forget the vengeful dart
That fires the maddened brain?

Do we forget the debt we owe,
To Him who crowns our bliss below;
To Him whose blessings on us flow
From lavish Hand divine?
To some, alas, the wealth He gives
Within their own cold bosoms lives,
The bounty which His mercy sieves!
Is hid, as in a mine.

Oh! you who 'd praise the God of light,
For blessings which your souls delight;
Should break the gloom that clouds the night
Of poverty and woe!
Should from your bounty give a share,
To cheer the hearts of want and care;
Should preach the universal prayer,
Of mercy here below.

Would you avert the Rich man's doom!
Would build of hearts enduring tomb;
Must seek the chill, cold, haunts of gloom!
And chase their clouds away;
Then, then indeed, would thanks untold
To God arise, more prized than gold!
To Him, the Shepherd of the Fold—
Whose promptings cheer our way!

The humid, sinewy hand of toil,
That bands the earth and plows its soil;
Would you its potency entoil,
Whose cunning is divine?

Ah! no, if you'd avert the fate,
That Heaven decrees to high estate,
You'd never sow the seeds of hate,
Where Mercy's beam should shine.

——:o:——

HAD I MY LIFE TO LIVE AGAIN.

How many a man is heard to say,
"Had I my life to live again;
What faults would I not cast away;
How guarded 'gainst the wiles of men.

The wasted hours, to pleasure lent,
Would higher aims and hopes secure;
The noble thoughts by heaven sent,
Should never flow thro' streams impure:

The spendthrift life, of death the spring,
Would seek the haunts of care and grief;
Would counsel to the doubting bring,
And to the weary, sweet relief:

Within my home content should rest;
Around my hearth its comforts stream;
A father's love should fill my breast;
A husband's care my bliss and dream.

The ways of God to man should be,
From day to day, my earnest theme;
My hand should give, where poverty
Obscures the light of heaven's beam!

The drunkards' haunts, the gamblers' den
Would I avoid as death or shame;
My life should tread the paths of men,
Whose deeds have left an honored name."

Illusive wish, were life once more,
Yours to squander, yours to waste;
As fickle would you ply life's oar—
Delighted, each allurement taste.

Man grasps the shadows as they fly;
The substance hid, neglected lies;
Deceit and falsehood catch his eye,
And, truth eternal, homeward flies!

The yawning gulf that opens wide,
Is as our lives to pleasure bound;
Unerring, as returning tide,
Beneath its waves such lives are found!

FREEDOM'S BARRIERS.

The swollen river bursts its banks,
And sets its waters free;
As headlong charge of serial ranks,
Imbued with liberty!
The threat'ning cloud will dart its fire—
Sure presage of the storm,
As seething earth, tumultuous, dire,
It breaks in dread alarm!

The tranquil sea, beneath the lash—
The angry tempest dares;
From furthest depths, as thunder's crash,
Its crested grandeur rears!
Its frenzied billows onward roll—
Tremendous in their wrath!
As manhood grasping freedom's soul!
Would clear its glutted path!

The river bears its tide away,
As tribute to the sea;
The cloud that threatened dire dismay,
Revives the grassy lea;
The tempest breaking ocean's calm,
To nature lends its force;
That dying gathers perfumed balm,
Of flowers in its course!

But tyrant laws, that cloud the soul, –
That chain the spirit down,
Abysmal thro' the ages roll—
Of hell the scourge and crown!
But man aroused, collects his might,
To crush the Hydra form!
Transcends the ocean in the fight!
And supersedes the storm!

——:o:——

COLUMBUS.

Of men renowned, by adventure crowned,
They bore him in chains away;
O'er that foam flecked main, he gave to Spain
In the noon of a brighter day.
For she is gone whose glory shone
Thro' all the trials he bore,
Whose jewels sold brought wealth untold
To Spain—from a distant shore.

Ungrateful king, to basely fling
The hero of vanquished wave;
In dungeon keep, who swept the deep,
With courage supremely brave!
But alas, his quest thro' ages blest,
What boots its glory now;
When all its claims and lofty aims,
As shadows, wreathe his brow!

Three times he bore from foreign shore,
Glad tidings till then unknown;
Of sunny seas, whose Hebrides,
He gave to Spanish throne;
Unpurchased gave, the land and wave,
That God decreed should be,
The fairest gem in the diadem,
Of heaven crowned Liberty!

What grief and shame, now cloud the fame,
Of him whom fortune blessed;
Whose daring soul, 'neath heaven's control,
The height of danger pressed!
Whose heart unawed at billows broad,
Explored the works of God;
Whose fruitage gave to man the wave,
That blossomed as Aaron's rod!

As unconfined, his daring mind,
As land he would reclaim;
As bold and brave as mighty wave,
Whose billows he would tame!
Prophetic theme—the scholar's dream—
Is rudely swept aside;
And hirelings base, now take the place
Of him who linked the Tide!

On scroll of Fame! be his the name,
That gleams the brightest there!
Whose thirsting soul, gave man control
Of lands beyond compare!

His uncrowned life, now ends the strife,
Valladolid mourns his doom!
Whilst ages hymn the requiem
Of love, above his tomb.

——:o:——

TO THE MOON.

Your crescent of light in the western sky,
When the bright god of day is descending,
Is fair as the Promise that beams from on high,—
Thro' the portals of heaven, transcending!
You stream on our path from your home in the blue,—
Dispelling the glooms that surround us;—
Fair queen of the night, your course is as true.
As the sunbeams that gather around us!

O'er the crime startled street, or the slums of Despair!
Where Depravity spreads his dark pinion!
Your soft, silver beam, is as bright, and as fair,
As tho' godliness ruled its dominion!
As Charity breathing her whisper of love,
To the grief laden heart of the lowly;
Your mild beam of glory is streamed from above—
A proof that your mission is holy!

Lone watchers o'er night, what dark anguish
and tears
Are swept from their channels in sorrow,
Beneath your cold ray, thro' the roll of the
years,
As your phases, they break on our morrow!
The light that you shed, on the black vault of
night,
Beneath which tired nature lies sleeping,
You sweetly reflect from the great source of
light,—
As Mercy o'er wickedness weeping!

Ere your circuit's completed thro' heaven's ex-
panse,
And your bright rounded beam is declining;
Ghost-like your tread, where the bright sun-
beams glance,
On the verge of the zenith reclining!
As true as the sunflower, you wheel in your
course,
Pursuing your god of devotion!
Obeying the laws that encircle your force—!
And swell the broad tides of the ocean.

DAMON AND PHYNTIAS.

Dionysius, the tyrant, sat on his throne,
And his anger was sorely stirred,
Against the traitor who would disown
His power, or his fateful word;
With cruel revenge his dark heart was stung
And demoniac sought the cause,
So he had Phyntias in prison flung,
For daring to ignore his laws.

And now his captive a favor craved,
At the hands of this cruel king,
Whose power and anger he boldly braved,
As the doom they were sure to bring;
So he asked his leave for a short sojourn,
To settle his affairs with men,
Leaving Damon, the pledge of his return
To the prison's dark cell again.

The merciless king revengefully glared
On the hostage, determined, brave,
Whose dauntless spirit the tyrant dared,
In the midst of his courtiers grave;
"The death Phyntias deserved at our hands,
Shall be thine at the place and hour,
If he does not return to loose the bands,
That now leaves thee in our power."

So spoke the dread king, and an angry frown
His treacherous face overspread,
Whilst Damon's courage but dimmed the crown
That gleamed on the tyrant's head.
The dark days sped by, the dread moment came,
When the hostage to honor true,
Was to die the death for that much loved name—
A marvel of friendship to view!

Exultant the king derisively spoke,
And his words were the words of scorn,
When thro' the assemblage a form broke,
'T was Phyntias, bleeding and torn:
"Forbear your anger," Phyntias said,
As he reached the grim place of death:
"Forbear the terrors your wrath has bred
And for his, take my latest breath.

The swollen river—the robbers' delay,
Have I braved to save my friend,
That heaven would grant him a brighter day,
Than the one which my fate would send;"
Thus saying his arms around him threw
With a clasp that friendship ne'er felt,
Whilst nearer and nearer the moment drew,
To which his proud spirit knelt.

Rebuked was the king, yet a generous glow,
Around his dark bosom spread,
"Forbear the sentence!" he cried, and lo!
To his presence the friends were led,

Praising their friendship, pure and great.
That as light broke over his reign!
From his gilded throne, and lofty state!
He asked to be one with the twain.

——:o:——

FRIENDSHIP.

Untasted sweet, I fain would know
Where grows your fruitage fair,
Unselfish as the voice of Hope
In joy, or grief, or care;

Whose heart, responsive to our woes,
Beats with a steady thrill;
Whose breast is open to our cares,—
A captive to our will;

Whose confidence is ours to keep,
Despite foul envy's breath;
Whose every need is as our own,
Thro' life, till final death;

Whose pleasant voice is ever near—
Encouraging and bright;
Whose eye is dimmed with sorrow's tear,
When heart is steeped in night.

I fear me in this world of strife,
Of selfishness and woe,
Man's love of self o'ermasters all
His friendships here below.

Then where to seek this heavenly gift,
Fair fruitage of our souls
That breaks as music on the heart,
And all their wants controls?

Where, but from Him whose hand divine
Is ever round us cast,
Whose beams of love forever shine
When life's fair sky 's o'ercast?

Where, but from Him who 's ever near
To soothe our every grief;
Who comes at midnight's darkest hour
To bring our hearts relief.

——:o:——

MAY.

Your morning brings delight,
Beauteous May;
Whose ripples break in light,
Beauteous May;
We hail thy song of mirth,
Fair daughter of the earth;
Whose smiles are Nature's birth,
Beauteous May!

Thy balmy breath is sweet,
Beauteous May!
With love and joy replete
Beauteous May!
The robin's crimson vest
In glory seeks your breast,
With thrilling song oppressed,
Beauteous May!

The Bee on golden wing,
Beauteous May.
Her drowsy anthems sing,
Beauteous May.
The lily's sweet perfume
Whose modest drooping plume
Within thy bowers bloom,
Beauteous May.

Fair empress of the green,
Beauteous May;
Earth's fairest, brightest queen,
Beauteous May;
Your song is as the stream
That glints your silver beam;
Of buds and flowers the dream,
Beauteous May!

Sweet month of her whose hymn,
Beauteous May;
Was sung in Bethlehem,
Beauteous May!

Thy days, as hers, are bright,—
Fair Rosary of light,—
Whose star illumes our night,
Beauteous May!

——:o:——

THE RAINBOW.

Symbol of Heaven's will!
Marvel of pow'r and skill!
Gladly we welcome your tints in the sky!
Fair as an angel's wing!
Fair as the hopes you bring!
Fair as the promise you bear from on high!

Arc of the Deity!
Wondrous and fair to see!
Fadeless your spectrum thro' Time's changing years!
Ever the promised sign!
Breathing of Love Divine!
Bright are the vistas that stream thro' your tears!

Bow of the blue immense!
Pledge of Omnipotence!
Pure be the heart that looks upward to thee!
Emblem of joy supreme!
Reflex of Heaven's beam!
Guide me, Oh! guide me! thro' life's troubled stream.

LOVE OF LAND.

The love of land is God-like, pure,
In patriot's breast it burns secure:
Honor nor fame, nor wealth, can buy
The soul of him who holds it high.

It gleams as diamond in the mine—
Within the breast it glows divine;
It breaks the prison's gloom in light,
And cheers the darkest depths of night;
As fair as morning's rosy hue
Is love of land, sincere and true.

I envy not the proud of earth,
Whose titles are secured at birth,
If that those titles were obtained
Where blood of man in torrents rained:
Oh! give me him, who, fighting gave
A life to man beyond the grave!

A coward he, who would in mirth
Impugn the land that gave him birth:
Unfit for intercourse is he
With those whose hearts would dare be free;
Earth holds no monster half so vile,
As he who would his land revile.

Who claims the earth his resting place,
Who seeks the Fount of Love and Grace,
Must love his country and his kind
If he that Grace and Love would find!

——:o:——

THE CAPTURED FLAGS.

Return the flags that valor tore
From reeking hands, deep-dyed with gore:
Return the flags that valor bore
O'er trampled hearts, to rise no more
'Gainst Freedom!

Return the trophies rent with strife;
The cost of many a gallant life;
Return the glory courage won
Beneath the blaze of Southern sun,
For Freedom!

Return the laurels dear to fame—
The fadeless wreaths of deathless name!—
The heir-looms of a people's might
To quench rebellion's star in night,
For Freedom!

Return the daring and the pride,
That brave hands bore thro' surging tide
Of shock and charge and bolt of war;
Thro' bullets' whiz and sabers' scar,
For Freedom!

Shame on the truckling knaves that now
Would snatch the wreaths from victors' brow;
Would dare return what manhood won—
The glory left by sire to son,
For Freedom!

The shades of those who fought and died
Beside the Rappahannock's tide;
By wood and river, field and ford
Would rise, with the avenging sword
Of Freedom!

To smite the selfish hearts of those,
Who lay supine beneath our foes,
When in the balance quiv'ring lay
The cause that lights our homes to-day
With Freedom!

——:o:——

POLARIS.

Where Ursa Major wheels his train
Of light around your bright domain:
Where Ursa Minor, nearer still,
Obeys the mandates of your will:
In circling flights their paths pursue—
A glory in that arch of blue!
A greater glory must thou be
To shape their course, superb to thee!

Cassiopea, fair to view,
Its axes bend around thee too:
Camelopardus, Draco, all
Their circling orbs you would enthrall!
Celestial marvel of the spheres,
Whence come your days, where go your years?
What mighty influence hast thou
To guide the orbit of the Plough?
Whose pointers mark thy home in space
Unerring as the sun-dial's face?

——:o:——

AMBITION.

How varied are the forms you take:—
  How fast your fetters bind;—
The impulses our lives awake,—
  That rouse the active mind;—
In love, or war, or statesman's craft,—
  As beam of sun you fly;—
And proud the soul of him whose hand
  Your standard rears on high!

The thirsting soul is slaked by thee,
  From Nature's rills and streams!
You come as Fortune to the brave:—
  Enchanting as her dreams!

You come the test of buoyant hope.—
Excelsior! and fair!
And daring is the heart that flings
Your banner to the air!

The soldier on the tented field,
Or 'mid the battle's shock:
Beneath your spell is trebly brave,—
Immovable as rock:
Where danger looms, there are you found,
Amid its crash and strife!
The headlong charge—disordered rout—
Would give your promptings life!

The midnight lamp for thee is lit,—
The lore of buried years!
From out the past is keenly sought,—
Dark stained with sorrow's tears!
The gleaming thought by thee is sped
In burning words that fly!
Thro' myriad hearts, as lightning's darts.
That pierce the inky sky!

The bashful maiden finds in thee
Incentive to her dream!
Her heart's fair hopes you would awake,
As morning's crimson beam!
Around her life you'd weave the spell
So often sung and told,
That trusting love more potent is
Than war, or shining gold!

In classic halls you 'd rear your crest,
Majestic and sublime!
Would penetrate the ardent breast,
That niche the walls of Time!
But spectres from the hoary past,
In grim and gaunt array!
Around your vaunted glory troop,
To speak your swift decay!

Imperishable fame that lives
Beyond the crumbling stone!
The hope that in the bosom lives,—
That breathes of God alone!
The soul beyond this world's conceits—
A heavenly jewel set—
Than hero of a thousand fights,
Is more triumphant yet!

——:o:——

THE MONTHS.

Before the sun, the twelve appear—
The sons and daughters of the year.
The two faced Janus coming first,
From storm and cloud and crystals burst!
Pursues his cold, unpitying flight,
Beneath the Dog star's blazing light!

Next, February, her hour glass drains,
Thro' frost and snow and icy chains,
Unmindful of our tears or woes,
Her crystal mantle 'round us throws.

March, in his turn, in swifter flight,
Gives shorter hours to winter's night:
On equinoctial storms comes he,
The sturdiest, bravest of the three.

Succeeding, April next appears,
Enriching nature with her tears;
The trembling bud she fain would bring,
From out the gloom to clothe the spring:
She sets the streams and rivers free,
And rolls their treasures to the sea;
Then speeding thro' the arch of day
Her offspring leaves to beauteous May.

All pitying month, your tender trust,
By sunny May is fondly nursed:
Beneath her sweet benignant smile
Earth's glories bud and bloom the while!
Fair empress of the rolling green!
The twelve, as we, would crown thee queen.

Solstitial June, with rosy cheeks,
And red ripe lips our homage seeks:
Pours out her rich, luxurious feast,
That flows exultant from the east;

Thro' crystal bead and beam of sun
Perfected life by thee is spun!
Fair month of flower, and bird, and bee,
Would that our life was fair as thee!

Triumphantly the sun now streams
O'er thirsting earth his ardent beams!
July's hot breath thro' nature glows,
And blasts the tints that deck the rose!
Exhausted blooms attest his ire,
And droop before his beams of fire!

Next, August comes with ripened sheaf,
And yellow tint for shining leaf;
The grateful orchard sings his song!
On golden chords its notes prolong!
Beneath his care fair nature's store
Is brought triumphant to our door!

September, now, with deeper tints,
The leaf of elm and maple glints;
Collects the treasures August bore,
And leaves them at October's door;
Queen of the forest and the wold,
Whose etchings change the green to gold!
Your days growing shorter as our own,
In downward course you tread the zone!

October, next, with royal cheer
Collects the vintage of the year;

Right royally invites us all,
To feast with him in princely hall.
For her favorite and her heir
Has come to bind her golden hair!
In rich libations, quaffs her wines,
And at her sumptuous table dines!
But nut-brown king, you're speeding fast.
To shiver in November's blast!

The undertaker of the year!
Comes next in cloud and storm and tear:
Strips bare the trees, their glories fling
Beneath his feet unpitying—
But death betimes bears him away
To add his gloom to winter's day!

We next behold the changing year,
Withered and old, infirm and sear!
With tottering step and swift decay,
Calling on Time to close his day!
The chill of death is on his brow,
And ice and snow enrobe him now;
But pitying time assumes his care,
And ends his anthem and his prayer!

TO THE PLANET JUPITER.

"The very law that molds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course!"

Celestial Orb! how swift thy course
Throughout the vast domains of God;
What wond'rous law propels thy force
And bends thine orbit to its nod?

Thro' boundless fields of space you roam,—
Thy bound'ries set ethereal there;—
The liquid depths of blue your home;—
Of God the glory, and the care!

How nicely poised thy pond'rous mass,
That rolls eternal 'mid the spheres!
What glorious orbs above thee pass;
Obedient to their portioned years!

Aphelion here would set thee free!
To wander thro' the blue immense;
But of his depths, God gave to thee
So much for thine inheritance!

The sun, as centre of the Orbs,
Proscribes their course with heavenly skill;
Whose burning ray their bosoms throbs,
Obedient to his Author's will!

Far, far away your path is fixed,
As trackless as the boundless brine!
Far, far away your light is mixed
With spheres more brilliant far than thine!

Who marks the wonders of the sky;
Who sees the mighty planets roll!
Would dare Omnipotence deny!
Would dare abjure His work—the soul!

——:o:——

PURITY.

There is a flower that all unseen
Within the bosom grows,
More beautiful of fairer sheen
Than hyacinth or rose;
Its fair white petals wreathe the heart,
Around its pulses blôom;
As morning's beams, its glories dart,
In streams of sweet perfume!

Seraphic smiles adorn the face
On which its lights are shed;
Where'er it blooms there beams a grace
By kindred virtues led;
Earth's fairest flowers fade and die,—
Their life is as a dream,
But Purity, thro' realms on high,
In heaven shines supreme!

THE REJECTED POEM.

Alas, sweet words of rhythm,
What hopes went out with thee:
What bright, fair flights of fancy,
To weave thy melody;
What anxious thrills came o'er me,
To link thy chain of thought;
To shape thy studied numbers,
With the chords that fancy wrought.

What dreams of future glory:
What thoughts of joy and fame;
The theme of song and story;
The pride of honored name:
The dawn of a mind ennobled,
With lights that brightly gleamed,
As echoing notes of music,
That thro' its chambers streamed.

The perfume of love in nature,—
All glowing as the sun;
The tint of leaf and flower,
Thro' his bright glories spun;
The surging thoughts of heaven,
That crowded thro' my brain!
Harmoniously were given
To forge the lyric chain.

Perchance I dressed my idol
In garb beyond its sphere;
Perchance its rhythmic numbers
In cadence were not clear;
Perchance my vain, fond thinking
A glamour 'round it threw,
From which the eye of judgment,
The robe of self-love drew!

Where self but sees perfection,
Deceptive is its light,
As the mirage, which thirst awakens,
Illusive to the sight!
As the luring phantom beckons
Our fainting steps its way,
So the false conceit we nurture,
Leads the pliant mind astray.

——:o:——

SONG OF LIBERTY.

Sing! grateful hearts the song of praise,
Exultant as the tongue can roll;
Sing! Freedom's sons your wealth of days:—
The pride that fills the conscious soul.
Sing! mighty rivers of the plains;
Sing! snow-capped mountains of the West:
Sing! in Heaven's sublimest strains
The cause that makes your land so blessed!

Sing, sing fraternal love and light;
Sing, sing the wealth that nature yields;
Sing thou the glory and delight
That tint your skies and robe your fields!
Sing, peace and joy, sublime and pure—
Excessive as the heart can feel;
Sing! Freedom's tendrils, firm, secure,
With song as loud, as thunder's peal!

Thrice sing your flag of azure hue!—
The reflex of the starry sea;
Sing, sing the faithful hearts and true—
The martyred hosts of liberty;
That fell beneath its torn breast,—
Defiant as the angry wave;
Eternal freedom for their crest.—
Victorious field their hallowed grave!

Recurring years the blessings sing,—
The ceaseless anthem dear to fame;
Recurring years fresh laurels bring
To wreathe the splendors of your name:
From pine-clad Maine to Tropic sea;
From Eastern shore to set of sun:
Sing out your song of jubilee,
For all that might and valor won.

Exult that England's reign of fire,
Within our land had found a grave;
Exult that patriot—son and sire,
In battles van had died to save,

The land that now o'er earth supreme,
Sends up its voice in song and praise,
From mountain crest to glinting stream
Eternal, to the God of Days.

Exult that fratricidal strife—
As tyrant-rule has passed away,
That honor, fame—a nation's life
Is your's to celebrate to-day.
As long as Hudson's crystal flood,
Shall roll her treasures to the sea,
The hymn as dear as patriot's blood
Shall pour its trills to Liberty!

——:o:——

HARSH WORDS.

The cruel lips that speak harsh words
Are bloodless, cold, and thin;
As, is the heart from whence they flow,
Unpitying, all within;
The warmth which our nature feels,
Around their portal dies!
As sunny beams that speed to earth,
Are hid in clouded skies!

Who sees sweet childhood's tearful eyes,
When harshly told of wrong;
Who sees its little quiv'ring lip,
That should be tuned to song;
Who sees kind nature's rosy blush,
Around its dimples play,
Would ever speak the unkind word
To chase that charm away.

Who would deny the wounded heart,
The balm with which to heal;
Whose poisoned tongue, as adder dart,
Would all its venom deal!
Ah! dead indeed to pity's touch,
Is he who would inflame,
The sacred fire that in us burns,
With unkind words of blame.

How many lives are won from sin,
By words of tender tone;
How many hearts with joy are filled,
On which the light ne'er shone!
Ah! churlish tongue, if you but knew,
The charm you cast away;
You'd be to Nature's laws as true,
As sun that lights the day.

Who would rebuke his child for wrong,
Should speak in gentle tone;
The brutal tongue no conquest gains,
Where wilful seed is sown;

But words of earnest, calm desire,
Will pentrate the soul;
Around its shadows beam in light,
This, this is Heaven's control!

——:o:——

HALLOWEEN.

Once more the eve of Halloween,
The dream of many a rustic queen!
The one fair night of all the year
That maidens test if Love's sincere,
Or if his arrows ere shall fly,
Across their dim expectant sky;
Is come once more her tale to tell,
And weave her weird, prospective spell!

The smaller fry are sent to duck,
Or hazardous the apple pluck;
Alternate placed where candle glow,
Or russet orbs their tintings show;
In whirling motion, tempting fly,
And brave the one, the danger try!

The key, thro' which the melted lead
In various shapes prophetic sped;
Oft wakes the throbs of joy or pain,
As fancy links the magic chain!

"This shapes an engine plainly here,
Which shows I 'll wed an engineer:
While you less lucky in the race,
Do in this spade your fortune trace;
As sure as fate here comes a pen
Which binds Kate's life to classic men:
Whilst here an ax and hammer prove,
Where lies the test of Mary's love.

Now let us try the apple's core,
And for awhile with Fortune soar;
Here, I myself,—the other here—
The one I love so very dear;
If that I fly, he follows after,
You must not make a cause for laughter;
But, if he flies, and I remain,
'T is proof I'm bound in Cupid's chain!
Whilst if we both to cinder turn,
'T is sure Love's fires within us burn;
But if opposing courses take,
Our love to other hearts must break.

Now let us write the A. B. C.—
Another test of destiny;
In water set and downward faced,
From interference safely placed;
If that the Fates should turn one o'er,
Or two, or three, or even more,
Then, then do Hymen's laws proclaim.
Your future husband's monogram!"

The yarrow branch has next its charm
To keep the hearts of lovers warm;
Or to estrange them at its will
Despite of human art or skill;
As Delphic Oracle its plot
Is intricate as Gordian knot!

As cosmetic for beauty's cheek,
The potency of love she'd seek;
Yet as that agent would she find
That art—when painting love is blind;
That spell, and charm, and molten lead,
Are impotent as silken thread;
That virtue, modesty and grace,
Are first—triumphant in the race!

——:o:——

DEFEAT.

Vain, boastful land, your haughty crest
Once more is bowed before the West:
The golden trophy you would bear
Across the sea is yet our care;
And shall remain from year to year,
As long as we've a Volunteer,
Or men to build a swifter shell,
If you the Thistle should excel.

You've tried the Thames, and now the Clyde,
To build a boat to stem our tide;
But Briton's art, or Scotchman's skill
Is impotent to do your will:
As long as we can claim a Payne
The shining bauble shall remain.

Ah! you are jealous of the West,
Of her young Eagle's lofty crest!
You'd give your wealth, if not your crown,
For strength to tear our fabric down;
But while our sons on land or sea
Are true to God and liberty;
Unmatched you'll find them, and as brave,
As ever rode the crested wave.

——:o:——

TO THE MUSE.

How quickly do the moments fade
When thrilled beneath your spell, fair maid!
What varied thoughts! What quenchless fire!
The mind awakes to feed your lyre—
Harmonic sounds, in rhythmic flow,
Are sped across your magic bow!

The soul with thee is ne'er alone—
Companion of the vast unknown;—

Its fairest hope in thee is found
Thro' wond'rous paths sublime, profound;—
Thro' God's domains, exalted, pure,
Its sweetest thoughts you would allure!

The siren song you sing to me
Oft wakes the trills of ecstacy;
And I, obedient to your will,
In broken numbers try my skill;
Yet, tho' discordant be their tone,
The fault is thine, and thine alone.

From mercenary motive he,
Who would attune his lyre to thee;
Accurst the strain, howe'er sublime
Its currents flow thro' waves of Time;
Accurst its purpose and its aim—
The weeds that choke the path to fame.

Thrice blest is he who moulds the thought
Unfettered, fadeless and unbought!
To Him, whose inspirations draw
Our souls to heaven's supernal law!
To Him, his first, best thought be given—
The Mighty One of earth and heaven;

Next to the land that gave him birth,
Wherever be that spot of earth;
Then to the *morale* of his race,
Be his the task each good to trace—

To God! to race and country true
What noble deeds might he not do!

The impure lyrics sung to thee,
That flush the brow of Modesty;
Miasmic as foul odors' breath
Are sped on wings of gloom and death!
From such as these, fair maid, my muse
Shall never cheek of thine suffuse.

——:o:——

THE SONG OF LABOR.

Swiftly the cause of the Toiler is speeding,
Onward, and upward, it shoots thro' the gloom!
On thro' the marts, where tired labor lies bleeding;
On thro' the forge, and the swift clicking loom:
On thro' the charnel mine,
Over the iron-line:
On thro' the city, the mountain, and glen;
Speeds the electric wave,
On its wild course to save
God's noblest hand-work, the toilers of men.

All honor to those, who have tunneled the mountain,
And banded the earth with a girdle of steel;
They are Life's heroes, their genius the fountain,
From whence flows the comforts the pampered now feel.
On to their rescue then,
You that would dare be men,
Stand by the toiler, with purse and with pen,
Their's is the nation's fight:
Your's is their cause to right,
Freedom is staked on the toilers of men.

Ye who have read the Transfigured of Thabor.
Relax the fierce struggle, His presence is nigh,
The wealth you've acquired, is the outcome of labor;
And wealth is but dross, at the soul's parting sigh;
Cease the fierce conflict then,
Stewards of God and men:
Flaccid the muscle and aimless the life,
Of the proud artisan,
God's noblest type of man
With gaunt hunger staring his children and wife.

The lilies of toil, Columbia's fair daughters,
Have buckled the armour of Strife on their breast;
Fair as the maidens by Babylon's waters:
Honor their safe-guard, and Virtue their crest;
True when the order came,
Careless of love, or blame,
Principle called—she ne'er wooed them again.
Braved they each scoff and jeer,
Braved they each threat and sneer,
To link their just cause with the toilers of men.

——:o:——

IT LOOKS LIKE SPRING.

It looks like spring, pedestrians cry,
As thro' the muddy streets they tread:
It looks like spring, the rills reply—
Plethoric grown—by streamlets fed.

It looks like spring. The children play
With top and marble, rope and swing;
The noisy sparrows o'er the way,
Have noisier grown, for this is spring.

It looks like spring, the ice and snow
Dissolve their crystals, 'neath the sun;
The reeking fields, set free, e'en show
The tints that Nature there has spun.

It looks like spring; the bare brown earth
That yesterday was robed in white,
In desolation, and in death!
As Hope, puts on her robe of light.

It looks like spring, the violets hue
Once more in leafless glade is seen:
Whose faintest, fairest tint of blue
Would fain adorn the infant green.

It looks like spring, the song of bird,—
The merry ring of children's play;
Once more upon the green are heard,—
A prelude to the joyous May.

It looks like spring, the cheerless heart,
As budding leaf awakes to light!
It looks like spring, when cares depart
Upon the sable wings of night.

It looks like spring, the naked trees
Put forth new life to robe the wood:
The springing grass the eye shall please,
And sunbeams play where winter stood.

TO A STAR.

Thou sun of worlds unknown, whose light thro' heaven has shone;
How softly falls thy beam, on mountain, hill, and stream;
Uncharged thy place and true, in heaven's fair arching blue;
Brilliant as when earth first caught thy rays.

Thy form is still the same as when God lit thy flame;
Thro' ages rolling on thy silvery light has shone:
Undimmed thro' myriad years thy glory still appears.
Superbly set in heaven's fair dome.

Thy home how far away, near God's eternal day;
Beautiful, sublime, resplendent as thy prime;
God's halos round thee glow in beams of light that show
Thy wondrous beauties to our gaze.

Incandescent star, thro' boundless space how far?
As infinite thy course as He who set thy force;
And yet thy rays combine where twenty millions shine
On heaven's broad, ample road sublime!

Art thou a place of rest for souls of heavenly
quest?
Or art thou fairer still, the home which God
doth will
For happy creatures blest, to find eternal rest
In view of His bright celestial throne?

How brilliant is thy race thro' boundless fields
of space;
A sun more bright at birth than that which
lights the earth;
Whose glories far away illume the Milky
Way,—
The "golden-sanded" centre of the spheres.

Twenty million suns, thro' which God's mercy
runs,
In wondrous floods of light, as beautiful as
bright,
As marvelous and fair as He who fixed them
there,
For men and angels bright to gaze upon!

The faintest in the blue, whose light ne'er came
to view,
Not since creation's dawn its light to earth has
drawn;
Mysterious star and lone, whose light is near
the throne!
O! break in heavenly splendor on my soul.

WASHINGTON.

Exalted son of Freedom's light—
  The theme of man's unstinted praise—
  As long as God shall roll his days,
Or morning's glow succeed the night!
  Familiar name on childhood's tongue,
  How many a song to thee is sung—
  Of Freedom's host, the first among,
Who fought to gain a people's right!

We speak in reverence of thee—
  Whose deeds of glory unsurpassed,
  A halo round your country cast—
The brightest star of Liberty!
  The flag you raised undimmed appears—
  The pride of manhood thro' the years—
  Beneath its folds there lurk no fears,
Of slavish chains, or tyranny!

Man's dearest hope—freedom at birth,
  By thee thro' blood and strife was won—
  You gave his life a brighter sun.
And fructified a fairer earth!
  Your work achieved, its blessing now,
  Is stamped in freedom on the brow—
  Before whose eminence we bow—
That give our homes their joy and mirth!

DECORATION DAY.—AN ODE.

There is no death! The graves you deck
Are beautified by flowers of spring;
There is no death! The grass you tread
Fresh beauties round them fling.

There is no death! Those silent graves
Bring forth new life from day to day;
A fitting tribute to the dead
Fast mould'ring to decay.

There is no death! The useless dust
O'er which in life we daily tread,
Evokes the tints of plant and flower—
A glory 'round them spread.

Yes, deck these graves with nurtured flower
Fair as the hue of rosy morn,
Death and decay shall reach it ere
Another bud is born.

From out these honoured graves new life
Shall spring, to deck the vernal May,
While memory's wreaths—a transient bloom
Shall wither and decay.

Yes, deck these graves beneath whose mounds
The heroes of your country lie,
With rarest gifts from Nature's field,—
The flowers that never die.

Bring the rich treasures of the mind,
Undying love, sweet poesy;
Bring prayerful thoughts to deck the graves
Where death, is life set free.

Oh! bring the living fire of Truth!
The wish to die for cause as grand;
The deathless yearning of the soul
To die for Fatherland.

——:o:——

THE DIVER.

Away, thro' the depths of the mighty wave,—
Where the shark and dolphin glide;—
The daring Diver intrepid brave
Is borne beneath the tide!
Away, where silence eternal reigns;
Where tentacled monsters creep,—
Thro' groves of coral,—unplowed domains—
That blossom beneath the deep!

Where pink-dyed aster—anemone—
In wondrous hue is found!
Away, where the brawling, surging sea
Awakens the depths profound!

Away on that floor till then untrod,
He moves thro' its maze of bloom;
Thro' trellised arches—that speak a God—
That startle its caves of gloom!

What strange adventure? What daring quest,
Uncanny beyond compare,
Would tempt the Diver beneath the breast,
Of the frothing surges there?
The story is old, as siren's song,
A ship went down in the sea,
Bearing her burden of life along,
To its groves of mystery.

The shining ingot—of man the dream—
The treasures of mine and loom,
Borne as bubble upon the stream,
Thro' its noiseless halls of gloom;
These would he snatch from the ghastly wreck,
Would bear them from out its grave;
Thro' the swirl of ocean—the prize a speck
Of the wealth beneath its wave!

On the slippery deck of that reeling ship,
Unsteady and slow his tread;
Beneath the ocean's dark, sullen drip
He moves thro' its floating dead!
Thro' ghastly horrors his way he gropes,
Past echoless cabin and stair!
Thro' fluttering sails, and tangled ropes,
Sad relics of life's despair!

Away, past monsters' inquiring gaze,
That heightens the awful gloom;
In quest of trinkets that mocking blaze
On the broken heart of bloom!
One false step on that slippery deck,—
One snap of those lines of life,
Would end his quest—as that vessel's wreck—
Now prone 'neath the surges' strife.

——:o:——

THE WONDERS OF GOD.

Absorbed in wonder and amaze
I raise my soul to Thee,
Whose fiery orbs thro' heaven blaze.—
Superb in brilliancy:
The penciled beam that lights the sky,
That floods the fields of space;
From sun to sun electric fly,
Transcendent as Thy Grace!

Around, above, where'er we gaze,
God's wond'rous skill is found;
Unending as His song of praise;
Supernal and profound;
The blade of grass receives His care,
His rain-drop and His sun;
As does the soul His sweetest prayer,
When sanctified and won.

Behold the mighty ocean roll,
Stupendous and sublime!
Beholds its tides, 'neath heaven's control,
Obey their ebb and prime!
Behold its vastness and its might:—
Its never ceasing song!
Obey the God of Love and Light,
Thro' all the years among!

Within its breast what creatures live,
Beneath its wave what bloom!
What glorious functions does He give
To life within its womb!
The tireless workers that unite
To build the coral reef,
Is dear to Him as orb of light,
Or glory's proudest chief.

The teeming ocean and the earth,
Attest the power of God!
Who gave to Nature's laws their birth,—
Who clothes the vernal sod!
Whose odors scent the budding rose,—
Accords the song of bird,
That pours his trills to many a close,
That have the bosom stirred!

Who sees the morning's smiling face,
With amber tinting spread;
Who sees the bead of crystal grace
The lily's drooping head;

Who sees the sun pursue his course,
Incandescent, fair;
Would in his heart deny the Force,
That wheels his glories there!

Who sees the mantle of the night,—
As herald from the tomb!
Who sees the star's faint, distant light,
That would her vault illume!
Who sees her changing orb of light,
Pursue its rounded way!
Would not break forth in wild delight
To praise the God of Day!

Around God's least created thing,
His glories most appear!
The drowsy bee on painted wing,
That sips the honeyed tear;
The thrifty ant, that toiling bears,
His winter's store of cheer!
Awake our souls to heavenly care,
And point a moral here!

THE BATTLEFIELD.

The red field of battle, deserted of life,
  Its wet robe of carnage exultingly spread!
Where the conflict and charge sped o'er havoc and strife,
  And the actors, as leaves in the autumn, lay dead;
Where the demon sped shell on its mission of death,
  Unrelentingly tore thro' the ranks of the brave;
Where the cannon's dull boom shook the fair earth beneath,
  And the pitiless shot gave to valor a grave!

Where the onslaught was fiercest, a soldier lay dead,
  With the star-sprinkled flag held in loving embrace,
In the dark gulf of danger, where chivalry led,
  He lay with its folds partly shrouding his face;

Around him were strewn the brave comrades that fell,
'Neath the fierce crash of battle, as madly it tore,
Where victory wreathed her brow 'neath the spell,
That Glory's red hand to her throbbing heart bore!

Here lies the war horse, discomfited, slain—
Thro' his nostrils the fire of the battle has sped;
Beside him the rider still holding the rein,
By which his wild course thro' the battle was led;
The hilt of a sword in the other hand lies,
But where is the blade that adorned its sheen,
Alas! it avenges the red stream that dyes,
The dew crystaled mound, and the flower-scented green.

Where yonder rude bridge crosses over the stream—
A relic of peace in the sweet long ago,
Ere the red bolt of war—in swift lurid gleam—
Sped over its arch from the guns of the foe:

Where the sedge and the grasses bend light to
the breeze,
And the song bird awakens the gloom with
his trill;
Where the sun faintly streams thro' the foliaged
trees,
And the cresses, as garlands, droop over the
rill.

Low, bending, a soldier stoops over that stream,
All anxious to snatch from its ripples a
drink;—
The rude bullet seizes his life and his dream,
And he falls as the shadow that darkens its
brink!
Ah! merciless shot had you swerved from your
course,
The sword thrusts that pierced his brave
heart would allay,
Your mission of death, its dread terror and
force.
But to add a few moments to life's closing
day.

The clouds of that strife have long floated away,
And the brave hearts that fell 'neath their
shadows, so deep,
In the sweet calm of death, lies their valor to-
day,
Until the last trumpet awakens their sleep!

What reck they the glories their victories gave,
To the bright cause of Freedom, of country oppressed
Beneath the green sod, with the earth as a grave,
They lie as the myrtle, that hallows their rest.

They sleep unremembered, the daring, the brave,
No tributes of worth to their mem'ries arise;
They sleep as the sailor that rests 'neath the wave;
They sleep as the cold sod that over them lies.
The trust and the pride of a nation should claim,
The patriot's tribute for deeds of renown,
In letters whose glory should trumpet their fame,
Engraved on the heart thro' the centuries down!

MEMORY.

Electric spark from Nature's cherished womb!
How swift your flight, thro' Time's abysmal way!
How keen your glance amid its death and gloom,
That hide Oblivion's long Cimmerian day!

They troop as shadows from the land of death,—
The buried treasures of the sunny past!
That shone o'er life's entrancing, balmy breath,
Ere sorrow's mantle o'er their bloom was cast!

Youth's happy hours, evanescent and bright,
Bring from the past their mem'ries to the soul!
As morning breaking from the gloom of night,
Their vanished glories thro' the bosom roll!

The level sward, where once the goal was set;
The glancing ball that o'er its mantle flew!
The forms of those, that in the contest met,
On thy swift wing, our thoughts once more review.

The branching tree, that lent its cooling shade;
The humid brow, with exercise aglow;
Where many a plot of youthful mind was laid;
Are, as the plotters, thro' the years laid low!

The fadeless grove of laurel and of palm,
Where song of bird made resonant the day!
We stray in fancy thro' their shade and balm,
Seeking the nest of linnet or of jay.

Our school-days bring the sober thought of care,—
The master's frown,—the pliant rod of woe!
The truant heart that would its terrors dare,—
Whose palm, unflinching, would receive the blow.

The brave companions of the past arise!
Their love and friendship, insolence and pride:—
Thro' far off vistas do we strain our eyes,
To see, if they, as we have stemmed Life's tide.

The dreams and hopes of life's maturer years,
The shattered cause, the patriot's regret;
On glancing thought, in vividness appear,
As tho' their light, in time had never set!

We hail thy shades, fair messenger of Thought,
For with thee comes the chord of many a song!
When buoyant life, thro' fleeting vistas sought
The fancied joys, that would its days prolong!

The broken strings, we hail their presence too;—
As clouded sunbeam, darkly hid from view;
They speak of blighted hope, and promise true:—
Ere inky Night, her mantle o'er them threw.

——:o:——

CARRIERS' NEW YEAR GREETING.

For the world-wide information
We've borne to your door;
For the News of far-off countries,
As those of native shore;
For the shipwreck and disaster,
That words but ill express;
For these as faithful carriers
We hand you an Address!

For the gossip and the scandal,
That set the world ajar;
For the dark intrigue of nations,
That heralds strife and war;
For the wrong, and crime, and sorrow,
That do the heart oppress,
We ask your gracious bounty
To handsel our Address.

For pathetic song and story,
That sparkle as the rill;
For the daring deeds of glory,
The heart and bosom fill;
For the sparks that speed thro' ocean,—
Whose light illumes the Press;
The bearers of whose light'ning thought,
Present you their Address!

For the scaffold and the prison,
The bridal and the tomb!
For the cruel laws that wither
Creative thoughts of bloom!
For the noble aspiration,
No tyrant can suppress;
We seek a place within your heart
To place our bold Address!

Thro' the sunshine and the shadow,
The storm and the shower;
Thro' the chill, cold blast of winter,
Or sun's all glowing pow'r;

To your trust have we been faithful
Thro' scenes that brought distress;
For which assured of your reward
We tender our Address!

For the clouds of Eighty-seven.—
The sun of Eighty-eight;
We greet you with our dearest wish
That God will bless your state;
For the joys that crowned your Christmas,—
A Nation's fearless Press.—
We offer you our compliments
And our New Year's Address.

——:o:——

NIGHT.

Where gathers the Night her dark curtain of gloom?
Whence comes the stillness that steals thro' her womb?
Does fear make the flowers distill their perfume
To hallow the Night?

Thro' the shadows of Night does Hope wing her way,
Unerring, as 'neath the bright beam of the day?
Does thought speed as swift thro' the crystals that spray
The robe of the Night?

The message of danger, the mission of love,
Are their glances as fair thro' her dark silent grove?
Is Heaven's bright promise that comes from above
Less true in the Night?

The sunbeam that hides its fair light in her breast;
The zephyrs that blow from her groves in the west;
Are they less delightful because of thy crest,
Dark, shadowy Night?

The sentinels guarding the depths of her wave;
The shadows that flit thro' the gloom of her grave;
Do they not reflection as earnestly crave
Tho' hidden in Night?

The pine trees that wave their tall heads in her stream
Look weird, as the spectres that float thro' her dream,
To nature are dear, as the Orient beam
That burgeons in Night?

O'er the crime-fettered city her mantle is spread,
As deep as the silence that reigns o'er her dead!
Thro' its arches the stealthy, dark criminals tread
To startle the Night!

The bright dream of glory that lights up her gloom!
The fire sparks that memory bears from her tomb!
The odors that float thro' her gardens of bloom
Incense the Night!

Where her fringes hang deepest the weary find rest;
Beneath her dark frown are their sorrows caressed;
To the tear-laden eyelash, in pity, is pressed
The finger of Night!

Where the faint streak of morning, empurpled appears;
Where the sun glints the dewdrops, as joy's crystal tears,
The gloom that surrounds her, as grief disappears,
So vanish our Night!

THE SPARROW.

Hast memory for the past,
Little Sparrow.
For the winter gone at last,
Little Sparrow.
For the days of gloom outspread,
Unsheltered and unfed,
But happily now sped,
Little Sparrow.

Tho' quarrelsome thou art,
Little Sparrow.
Thy hardships touch the heart,
Little Sparrow.
Our pity is aroused,
When we note how ill your 're housed,
By cat as rodent moused,
Little Sparrow.

The cheerless home you find,
Little Sparrow,
But catch the biting wind,
Little Sparrow.
Your quiv'ring tiny wing
Small shelter to you bring
'Gainst winter's bitter sting,
Little Sparrow.

You are a type of man,
Little Sparrow,
On the same aggressive plan,
Little Sparrow.
In anger you're as blind,
As selfish to your kind—
But where perfection find
Little Sparrow?

Forced emigrant of test,
Little Sparrow!
They ill-repay your quest,
Little Sparrow.
Bred across the main,
Where confiscations reign,
Your mission is quite plain,
Little Sparrow.

They'd feed you here on bugs,
Little Sparrow,
On flies, or worms, or grubs,
Little Sparrow.
But being of English birth,
Such things arouse your mirth,
For Britian claims the earth,
Little Sparrow.

They say you'd rule alone,
Little Sparrow,
Our eaves and trees your throne,
Little Sparrow,

The oriole aglow,
The robin we long know,
From us, thro' you, must go,
Little Sparrow.

Your toleration here,
Little Sparrow,
May end in aught but cheer,
Little Sparrow.
Fight yourselves among,
But robins' thrilling song
Must float in joy along,
Little Sparrow.

Propensities for fight,
Little Sparrow,
But wicked hearts delight,
Little Sparrow,
So if you would be blest,
Why, build your little nest
And give us peace and rest.
Little Sparrow.

If not, why disappear,
Little Sparrow,
We 'll have no trouble here,
Little Sparrow.
Our home is not for thee,
Who 'd stifle Liberty!
We 'll have no anarchy.
Little Sparrow.

LABOR DAY'S SONG.

Thrice welcome the day, whose fair morning is breaking,
In roseate tints thro' the eastern sky!
Thrice blest be its beams, when tired labor awaking,
Sinks all its cares in the moments that fly!
Long has its want been felt;
Long has the toiler knelt;
The wealthy have spurned the workingman's pray'r;
Bravely the fight was fought;
Dearly the boon was sought;
Of sweet relaxation from labor and care!

Proudly they'll gaze on the fair sky above them!
Proudly their hearts on the morrow shall beat!
Proudly they'll smile on the dear ones that love them!
Proudly the voice of their brother shall greet!
Conscious of pride and worth;
Children of toil from birth;
Of Mammon the outcast, he's ever the same;
Brave where the engine reels!
Brave where the cannon peals!
Brave in each danger, that trumpets our name!

Shame on the hand that would wrest from the toiler,
One sweet day of pleasure to lighten his load;
Shame on the caitiff—humanity's spoiler.—
Who'd lengthen his year on the long, weary road:
Faithful to God is he;
Nature's nobility:
The nations of earth owe their glories to him:
Toiling for pittance small;
King over men withal;
Still at the mercy of task-master's whim!

Hail the bright day when the toiler is master;—
His destiny wreathing fair garlands to fame!
When those who'd oppress him will sink in disaster;
And honor redound to the workingman's name:
True in that hour of pride;
True as returning tide;
Fair be thy mission, and true be thy creed:
True to posterity;
Honor and liberty!
Then, then, shall the toiler be noble indeed!

MEMORIAL DAY.

The fairest flowers that crown the spring
To your green graves, in love, we bring—
The yielding earth's sweet off'ring,
To honor thee.

Whether beneath mausoleum,
Or lowly grave, with letters dim,
Our hearts are filled with grateful hymn
To memory.

The treasured relics of the past
Around your graves are fondly cast;
For deeds of glory unsurpassed.
For country!

The torn flag that valor bore
From Gettysburg, to South'rn shore;
Thro' which the shell and bullet tore
Defiantly!

The broken blade, to honor true,
Upon your graves as laurels strew;
When War's dread charge his clarion blew
Uproariously!

The anguished tear, by sorrow shed,
O'er gallant hearts that nobly bled;
For father, brother, husband dead
For country!

We bring the anthem and the song,
That thro' the years shall roll along!
That place your heroic deeds among
The Cimbri!

We bring the sculptured wish, and thought,
Within our hearts for deeds unbought;
That where you fell, and how you fought
Will yet recorded be.

That Fame will yet a tablet raise
In glowing words of love and praise
To you, whose glory, shed its rays,
On Liberty.

——:o:——

FEBRUARY.

Thou short lived daughter of the year,
Thy days of gloom are fled,—
Days when sorrow hid her tear,
As cemet'ries their dead;
Days of cheer, and joy, and song,
To Fortune's favored few;
Days of want, and grief, and wrong
To those she never knew.

Thy winter robe of ice and snow,
From earth shall pass away,
Beneath the sun's exultant glow,
And Nature's lengthened day;
The song of bird new life shall give,
Where all is pulseless now;
The tint of flower once more shall live
To deck earth's changing brow.

Thy predecessor left to thee
A heritage of tears,
That have been shed where misery
In squalid haunts appears;
Thy chill cold blast, as miser's dole,
Unpitying has swept,
O'er many a heart and weary soul
That have in sorrow wept.

But spring's fair morn, with rosy smile,
Shall paint the earth anew,
And flow'rs that have been hid the while
To Nature shall be true:
Not so the hearts sunk deep in grief,
For these there is no cheer,
The spring-time comes, but no relief
Will ever robe their year.

Ah!, yes, there is a spring for them,
Whose flowers shall never die;
Where winter's storm shall never dim
The brightness of the sky;

Where never cloud of misery
Shall break in tears of gloom;
Where life is an eternity
Of bliss beyond the tomb!

——:o:——

APRIL.

Thou tearful daughter of the year,—
The one-time nurse of bud and leaf,—
You leave us with repentant tear
For thy protracted days of grief;
Faithless to thy trust thou'st been,
Whose smiles were wont to robe the earth;
Capricious grown your woof of green,
Unfinished lies—a theme for mirth,

The turbulence of March you brought,
Freakish, petulant, and severe;
Of sister May you never thought,
Her genial smile, her sunny tear;
With thee the sigh of sorrow goes,—
The stricken heart, the throb of pain;
The new made graves, wherein repose,
The victims of your short-lived reign.

The bud and blossom watch your flight,—
  Scarce daring to disclose their birth,—
Whose smile, was ever your delight,
  Now hide their glories 'neath the earth;
Who would have thought your gentle heart,
  Whose copious tears and smiles are shed,
Would from the scene in sorrow part,
  And leave unburied, winter's dead.

The muddy stream, the naked bough,
  The bare, brown, landscape peering thro'
The sod upturned beneath the plow,
  Too plainly show neglect in you:
The robin trolls his broken lay,
  As if surprised at Nature's chill,—
Displeased, he fain would fly away!
  Where joy invites a warmer trill!

——:o:——

THE VIOLET.

Under the bare, brown earth long hid,
  Beneath the dead leaves of another year,
Thou comest arrayed at Nature's bid,
  As joy's bright smile or affection's tear.

A promise of hope, as fair, as true,
O'er the dreary waste of our lives is sped,
As thy opening leaves of deepest blue,
That bloom thro' the mosses around them spread.

Soon, soon shall the ghostly branches wear
Their budding glories of life once more.
Soon, soon shall the fields, now cold and bare,
Their faded mantle of green restore.

The quick'ning joy that the spring-tide darts
Thro' the breast of Nature shall stir our own,
Till life shall breathe where the winter parts,
From the pale grim shadows around him thrown.

Thou beautiful emblem of Hope and Love,
That opens thy tiny leaves to-day,
Thy birth, as the soul, was planned above,
And led thro' the gloom, where the sunbeams play.

——:o:——

JUNE.

Once more, fair month, your bloom and balm
Are spread o'er earth, as Heaven's psalm;
Once more, fair month, your evenings close,
As joy, around the pink and rose;

Once more the dew, as crystal, gleams,
Where sleeping daisy coyly dreams!—
The song bird trolls his sweetest tune
To welcome thee—fair month of June!

Your morning breaks thro' eastern skies
In quiv'ring beams of varied dyes!
Your fiery chariot upward rolls,
Where God's supernal law controls
Its wond'rous course thro' fields of space,—
Then guides it back with steadier pace;
We part with thee, alas, too soon;—
For Heaven's delights pervade the June.

The joys of nature brightly show,
Your glorious mission here below!
Thro' tint of flower, or song of bird,
Our hearts with joyous praise are stirred!
In laugh of rill, or hum of bee,
Your days roll on in ecstacy!
The voice of God our hearts attune
To sing thy song, fair month of June!

You climb the zenith to its crest,
Fair month with heart of Jesus blest!
Your longest day in splendor rolls
Its flood of glory on our souls!
Your night, as sweet as joyous tear,—
Bright heart and centre of the year!
As Vesper hymn, or streamlet's croon,
Your anthem floats, fair month of June.

THE MEETING OF THE RIVERS.

Impetuous daughter of the flood—
  The rock-ribbed Mohawk—swift and brave,
In stern repentance, calmer mood,
  Now seeks the Hudson's placid wave;
As Passion's slave, by death set free,
Drifts onward to eternity.

Rest, angry wave, from storm and strife,
  Faith bears thee now upon her breast,
Imparts new beauties to your life,
  The happy fruit of calm and rest;
Onward in sweet placidity
Thou wayward offspring of the sea,

Onward till Time—Saturnian break
  In myriad fragments this fair earth,
Till Gabriel's trumpet shall awake
  The dead,—to an eternal birth;
Onward till Earth shall spend her force,
A burning mass in Nature's course,

Aye, leave behind the haunts of toil,
  The click of spindle, thud of loom;
The weary task, whose endless moil,
  Pales the fair cheek of maiden bloom;
Onward in laughter, bright and gay,
Thou beauteous child of foam and spray!

No enemy of man art thou,
Until his laws divert thy course,
Stamp slavery upon thy brow,
And make thy wave a thing of force;
To whirl the wheels of Toil and Care,
The pale, gaunt offspring of Despair!

Onward to join your sister fair,
To float the wealth of field and loom;
Onward in thy course for e'er
Past sunny slopes and fields of bloom;
Bearing upon thy crystal breast
The treasures of the East and West.

——:o:——

WIGGINS.

Now, Wiggins, where is your dread warning
'Bout the rents in the earth so alarming?
Sure if you had a rest,
'Neath her beautiful breast,
We 'd then have an end to your storming.

Oh! 't is you that are great at prediction,
Whose terrors won't brook contradiction;
When the planets and stars
In ethereal wars,
Are the hobbies you ride on for fiction.

The Earth,—the poor darling,—you'd smother,
As tho' we could get such another;
Her quakings and fear,
Would bring joy to your ear,
As an ingrate that teases his mother.

If the planets have all come together,
Their courses ne'er bother each other;
They have done so before
A thousand times o'er,
The orbs of one beautiful mother.

'Twere better you conned your notation,
About each fair planet's rotation;
'T is then your dull mind,
Would enlightenment find,
Of their heavenly courses and station:

You fixed on the time to a fraction,
That drove all our minds to distraction;
That made us all feel,
So bad for Mobile,
You doomed to that thing called attraction.

But the dear Earth's centripetal motion,
That keeps her fair land and her ocean,
Forever in place,
In that circular race
With the Sun as her god of devotion.

I wish to the stars! you old mentor,
Some other old crank or inventor,
  Would rock you to rest,
  On some hurricane's breast;
As near as my wish to its center,

Where the Earth, in her seething commotion,
Would trot you about with her motion;
  Then grind you to dust,
  N'eath her terrible crust!
As fine as the sands of the ocean,

Or toss you about on the billow,
With the wild surging wave for a pillow!
  Or send you to crave,
  In Aeolus's cave,
A place 'neath some sheltering willow.

O'er your head-stone I'd write an inscription—
What a humbug you were at prediction;
  How your turbulent mind,
  Ran on storms and wind,
As fierce as some hag's malediction!

TRUTH.

Truth! heavenly Truth, should guard our life;
Should guide our acts from day to day;
Should arm our hearts against the strife,
The world would roll across our way.

Temptations come in divers ways;
As impure streams to crystal flood;
They come as clouds o'er summer's days.
Or fiery fiend to mountain wood.

They come as tares to choke the seed,
That God implanted in the heart;
They come as waifs that onward speed,
In pleasing shapes, with poisoned dart.

Deceptive as the Dead Sea fruit,
Deceit and Falsehood hand in hand,
Approach the sacred shrine of Truth,
With all the wiles at their command.

But vain their efforts to allure
This heavenly gift from paths of right;
As Hope and Faith are fair and pure,
So is this beauteous thing of light!

All-trusting Truth, how fair art thou;
What friendships and what loves are thine;
There rests a glory on the brow
Of him whose life would make thee shine.

THE TORN POEM.

Unthinking child, you have torn,
Those fair sweet lines of song;
Whose earnest words would have borne
The anthem of joy along!
The mind that wove their measure,
To thy rhythm that sped her way,
Enkindled the fire of pleasure,
Within my cold heart to-day!

What hours of anxious thinking;
What hopes, what joys, what fears;
What rosy chaplets linking
With the tints of the future years;
What deft, bright thoughts arranging,—
As sweet chords of music sped;
What thrills, what doubts, what changing,
Thro' their echoing cadence shed!

Thus, are our dearest treasures,
Fled ere their value is known;
Thus, are our sweetest pleasures,
As beams of the morning flown!
Thus are the joys we nurture
Borne from earth away.
As those lines of ripened culture,
That shone thro' my heart to-day.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

Chasing the sunshine over the lea,
The shadows follow as waves of gloom;
Over the mountain, the river, the sea,
They follow as grief to the silent tomb!

The penciled beams of the morning show
Their glinting arrows on lake and stream;
O'er field and woodland their glories flow,
As hopes that break on the lover's dream!

The shadows pursue the beams of light,
As sorrow obscures the joys of life;
To-day when our path looks fair and bright,
To-morrow brings clouds, and tears and strife!

Of sunshine and cloud are our lives made up,
Chasing each other in mad career!
To-day when pleasure o'erflows our cup,
To-morrow 't is drained 'mid sorrows' tear.

OLD GRIMES.

I 've read the news with much regret,
But hope it is not true,
That dear Old Grimes sent in his checks,
And skipped his pants of blue.

'T is not his "old long coat" I mourn,
"All buttoned down before;"
But that he 's gone, ne'er to return,
To rest by Jordan's shore!

"His heart was open as the day,"
And tho' he oft had cramps,
His charity as water flowed,
For strolling bugs or tramps!

His pain was such for all mankind,
He never felt his own;
The poor, the sick, the lame, the blind,
Had pity for them shown.

If e'er his words in anger broke,
'Twas when he tried to scratch,
The last fusee he had in store,
And found it would not catch.

From sin his breast was ever clear,—
For man no malice bore:
The lusty tramp he loved to cheer
While gulping down his store!

But, if alas! he's laid at rest,—
For trials he never knew,—
Whose heart would warm the turtle's nest,
Tho' occupant bit thro'!

His boots, his pants, his striped vest,
His frilled shirts, neat and clean;
His coat with pockets in the west
He's left to Albert Green!

His epitaph I proudly write,—
Whose earnest deeds and ways
Shone like a taper in the night,—
A theme for love and praise.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Old Grimes, at rest from care,
Whose path in life was blest,
Because the Picnic or the Fair,
Ne'er entered in his breast.

He never saw the great Parade
That thronged the streets of Troy!
Nor made of Politics a trade,
Which others so enjoy.

His life's devotion was to give,
What other hands secure;
The good of heart he taught to live,
By lending to the poor.

Beneath the tables of the great
He never crossed his feet;
Nor never walked the streets when late,
Or asked his friend to "treat."

He was no "masher" in his day,
As many can attest;
From River street he kept away
When going east or west.

I fear his funeral was small,
Because no politician,
In spring of year or in the fall,
He never sought position.

——:o:——

COHOES.

Show me a word which you can choose,
That plays with rhyme as does Cohoes:
The happy theme of bard or muse
Has none to equal thee, Cohoes.

The rosebud glistening with dews
Reflects the morning's saffron hues,
Whilst Nature's tints a joy diffuse,
Around thy happy homes, Cohoes.

The girls walking out in two's
Beside the Mohawk or the Meuse,
Or perchance beside the Ouse
Tread to the measure of Cohoes.

He who is troubled with the blues,
Who would his friends and foes amuse,
Let him some pleasant tale peruse.
Then stroll along thy streets, Cohoes.

The man who pays his labor dues,
Who trades with Christians and with Jews
Who always minds his P's and Q's,
Is ever welcome in Cohoes.

The many fair and pleasant views,
Fairer, than are the London Mews:
Will never tire the man who sues,
For recreation in Cohoes.

From children's hats, to ladies' shoes,
For everything that man can use,
If you will not the folks abuse
You'll get good value in Cohoes.

Good reading in *Dispatch* or *News*,
Will many wholesome thoughts infuse,
And like some torch, or gentle fuze.
Arouse the minds in thee, Cohoes.

He that search of wealth imbues,
With steady stroke, the timber hews,
Is never known to take a snooze
In Mammon's Court, or in Cohoes.

The ladies graceful, sweet adieus,
Whose earnestness doth oft confuse
The bashful, and their cheeks suffuse
With rosy blushes in Cohoes.

If you would pleasant thoughts diffuse,
And with me take a lengthened cruise
I'll introduce you to the Druse,
Who never saw the famed Cohoes.

How many men their tempers lose,
Slip into danger's dangling noose,
Whose early training often rues,
The man who never saw Cohoes.

Thro' shady walks of limes and yews,
From sunny streets to somber pews,
From whence each thought of good accrues
To those who live in thee, Cohoes.

It softly blends its rhythmic coos,
With what we have and what we quese,
And still its loving note renews
To link itself with thee, Cohoes.

It sweetly rhymes with whose and woos;
And swiftly passes lurking ruse,
Then turns its thoughts to sav'ry stews,
The poetry of life Cohoes.

The man with numberless ados
And ills that oft his spirit bruise,
If he stop chalking billiard cues,
His friends, no doubt, will him excuse
And make life happier in Cohoes.

Now slowly does my meter ooze,
As tho' indulging in a booze,
Its dribbling nonsense it eschews
To sing the praises of Cohoes.

Still dost thou rhyme with fleecy ewes,
With North Carolina's river Neuse,
And still the Muse another brews,
And bids farewell to thee, Cohoes.

——:o:——

COHOES IN RHYME.

And now orthoephists oppose
My effort to pronounce Cohoes,
Yet, though the task be hard, who knows,
The willing Muse may strike a pose,
And ring another on Cohoes.

Its rhythm blends with winter's snows,
As thro' the air it fiercely blows,
Whose beauteous features interpose
Between rough nature and Cohoes.

The glorious sun in summer glows,
That decks the earth in emer'ld clothes;
He paints the lily and the rose
That bloom within thy bowers, Cohoes.

The dynasties of earth that rose
And fell, thro' strife of mortal foes;
Do all their histories disclose
Within the archives of Cohoes.

It rhymes with the mikado hose,
Or ballybriggan if you chose;
There is no task you can impose,
Too strong to crush thy muse, Cohoes.

To gossips that intrude their nose
In men's affairs, as carrion crows,
Will find their daughters without beaus,
If they repent not in Cohoes.

If we should take the ayes and noes
On all the scandal they expose,
The affirmative would find repose
Upon the minutes of Cohoes.

Who has not read of Ireland's woes,
The licensed slaughter of her Yoes;
Her treasured song whose measure flows,
As rhythmic as thy muse, Cohoes:

When Freedom from her sleep arose,
Arranged her troops in martial rows,
And as the scythe in autumn mows,
So fell her enemies, Cohoes.

And now her blending notes propose
To link themselves with sober prose,
Whose flights with beauties often grows
Sublime, within thy halls, Cohoes.

Of tomahawk and Indian bows,
Where deeds of horror often froze,
Thy cooing letters now compose
The poetry of thee, Cohoes.

Who hath not read of Ruth and Boaz.
From opening verse unto the close,
The softening influence it throws
Around the morals of Cohoes.

When nature doth her gifts dispose
With lavish hand to these and those,
There is no halting as she goes,
Her rosy feast is in Cohoes.

But they who would your powers noze,
Now find you rhyming with transpose;
And so their doubtings you depose,
And art thyself again, Cohoes.

The cow that in the pasture lows:
The triumphs which our spirit owes,
To Nature, and her law of Ohs!
Unmatched, are found in thee, Cohoes.

Devouringly she doth enclose
Within her rhyme the weedy woos,
Until the Muse grows adipose—
Plethoric, as thy wealth, Cohoes.

Still dost thou rhyme with gentle does,
With what the thirfty farmer sows,
To what our life too often shows,
The greed of wealth in thee, Cohoes.

Downward reaching to the toes
Thro' all its somersaults and throes,
In passing takes along the O's,
And tho' not rhythmic, the dodoes
That never saw thy Falls, Cohoes.

Another rhyme we find in drowse,
Also in gloze, and in impose:
Then bounding on to predispose,
Pull up the Muse and call a poze,
For further rhyme for thee, Cohoes!

A LINGERING LOVER.

Loving Winter in the lap of Spring,
  Don't know enough to say adieu:
Whilst she, the saucy, lazy thing,
  Leaves all her work undone—'t is true;
Has Time relaxed his stern control,
  To let this damsel have her way?
Why not dismiss her antique beau,
  And clear his mud and slush away.

Her beauteous sister, glowing fair,
With rosy chaplets in her hair,
Is waiting for the hour when he
Takes his departure, then will she
Find her task no easy thing
To finish up the work of Spring!

Poor May, your sloppy sister leaves,
  (As all such careless sisters do,)
Her piles of mud, as garnered sheaves,
  For your bright beams to wriggle thro';
The cold, bare earth beneath her care
  Looks dreary, dull, and void of cheer;
I feel as though I'd tear her hair
  For causing you such work, my dear.

HOPE DEFERRED.

Tell me not in glowing numbers
  Winter's robes are fled the ground,
Whilst the mud and snow but slumber
  By the frost securely bound.

Spring is coming, so is summer,
  If our patience stand the strain;
But our brows each day grow glummer
  For hope deferred will dull the brain.

Mud to-day—wet snow to-morrow,—
  Frost at night, Oh! endless woe,
What a crop of tears and sorrow,
  Clouds our footsteps here below.

——:o:——

SHATTERED HOPES CONTINUED.

Trusting heart, your painted picture,
  Green with verdure, bright with sun;
Is as treasured relic shattered
  Ere its outlines were begun.

Snow again, Oh! bear me whither
Orange blossoms bloom the while;
Away from scenes that die and wither;
Where sunny beams no longer smile.

Where are the hopes that poets painted,
Resonant with song of bird?
Beside the way-side have they fainted,
Bearing on their breasts—absurd.

Come, balmy spring, next year, or never!
Life's a burden while you stay;
The mud and slime our feet would cover,
Grow more audacious every day!

——:o:——

THE TURKEY'S SOLILOQUY.

Away from her perch the Turkey saw,
The shadows of night come down,
Dark as the picture her fancy drew,
Of the crime infested town!
"To-morrow," she cried, "my brood and I
By caterer borne away,
Will cheer some gourmand's groaning board
To honor fair Christmas Day!"

Inclining her head, where her offspring slept,
She counted them o'er and o'er;
"My nine fair darlings," she mused, and wept
"Shall we roam the fields no more?
Shall my yearning heart no more be filled
With your eager quest for food?
Ah! no, for palate of greedy man,
Now claims my tender brood.

Dyspeptic stomach, and dainty taste,
Your succulence will enjoy;
With greedy relish, and lavish waste,
Which the famished poor deery!
If only the fragments they'd give away
From their bounteous store of cheer;
Then would I welcome this feast of love,
The happiest one of the year.

Thanksgiving over, I little thought,
The morrow would be my last;
But when I heard the farmer say
The turkeys to-day must fast;
I knew death's shadows were drawing near,
For I heard my mother say,
Ere she was sold to the greed of man
She fasted the previous day."

The chill, cold morning's lingering light,
Now crept o'er the spectral floor!
Bearing the shadows and gloom of night
Thro' the rickety barn door!

When lo! dread voices are heard without,
In traffic, that terror brings;—
Another moment the latch is raised,
And the door on its hinges swings.

A faint low gobble aroused the rest,
Unconscious of harm or fear;
They wondered their mother should feel oppressed;
They noted the glist'ning tear;
The huckster that higgled with farmer Jones,—
They wondered what brought him there,
When their parent's sorrowful, drooping head;
Too plainly spoke—despair!

The buyer of turkey's measured their weight
To the fraction of a grain!
When the farmer begged ere yet too late,
That one should at least remain;
He put the question, "now which of you ten
Would survive the other nine,"
When out spoke the weeping mother hen,
"Let the sad lone lot be mine"

LABOR'S REMONSTRANCE.

Yes, close your mills ye merchants
'Gainst sturdy hands of toil;
Ye who reap its plenteous harvest:
Who store its weary moil:
Alas! that you've the power,
To cause such wide-spread fear,
On the dark, cold brow of winter,
When all look chill and drear.

Yes, close your mills ye merchants,
To please an angry whim;
The wrong is yours to righten:—
The cause is vague and dim:
Remember that oppression
Shall meet its just reward,
When friends of honest labor
Shall yet be placed on guard.

For shame brave land of freedom!
How fallen is your name;
If the willing hand of labor,
Must be relaxed in shame;
Oh! show to them around you
That Freedom still survives;
That God bestows His blessings,
On him who nobly strives!

Revoke the cruel order,—
  There's honor to be won;
For anxious hearts are waiting
  The dawn of Monday's sun;
Tho' fancied wrongs may move you,—
  One hungry orphan's cry,—
For food, or fire, or raiment,
  Should all its stings decry!

You've wealth, and cheer, and power,—
  With every comfort stored.—
The myriad hands that make it
  Are paupers at your board;
Would you obstruct the fountain
  From whence those blessings flow,
To win an empty triumph,
  Over a fancied foe?

Ah! no, the pride of freemen
  Will guide your counsels now;
And the joys of home made happy
  Will light each honored brow;
For better than the triumph
  Is the conscious thought of right;
When the clouds are dark and drifting,
  And the heavens are hid from sight!

VENUS.

The hungry air is biting cold;
The robe of Nature, sear and old;
The venomed snow dust coming down,
Would clothe the earth in vestal gown!
Would wreathe her ghastly face of gloom,
In fairer shroud than decks the tomb!

The gray, cold morning's ling'ring light,
Would fain repose on breast of night,
Would fain prolong the gloom and chill
That cloud the brow of yonder hill!
That tremble through the ghostly trees
To chant November's obsequies!

Sends out her herald fair and bright,
To glimmer on the verge of night!
Fair Lucifer—the morning star,
Reflected streams her light afar:
In tranquil glory rolls her beam,
As Mercy clothing culprit's dream!

Fair blossom of the rising sun,
Of circling orbs, the fairest one;
Do mortals live upon your breast,
With purpose truer and more blest?
Do winter's chill and summer's glow
Alternate o'er your bosom flow?

What is your purpose, beauteous orb—
Whose glories make our bosoms throb?
Art thou the resting place of those,
Who've conquered death—of sin the foes—
The purgatorium of the blest,
Where happy souls securely rest?
Whate'er thou art, a fairer beam,
Ne'er pierced the air or lit the stream!

——:o:——

THE TORNADO.

Down the Mississippi valley—
  Over the ice-bound lakes;
As a million rifles' volley;
  The fierce Tornado breaks!
Over the hill and the river—
  Over the mountain and plain;
Envenomed! his lances shiver,
  As tempest ridging the main!

Dead to the voice of pity!
  Hither his coursers speed;
Over the hamlet and city—
  Fiercer than miser's greed!
Unpitying onward he presses,
  Destruction strewing his path!
Waving his ebon tresses,
  As dark, grim, swaths of wrath!

Fiercely he sweeps thro' the tower,
Bearing its steeple along!
Over the river his power,
As hungry furies throng!
Onward, still onward he presses,
Bearing bridges away!
Fiendish, as demon's caresses!
His pinions shadow the day!

Over the calm stretching ocean,
Howling! he gathers his might;
Fearful, his strife and commotion!
Hoarsely! laughs his delight!
The mast he bends like a willow—
Stoutly built though it be—
Down in the trough of the billow
He whirls the vessel in glee!

Groaning, and shattered, and riven,
As foam-fleck bears her along!
Backward again is she driven,
Where the swirling waters throng;
Down thro' the boiling commotion—
Down thro' the calm and the gloom:
The bright winged bird of the ocean,
Forever finds her a tomb.

TIME'S LEDGER.

A NEW YEAR SERMON.

I pored o'er the Ledger of Time to-day,
And found the credits were few!
The debits were many and dated back,
When reason first o'er me flew;
And I asked myself, with a throbbing heart,
Are these the figures I show,
For all the blessings which God has sent
To hallow my life below?

I reckoned the years and the gifts they brought,
As miser counting his store:
I reckoned the pleasures false councils sought,—
Abandoned forevermore:
Remorse and sorrow and tears had dimmed
The credits I fain would see!
And over the lines, the blur and stain,
Where fadeless treasures should be!

Here was ambition, and love, and health,
Friendship, honor, and pride;
Noble affections, of life the wealth,
Outspreading their branches wide!

Sobriety tempered with genial cheer,—
  Charity blending her song!
These were the Debits of youth's New Year,—
  Whose specters now round me throng!

Where are the credits for these fair gifts,
  That make our lives here divine?
Gone as the shadow that o'er us flits;
  The sunbeams that round us shine:
The broken chalice of false conceits;
  The pleasures that dulled the brain!
Gone as the glamour that Hope inscribed
  With the barbed pen of pain!

I drew from my closet a torn scroll,—
  'Twas dim and yellow with age;
Item by item I conned it o'er,—
  'Twas a sad and tearful page!
A record it bore of New Year's Days,
  Whose lights no longer appear;
Of broken promises, shattered hopes,
  The pledge of each bright New Year.

The gay companion, the reckless hour:
  The boisterous song and bout!
The promptings of Duty laid aside,
  To join in the merry rout!

The flowers that blossomed round boyhood's path,
That made life doubly dear!
Plucked and flung to the greedy winds!
That folly should crown each year.

Oh! you, who squander the gifts of Life,—
As tho' an unending store;
Should ere too late its Ledger keep,—
And over its debits pore;
Should credit the virtues that Heaven sends
With kindred blessings as dear;
Then, then would life be happy indeed
The joy of each bright New Year!

——:o:——

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

Unfailing font of light! Creation's first delight!
How rounded is your shield, thro' heaven's vast sapphire field!
Unclouded is your course! of life and light the source!
God's agency divine, thro' which His mercies shines!
As brilliant now as at Earth's primal morn!

Behind yon snow-clad hill, thro' trembling
gloom and chill,
Your ardent disc appears, the glory of the
spheres!
How radiant your flight, to reach the zenith's
height!
As when your saffron bloom, sped thro' chaotic
gloom
To clothe the virgin groves of Paradise!

Before your ray divine, the orbs refuse to
shine!
The scented mead and bow'r, attest your will
and pow'r;
The rolling earth and sea, lay bare their breasts
to thee;
To catch your kindly heat, of Nature's Laws
the seat,
Unstinted o'er the hoary path of Time!

Thro' clouds expectant there, you weave your
golden hair!
In amaranthine dye, that blossoms in the sky!
At evening, noon, and morn, your ruddy blooms
adorn,
Our Earth and Atmosphere,—that give our
being here,
The glory which Creative Will designed!

Incomparable fire! when will your beam expire?
In heaven's wide portals laid! how will your
splendors fade?
Art thou the Orb of doom, that shall our globe
consume?
Stupendous mystery, known but alone to Thee!
The Infinite Creator of all things.

—:o:—

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

O, fadeless mem'ries of the past!
How vividly you rise!
Tho' crumbled years are o'er you cast,
And clouded are your skies:
The drifting sands that mark your flight,
O'er Time's weird, spectral strand!
Bear back my heart to Christmas Night
Within my native land.

Within that land the Christmas came,
With yew and holly crowned:
Around its hearth the steady flame,
Of earnest Faith was found:
Around its genial board were sung,
The songs of other days,
As tho' no tyrant hand e'er wrung,
Their treasured theme of praise.

You, who, as I, have drifted here
From that all beauteous Isle;
Who've drunk the rhythm of its cheer,
And felt its kindly smile!
Have you forgotten days of yore,
When warmed beneath their fire,
You sung the song and drained the lore
Of legendary pyre?

The trusted friends we parted there,
Are they forgotten too.?
The tender glance of maiden fair,
That would our own subdue?
Are they forgotten as the years,
That speed o'er Time's decay,
That as some fabled light appears,
Then quickly fades away?

Have you forgotten New Year's Day,
Its greeting and its song?
The trysting hall festooned and gay,
Where met the merry throng?
Have you forgotten daisied mead
That knew no winter's chill?
Or dearer still brave manhood's creed,
That dared the tyrant's will?

O, land of smile, and tear, and sun,
Your mem'ries are as dear,
As when in boyhood's days you won
My throbbing heart, sincere;

If wish and pray'r would end the strife,
That clouds your beauteous day,
What glories would surround your life
Now drifting to decay.

——:o:——

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT

Here, where the slanting sunbeams,
Brighten the scene around,
Have they laid my heart's fond treasure,
Under the grassy mound;
Here, where the sod grows greenest,
My darling lies at rest;
Whose infant lips I nurtured.—
Whose form I oft caressed!

Alas! and alas! my darling,
How cold is thy pillow now!
Son of my heart's devotion,—
Child of the polished brow;
No more shall I watch thy coming,—
For death now fills thy chair!
And the heart that loved to greet thee
Is filled with the mother's prayer!

Fair were the joy's you brought me.—
Dim are their shadows now!
As the cloud that chases the sunbeam
Over the mountain's brow!
Thou whose voice could brighten,
The home with joy and mirth;
Lies in this narrow chamber.—
Under the cold, cold earth!

Thou staff of an aged father,—
Hope of declining years;
Your strong brave arm has left him,
To sorrow and to tears!
Who shall support his footsteps,
Thro' the years that come and go;
When the joy of his life is blasted,
And his heart is filled with woe!

Hail! all hail! my loved one,
Time in his swift career,
Shall bear me away on his bosom—
Where sorrow sheds no tear!
There where the just are gathered,
Shall I behold your face;
Bright as the joys of heaven!
Pure as the Font of Grace!

WINTER'S SPECTERS.

Over the river the trees appear,
On the brink of the hill and stream;
As watchers stricken, and pale with fear,—
Uncanny as Pharoah's dream!
The emerald sheen of their boughs is fled—
The sunbeam that thro' them shone;
As the beautiful carpet, that nature spread,
Or the song of bird,—all gone!

Grimly they stand, as sentinels lone,
On the brow of the snow-clad hill!
Dark are the shadows around them thrown,
The pulses that thro' them thrill!
The river that rolled its wave along,
Beneath their spreading shade;
As broken harp-string, has ceased its song;—
Has crystaled the glints it made!

Ghastly the mantle beneath them spread,—
Thro' the gloom and chill appears!
White as the garment that shrouds the dead;
The curtain that rolls the years!
Cold, as the ripple that stirs the wave,
Of pity in miser's breast!
Cold, as the taper that lights the grave,
Where our dearest ones find rest!

Watching the spring-time that brings them bloom,—
That heralds a brighter ray!
Waiting the textile of Nature's loom,—
The woof of a warmer day!
Waiting the trill of the robin's song,—
That flitted amid their leaves;
Whose nest deserted, their boughs among,
As sorrow, the bosom grieves!

Waiting as they for a fairer life,—
We stand on earth's dreary shore!
Amid the crumble, and ruin, and strife,
That winter's grim shadows pour!
Watching as they for the bloom and bliss,
That heaven transmits our way;
When our life, thro' Time, shall fade in this,
To the light of a brighter day!

——:o:——

FOURTH OF JULY.

What bright wreaths of glory, exultant and high
Entwine themselves round thee, dear Fourth of July!
Of all the glad days, that this fair land has seen,
Is the much treasured Fourth, its fair sun-clothed queen!

O, long may thy memories swell the proud heart,
As sanctified Hope, may their bright arrows dart!
Inspiring the dormant, with thrills of delight,
To cherish the promptings of freedom and right!

"Independence or death!" was the motto we bore,
Thro' the deep gulf of strife, and the cannon's loud roar;
"Independence or death!" is our motto to-day
When the red clouds of slaughter have drifted away;
And her future dawns bright, as the eastern sky,
When the sun's crimson glories are rolling on high!

As we glance o'er the past, what wild tumults of joy,
Come up from the heart for the Fourth of July,!
For the heroes who battled, and died to give birth,
To a nation of freemen the proudest of earth;

For a Flag whose fair stars—as the bright orbs
on high—
Would figure the glories that stream thro' our
sky!
For the Flag that has sheltered the exile and
slave,
With the Ægis of hope, and the strength of the
wave!

O, beautiful flag, may your stars ne'er grow dim,
Of ocean the pride, and of Freedom the hymn!
May thy mantle of glory, protectingly fall
On the brave hearts of those who would rush
at your call!

Hail! fair land of freedom—the Mecca of
Hope!—
How clear are your vistas, how boundless their
scope;
How loathed the man, who from sordid desires,
Would wrest from your hands the bequest of
our sires;
Would crush out the manhood—that treasure
untold—
Of a nation that shylocks may barter in gold;
But the morning of hope is drawing steadily
nigh
And we look for its dawn as the Fourth of
July!

THE LOVERS' QUARREL.

No more I see the sun's bright beam,
  Since Dermot from my presence fled;
I see no more the glancing stream,
  By which our footsteps often led:
Their light, as joy, is fled from me,
  And I am lonely with my care;
Oh! cruel fate, no more to see,
  The form that mingled with my pray'r!

Alas! those bitter words of pride,
  What memories thro' their channels flow;
Of sorrow the ill-fated bride
  Thro' all the years that come and go:
Could I recall their tenor now,
  Could I restore the broken chain;
The smiles of love would wreathe my brow,
  Where anguish now has penciled pain!

Where gone the heart that loved me so,
  That spoke in tenderest tones to me?
Ah! love why did'st thou deal the blow,
  That plunged thine own in misery?
Infectious, as the poisoned air,
  That breathes of death within the mine,
My life must now its sorrows bear,
  Where beams of sun were wont to shine!

I 'll seek the haunts wherein we trod;
The trysting tree with carved names;
The sweet cool shade, with velvet sod,
Where we exchanged loves' hopes and aims!
Along the joyous, glist'ning stream,
Whose laughing dimples chased the sun;
I 'll stray with love's enchanting dream
And twine the thread its rapture spun!

The rustic seat beneath the oak,
Where shone Selene's spectral beam!
Where cherished love all radiant woke,
And nature slept her perfumed dream!
The wooden bridge, the brawling stream,
Whose babbling waters laughing sped:
Conveying our all-absorbing theme,—
As vanished joys too quickly fled.

You who would love some trusting heart,
Beware of haughtiness and pride;
Ere he, your captive, should depart,
And link his life with gentler bride:
Be true to womanhood and love;—
The mild of heart need no new charm.
In firm, yet gentle tones, reprove;
Nor at Love's absence feel alarm.

POEMS ON IRELAND.

——:o:——

ON ROBERT EMMET'S SPEECH.

DEDICATED TO THE PATRIOTIC IRISHMEN OF AMERICA.

The morning broke o'er Erin's Isle
With rosy blush and golden smile!
The glow of heaven its bosom stirred,
In tint of leaf and song of bird;
In waving grain and laughing rill;
In sinewy stream and purple hill;
Whose shadows frowning o'er the wave,
A boldness to the landscape gave.

On such a morning, sweet and calm,
The flowers awoke from sleep of balm!
Poured out their perfume o'er the mead,
Or drank the dewy crystal bead!
In wealth of bloom, a fairer land,
Ne'er shone beneath Creative Hand!

On such a morning tyrant sway
Thro' Dublin city took its way;
O'er marble bridge and ample street,
Where loving hearts were wont to meet,
To sit in judgment in its court,
And toy with life in wanton sport!

Accoutred soldier, neighing steed
The trembling judge, protecting, lead;
Behind, the measured tramp of those,—
Unhappy Erin's sworn foes,—
Would guard the monster on his path,
Against the daring hand of wrath!

The culprit on this fatal morn
Was e'en from birth a freeman born;
Intrepid, gifted, pure, and brave,
As ever life to freedom gave:
His youth, and grace, his noble mein;
His eagle glance, intense and keen
Make timid hearts look up with pride,
To one, whom Freedom sanctified!

The caitiff judge his seat now takes,
In muttered words the silence breaks;
Regards the jury with a smile,
That tells how short their task the while;
Then rests his brutal eye of crime
On him, the hero of all time!

And, now, the culprit's crimes are read
O'er many a sheet of paper spread:
His crimes! just Heaven! that this should be,
His crime! the love of liberty!
To wrest his land from foreign sway,
For this his life must forfeit pay.

Judicial farce, is next begun!
The judge and jury think as one:
The bloody charge condemns him ere
The "Twelve true men" his crimes compare.

And now a stillness reigns around,
As tho' within some vast profound!
The only noise the silence stirred
Was when some beating heart was heard.

The moistened eye, the pallid cheek;
The thought that would the verdict seek;
The quiv'ring lip, the earnest glance;
The ever present, dread advance
Of that false jury pledged and sold
To take his life that day for gold;
Would fain give liberty and life
To him, who now, would dare the strife.

Amidst that ghastly throng of fear,
One face looks undisturbed and clear;
One manly form, erect, and brave,
Defies the terrors of the grave:

He looks the cynosure of love,
As tho' beloved of God above!
In all the glow and pride of youth,—
The reflex, and the soul of truth,

Hark! now a stir of feet is heard,
And anxious hearts with fear are stirred:
That now take in the awful scene
Intensified in Emmet's mein!

At last, the "Twelve true men" appear,
And GUILTY! pales the heart with fear;
Unmoved, the culprit felt its force
As thro' his brain its terrors course;
Unmoved he stood—a torch as bright
As ever lit the cause of right!

Unmoved he stood, defiant, brave,
As rock that dashes back the wave!
Unmoved he stood and fair to see,—
The sacrifice of Liberty!

And now, the "Bloody Norbury,"—
The foe of God and Liberty,
Asked Emmet what he had to say,
Why death should not cut off his day.

Proudly, he raised his head on high,
Defiance flashing from his eye!
The black informer's perjured breath;
The blacker verdict breathing death;

The pliant judge, to mercy dead,
A horrid group before him spread!

In that momentous hour, his form,—
As frowning cliff, beat back the storm;
Refused to share one pang of fear
With aught that life e'er held most dear:
As priceless gems together strung,
The cultured thought sped from his tongue;
In strains, whose eloquence and fire,
Outshone the senate and the lyre;
In words whose rhythm shall be read,
As long as Freedom's light is shed!

He spoke of Erin's martyred dead;
Her woes, her chains, the pit-falls spread;
He spoke of England's perfidy;
Of her dark crimes and tyranny!
The widow's wail the orphan's tears,
The cruel wrongs that blurred the years!

Of man upon his brother set,
With strangling hand, and dagger's whet!
The woeful picture darker grew,
Which o'er the judge its shadows threw;
Which paled the jury sitting there,
As tho' confronted with despair!
Which gave an impetus and life
To Erin's cause in future strife!

The judge, in sneering accents now,
Reviled the cause he dared avow;
Reviled the wild designs of those,
Who would arise as England's foes,

Sublime he rose in that dark hour,
In words of wrath arraigned the power.
Of that repressive, cruel land,
Against whose rule he took a stand:
Appealed to God, the martyred dead,
The devastation widely spread;
That not ambition, or renown
Coerced his acts against its crown:
That wide-spread misery and strife,—
As love and justice, moved his life:
That all his actions were as pure,
As were the rights he would secure:
That he who never told a lie,
Whose pride it was for man to die;
Whose epitaph he left to those,
Who yet would triumph o'er his foes;
That to impugn his probity,
Was consonant with tyranny.

An interruption came once more,
That in reproof a venom bore;
For scathing words fell on the ear
Of him, who knew not pity's tear.

Again the patriot's voice is heard,
And rapture glows in every word;
Superb he rose,—sublime o'er all,
That ever spoke in senate hall!
As tho' applause and glory hung
On every word that passed his tongue!

The judge's office he portrayed
In words that seared the wounds they made;
He pitied him, as one accursed,
The Caliban which England nursed!
Commiseration, in his soul,
For one who feared not Heaven's control.

Appealingly, he now began,
And asked if any Irishman,
Who loved his country, and her cause,
Who hated England's cruel laws,
To bear within his heart the glow,
Of Liberty, thro' weal or woe.

Again the judge in anger sore
Refused to hear his treason more;—
Refused to sit in judgment there,
Rebuked, reviled, beyond compare.

Unawed, his words grow more intense,—
Are poured in floods of eloquence;
Bright, sparkling streams whose pathos rolled
Unstudied, keen, and uncontrolled!

He claimed the forms the law allowed
In burning words, with spirit proud;
Reviewed the mock'ry and the shame
That would ere death the spirit tame;
That would the lips for ever seal;
That would the blood of life congeal;
That would deny the prisoner's right,
To bear his acts before the light;
Where pure and stainless as the snow
Their purport thro' the heart would flow.
The brilliant struggle of the mind;—
The wealth of words, pure, unconfined,
Sped as a torrent, headlong, bold,
Through glowing hearts, that erst were cold.

He dared aspersion on his name,
Whose life was Freedom's highest aim:
The legacy he left should be,
As free from stain as Liberty!

From selfish motives, selfish ends,
To his loved country, or her friends;
The calumny he backward flung
In burning words of fervid tongue!

Compared his actions and his life
To him, who now, upheld the knife:
Invoked the Ruler of the spheres
For justice thro' the future years;

That his fair name, from blot, or stain,
In Ireland's heart should e'er remain!

Stung to madness, and to shame,
The cruel judge would now proclaim,
The sentence of the venal court,
Of blood-stained rule the grim resort!

Unawed before the monster there,
Who would the god-like hero dare:
His words flow faster, bolder, still,
Than mountain torrent boding ill;
Tumultuous passions swell his soul,
Whose fervor speeds beyond control;—
Electric, as the lightning's course,
They fly exultant from their source!

Oblivion, shame, obliquity,
Betrayal of land and liberty;
Ambition's mercenary curse,
Betrayal of fellowman, and worse;
Betrayal of God, who lit his soul,
With fire that brooked not man's control!

The mockery of trial withal;
The sentence passed in Castle hall;
Ere perjured judge, or jury tried,
The life for which their master cried;
All these, and more, the craven heart
Of Norbury pierced, as barbed dart!

The coward charge was made that he,
Of France, was an emissary ;
That pelf and profit, self and greed,
Composed the tenets of his creed ;
That bartered glory, perfidy,
Should twine around the *Fleur de lis.*

The ruthless charge ! how swiftly fled
The words that thro' the chamber sped :
His future, all, were in their fire,—
The stainless name, the proud desire ;
The wealth that death, to honor gave :
The fadeless laurels of the grave !
Absorbing thought, the pride that he,
Would live enshrined in Liberty !

" Emissary of France ! ah ! no,
For France was never Ireland's foe ;
Emissary of France ! how strange,
If death should lurk amid the change.

Ah ! no, my country's liberty
Was wealth, and fame, and life to me ;
To change new masters for the old,
How base the charge, untruthful, bold !

My idol was my country's life,
In cloud or sunshine, death or strife ;
Endearing wish, the heart's best thought,
For thee my land, was pledged unsought ;

Exterior splendor, fair to see—
The cloak that hides depravity,
Was charged, that I in earth should rest
Unwept, unhonored, and unblest!"

The conscious rectitude that gave,
His life a bliss beyond the grave;
Exalted, pure, without compare,
He stood superb in manhood there!
His Philippics of wrath were sped,
As bolt that breaks the gloom o'erhead!
"'T is true, that France's aid was sought;
'T is true, t'was given and unbought;
As allies they would come and go,
When they expelled the common foe;
Auxiliaries in war—and then—
Undying friends of Irishmen."

Denunciation fierce, that he,
Would barter Erin's liberty!
To foreign land be who it might,
Ah! no, his arm would nerve the fight!
And if they as invaders came,
He'd meet their march with sword and flame!
Would immolate them where they stood,
E'en tho' the land would run with blood!
And if the stronger they should prove,
Each inch of earth, each home of love,
Would be contested, fiercely, brave,
The last entrenchment, freedom's grave!

And what he failed, to dare, or do,
His countrymen, he'd leave to you

"I wished to show the world that we,
As Irishmen, loved liberty,
And chafed 'neath England's tyranny.
I wished to gain, as Washington,
A freedom e'en thro' carnage won;
I wished not for task-masters new,
But to expel the English crew.

You charge me with importance great,
The chief that would emancipate,
My country from the galling yoke
Beneath whose weight, stout hearts are broke!
You do me honor, great indeed,
But, Oh! remember that the meed,
Of praise belongs to men whose worth
Would shame your own ignoble birth:
Before the splendor of whose light,
Your own would sink, abashed, in night!
To men whose genius, high command,
Would shrink to touch your blood stained hand!"

Once more the tyrant broke the chain
Of eloquence that fired the brain,
That probed the wounds the monster felt
For sentences unpitying dealt.

Fresh impetus, his speech now takes,
That, as the storm cloud, gath'ring breaks,
Rebukes the tyrant, that he should
Be answerable for all the blood,
Of those who fell, or those who'd fall,
In freeing their land from foreign thrall:
He feared not to approach anent
The throne of the Omnipotent!

How much less fearful should he be
Before such foul mortality:
Who shed more blood, thro' savage whim,
Than would his bloated carcass swim.

"Let no man dare when life is past,
Dishonor on my memory cast;
Let none attaint my lowly bed
When death's dark shroud is o'er me spread;
Let no man charge that I should be
Engaged in aught but liberty,
And that unselfish, fearless, free.

The dignity of freedom e'er,
My aspiration and my prayer;
That foreign or domestic foe
To Erin's cause from her should go;
E'en tho' my lifeless form should be
The rampart of her liberty!
Am I who lived for Erin's cause;
Whose hand would strangle tyrant laws:

Whose independence was my dream;
Whose glory was my cherished theme:
Am I to sink 'neath calumny,
The foe of man and Liberty?

Ah! no, my country, God forbid!
The light of Freedom's never hid;
The lifeless clay, to earth consigned,
No theme for malice leaves behind,
But oh! thou fadeless memory,
Be thou enshrined in Liberty!"

The stream that flowed, intense and clear;
That thrilled the heart, and rolled the tear,
Pathetic grew, and solemn now,
As gath'ring clouds o'er beauty's brow!
The shades of those—his father first
In solemn tones are now addressed:
His sinless life, his purpose pure;
The blessings which he would secure:
To these illustrious shades are poured,
With all the dreams his youth adored
To judge his strife for Liberty,
Unselfish, in its purity!

Undying words, transcendent, bright,
What floods of glory and delight,
Have you not shed on Freedom's cause,
Her rights, her principles, and laws;

As long as Time unrolls his days,
Their fervor shall enkindle praise;
Shall nerve the patriot's heart and hand,
To battle for his native land!

As murmuring stream, thro' lonely dell,
His last sweet words, in sorrow fell;
Devoid of anger now, they broke,
As tho' from dream of bliss awoke!
Not e'en the cruel Nero gave
A brighter martyr to the grave!

The patience of the judge he craves,
For he, no more, man's anger braves;
The task he set, to free his name,
From imputation's barb of shame
Has been fought and nobly won,—
As fair as beam of rising sun!

His blood congealed? ah! no it streams,
As bright and clear as ruby's gleams!
Unruffled, as the morning's wing,
It flows exultant from its spring!
The artificial terrors there
No longer enter in his care!
For swifter, truer than the dart
Its rosy currents wreathe the heart!

A last request he now would crave,
Ere he would turn him to the grave;

That, as they dare not vindicate
The cause for which he bows to fate;
That uninscribed his tomb should rest,
Till other times, with men more blest,
Would dare do justice to his name,
And bear it down on scroll of fame!
"Till then my country not till then,
My epitaph be writ by men!"

At last the mighty effort ends,
Whose eloquence all else transcends;
As brilliant as the morning star,
It speeds its light o'er earth afar!

Since that dark day, thro' all the years,
Its words are read to listening ears:
Its maxims deep, and pure, and brave,
Have lit the gloom of patriot's grave!
Than his exists no brighter name
Within the storied niche of fame!
Than his exists no purer life,—
No braver heart in Freedom's strife.

His epitaph! the burning thought!
Has writ it on the heart unsought;
As long as Freedom's voice shall roll,
Its fervor shall inspire the soul!
Effacing touch of Time's decay,
Will wear the mighty rock away,

But fervid words of Freedom, pure,
Will thro' the ages live secure!

Not Quintius Curtius, who of old,
Obeyed the mandate fate foretold;
To save proud Rome from wrath and woe
Plunged headlong in the gulf below!
Not e'en Agraulus, braver still,
Obeyed the fates unchanging will;
To save her country's fair renown,
From Acropolis flung her down!
Than he to wealth and culture bred,
With earth's fair glories round him spread;
To give his life, its joys, its all,
To free his land from foreign thrall.

LAST HOURS OF ROBERT EMMET.

The cold narrow dungeon, dark, dismal, and bare;
As tho' the last refuge of grief stricken care;
The dull clanking chain, rings its notes of despair,
To heighten the gloom!

Within this dark prison a form appears,
As fair as the glories that blossom our years!
A form as hallowed by Liberty's tears,
As Freedom e'er mourned!

'Tis his last night on earth, yet his pulses beat high;
And as star in the ether the gleam of his eye!
But England demands that a victim should die,
To anchor her reign!

Is it dread of the scaffold that startles him now?
Is it fear of the headsman that pales his fair brow?
Ah! no, 'tis the love-dream—the fair maiden's vow—
That thrills thro' his breast!

Was it needy adventure, the false love of fame,
That bore his young life to this prison of shame?
Ah! no, 'twas a loftier, holier aim,
The freedom of man!

Of woman beloved, by his country adored,
His beautiful mind with each virtue was stored;
To the high crest of freedom his bright spirit soared,
For country and race!

Does the dull fateful sound of the hammer bring fear?
Does memory recall from her treasures a tear?
Ah! no, for the martyr to Liberty dear,
Seeks glory in death!

Did Tyranny's heel ever grind him to earth?
Did lordling e'er toy with his sorrows in mirth?
Ah! no, a bright future shone over his birth,
If false to his kind!

The morning breaks drear o'er that dark dismal street;
The grim preparations for death are complete,
But rectitude's promptings inspire him to meet,
Its terrors with pride!

The blood of the martyr to liberty cries!
The dark crimson stains on the morning arise!
The bright earnest soul thro' the blue arching
skies;
Speeds pure to its God!

Will grief stricken Erin build Emmet a tomb,
As fair as the lily that brightens her bloom?
Ah! no, until Freedom shall startle her gloom
His name "uninscribed!"

——:o:——

IRELAND.

DEDICATED TO REV. J. F. LOWERY.

This beautiful land how fair and bright,
Are all its treasures of love and light,—
The glistening tints of its verdure show
How rich is the soil that lies below;
The beautiful wild flowers, sweet and fair,
That gem the meadow or scent the air,
Invite the bee with their perfumed breath,
As the blossomed furze, or the purple heath
The murmuring streams that wider grow,
Are clear as crystal that gleams below,—

Are fair as vision of light and love
That breaks on the soul from the Throne above!
The hills and the mountains, the eyes behold,
Reflect the colors of green and gold,—
Now fling their shadows across the blue
That glows in the flush of their purple hue;
The skirits of wild-wood, where lovers' words,
Are hushed in the joyous song of birds;
The waving fields of golden grain,
That mellow the tints of the verdant plain;
The glens that echo the cuckoo's song,
Are sweet as the notes they would prolong;
The ruined castle and fane, that keep
Their lonely watch o'er the craggy steep;
The Danish rath and Round Tower gray,
That slowly crumble neath Time's decay;
The Bay and River, the Field and Wood
Are marvels of beauty beside the flood!
Delighted, the eye sees everywhere
The beauties of nature sublime and fair.

Are the beings happy that here reside?
Are their joys as full as their swelling tide?
Favored of God, they must needs be blest,
As their lovely land, by the waves caressed;
The theme of the poet's sweetest song,
That flows as its stream, serene, along.

Ah! no, the beings whose homes are here,
Tho' true to the instincts of love and cheer,—

Tho' fair as the morning that tints the sky,
Or bold as the eagle that soars on high;
Are bondsmen and slaves to a tyrant band,
That fatten as vultures on their fair land;
Greedy and cruel their lives have been,
As the locusts that settle upon the green;
Unpitying monsters that claim the earth,
And its myriad toilers, their right by birth;
Who squander the fruits of the poor man's toil
As tho' some geni had plowed the soil.

The cruel *Eviction!* Of woes the worst; —
The sport of demons, of God accurst,—
The foulest blot on the face of earth!
Foul as the tyrant that gave it birth:
A blot that smirches the laws of God,
That scourges the soul, as an iron rod;
That drives the toiler,—stout hearted, brave,
To desperate deeds or a pauper's grave;
That snaps the ties of the heart and home,
As surge that breaks into ocean foam.
And thus is this land, supremely blest,
The fairest gem on the ocean's breast,
Ground 'neath the heel of Oppression's might,
That sets his standard in gloom of night;
Thus is this land whose teeming fields
Bend 'neath the weight, that their culture yields;
Cursed with a blight, whose fetid breath
Sweeps o'er their face, as a thing of death!

Thus are its children, to woes allied,
Driven to battle with fortune's tide;
Driven to battle with fortune's wave,
For the toiler's crust, and a foreign grave.
But Time, the healer of grief and woe,
Is forging his bolts for her cruel foe.

——:o:——

EVELYN'S HAIR.

Long, long, years ago, when the sky-lark was singing,
And nature responsive, awoke to his trill;
When the primrose, as joy, from the green sod was springing,
And the hawthorn bloomed at the foot of the hill;
I strayed with my Eva, to cull each fair blossom,
That bloomed in the meadow, or scented the air;
To twine a fair garland, to wear in her bosom,
Or glow in the bands of her dark raven hair.

The blue-bell was plucked, with its perfume delicious;
The harebell and crocus, that grew in the dell;
The fox-glove's red plume, and the daisy, capricious,
In sweet scented glories 'neath Love's fingers fell;
The violet fair, as the hue of the morning;
The rose-tinted clover, inwoven with care;
The shamrock entwined, their gay beauties adorning
The dark silken sheen of my Evelyn's hair.

We clambered the rocks where the dust rooted mosses,
In Friendship's embraces, shone golden and clear:
We sought the ravine, where the eglantine crosses
The ivy-clad oak, and the larch ever dear;
The glassy green leaves of the holly gave warning,
That their spiny clad fringe was protected with care,
That tho' their bright glints, gave the wood its adorning,
They'd never repose in my Evelyn's hair.

The sweet scented knoll where the strawberry glistened,
With the pearls of the morning surrounding its glow;
Where grief stricken Echo! * in weariness listened,
And gave back our song, thro' her sad tale of woe!
Where the Cromlech's weird structure awoke our alarm!
Whilst the briar and the ivy encircled it there;
Where I plucked the white bloom—a sweet scented charm,—
To gleam 'mid the coils of my Evelyn's hair.

Thro' the gold-blossomed furze, and the purple dyed heather,
Upward, still upward, we wended our way;
To the rath of the fairies, we journeyed together,
Oblivious of toil, or the sun's scorching ray!

* Echo (according to mythology) was a daughter of the Earth and the Air. She fell in love with the beautiful boy Narcissus, who, in turn, was so enamored of his own reflected image in the water, that he cried himself to death because he saw no creature as beautiful as himself. Of Echo nothing remained but a mere sound.

Before us outstretching, the valley and river:
The green skirited woodland, as beauteous and fair,
As the beams of the morning, whose ecstasies quivered,
Thro' the dark glossy bands of my Evelyn's hair!

Where the blue of the sky, kissed the blue of the ocean;
Where Nature reposed, as a glory supreme,
And, I said to my fair one, with tears of emotion,
"This, Eva, Oh! this, is the Irishman's dream!
Tho' I love thee, my darling, with heart throbs as warm,
As ever devotion awoke in the breast,
Yet, from the loved prize would I fly in alarm,
Ere traitorous heart against mine would be pressed.

"Ah! fair one who'd wed him—the slave fettered minion—
Who sees his fair land in the grasp of the foe;
Thro' havoc and death, as the raven's dark pinion,
Would his life and his acts sink forever in woe!

No, never, fair Eva, would mine be the token,
That serfdom demands at the hands of Despair!
Oh rather the point of my sword should be broken,—
To gleam 'mid the braids of my Evelyn's hair!"

Tho' long years have sped since that morning elysian,
Its mem'ries awakened, bring heart throbs and sighs!
Its fond dreams of freedom, of love, and ambition,
Gone, gone, as the pulses that bade them arise.
Near the woody-crowned hill, where the laurel and willow,
Fling their shadows of gloom o'er the cool balmy air,
With the grave as a shroud and the earth as a pillow,
Lie the fair face and glories, of Evelyn's hair!

LIBERTY'S MARTYRS.

DEDICATED TO WM. O'BRIEN.

Thro' the long gloomy years of oppression and wrong,
That have swept over Erin in sorrow,
Unbroken her pride, as her wild swelling song,
That awaits the bright dawn of her morrow;
Tho' the lights that have risen in darkness go down,
In the noon of their splendor and glory;
Their devotion to freedom shall wreathe them a crown,
Unpurchased and bright as their story!

The trusted and tried who have gone to their rest,
Amid the wild grief of a nation,
Enkindle their light in the wavering breast,
That in time becomes freedom's oblation;
From the slain of her cause, fresh victims arise,
Inspired by the fervor that swayed them;
As brave as the eagle that pierces the skies,—
Obeying the Spirit that made them!

Imprison and banish the patriot brave,
Whose deeds have inspired man's devotion,
Their lives are as light, that illumines the wave,—
That breaks o'er eternity's ocean!
Dishonor and shame to the guilty belong,
The chain, and the gyve, and the prison;
To the lovers of freedom sweet Liberty's song,
From hearts that to manhood have risen!

O, England, how blind to the future art thou;
The vile slave of hatred and malice;
Dost see the dark clouds that encircle your brow,
That float o'er your gilt, brimful chalice?
Tear the garb of the man from the free limbs in shame,
With every vile creature surround him;
The love of a nation will hallow his name,—
Its glories shall centre around him!

TULLAMORE.

Henceforth, historic Tullamore,
How quick to fame you've risen!
'T is strange we never knew before
You had so strong a prison;
Within its damp, cold, fetid walls
Brave Erin's sons are lying;
That erstwhile trod Westminster's halls—
The Saxon foe defying.

We cry thee shame! eternal shame!
If that thou know'st its meaning:
Historic page records no name
With darker edicts teeming!
The seeds of strife that you have sown
Will grow Briareus round you;
Will raze to earth your sinking throne,
In gloom and death surround you!

The Avatar of crime and wrong
That heads your revolution,
Will be the first to sink among
Its chaos and confusion;

The hated Balfour—godless, cold—
To human instincts sleeping,
Shall meet the tyrant's doom of old,
In vengeance o'er him sweeping!

Insensate fool! your acts will ne'er
Make Irish hearts less pliant;
The more they're crushed, the more they dare—
Unbending and defiant;
You've tried the gibbet and the ax,
The pitch-cap and the prison;
And yet as fair as blue-eyed flax
Their flow'ring deeds have risen!

Expatriation, famine, death—
The wide-spread desolation,
Miasmic, as foul odors' breath
Have swept the Irish nation;
From age to age the alien foe,
Unmerciful, unfeeling;
Has plunged in death and strife and woe
The beauteous land of Erin!

In foreign courts, your name to day,
Is theme for mirth and scorn:
Uncanny fears obscure your day,
And cloud your fairest morn;
Uneasy rests your hoary head
Upon the downy pillow,
Whilst grinning phantoms round you tread,
As startling as the billow!

Aye! count your gains—collect your dead
  In ghastly mounds around you;
Collect the Irish blood you've shed,
  That as a sea surrounds you!
Upon the hoary page of Time—
  The record of the nations—
A ghastlier one, than yours, of crime
  Ne'er blurred its swift mutations.

Your deeds of wrong—what have they brought?
  Have honor, fame, and glory,
Sped o'er the horrors you have wrought,
  That time should breathe your story?
Are Erin's sons less true to-day—
  Less hopeful and defiant,
Than when they met you in the fray—
  In Freedom's cause reliant?

Too well you know the task is vain,
  The Irish brain ne'er slumbers:
As Israelite 'neath Egypt's reign,
  They multiply in numbers!
The Fiery Pillar—Freedom's gauge—
  Shall yet in light surround them;
Shall drape in gloom the blood-writ page,
  With which your laws have bound them.

THE FRIENDS OF BOYHOOD'S DAYS.

Where, where, are they departed, the friends
of boyhood's days?
Where gone the song and merry jest that rang
their rounds of praise?
Where gone the gath'ring on the hill, that
dared the foeman's steel?
Where gone the secret and the hope, that death
would ne'er reveal?
Alas, those rosy days of youth, as summer's
joys, are fled,
And faithful hearts that culled their bloom are
numbered with the dead;
Some in their native Erin sleep, the theme of
poet's lays;
Some rest unmarked in foreign graves, the
friends of boyhood's days.

Unselfish dreams of boyhood's days, where lie
the hopes you nursed?
Where lie the glory and the pride that thro'
your channels burst?

Where lie the sacrifice and zeal, that marked
their earnest flow?
Alas, they're gone, as are the years, or friends
of long ago!
Oh! fearless deeds of boyhood's days, how dar-
ing and how bold;
How reckless of the future years, its honors and
its gold;
Gone as the light of setting sun, with all his
fiery rays,
The true of heart, the brave of hand,—the
friends of boyhood's days.

The cause that fired your youthful hearts, Oh!
whither has it fled?
Has this, like thee, a refuge found, among the
noble dead?
Has this like thee, in sorrow slept, unerowned
with Freedom's bays,
As aimless, as the exile's life, or hopes of boy-
hood's days?
You wise of head and cold of heart, frown not
at boyhood's dreams,
As is the boy, so is the man, thro' life's con-
tending streams;
The follies that you see in him, but wiser make
your ways,
But, Oh! give me the noble hearts,—the friends
of boyhood's days.

Companions of the merry rout, brave comrades
of the past;
What memories rush adown the years, where I
beheld you last;
What broken hearts, what vanished joys, as
burning ember's blaze,
That glows the brighter as it dies,—as friends
of boyhood's days.
But tho' the past be dimmed with tears, it
brings its pleasures too,
For noble deeds that decked its life, the future
brings to you,
The sacrifice that freemen make will fructify
and raise
The noble thought, the burning wish,—as those
of boyhood's days!

——:o:——

THE EXILE'S LAST GAZE.

AIR:—"*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*"

As I gazed from the deck of the fast speeding
ship,
That bore me from Ireland away,
And saw my fair land thro' the waves sullen
drip,
That flecks each dear inlet and bay;

A feeling of sadness crept over my heart,
As the orphan that bends o'er the grave,
Who sees a loved mother forever depart
On the breast of Eternity's wave.

In that sad, lonely hour, what memories arise;
What yearnings well up from the heart;
The fond dreams of youth, their sweet pleasures and joys,
That bade every sorrow depart;
Evanished forever on Time's fleeting wing,
Deceitful, alluring, and bright,
The mirage of Hope,—and of beauties that spring
Into light, and then vanish in night.

A faint* light is seen o'er the wave's foamy crest,
As the twilight is deepening the gloom,
'Tis the last ray of hope, and of Erin the blest,
That flickers o'er Liberty's tomb:
With a deep, choking sob, fraught with sorrow and pain,
And a feeling of hopeless unrest;
I ask my lone heart, will it ever again
Press the fond friends of youth to its breast.

* The Fastnet light.

The deep surging wave, now hides from my gaze,
The last glimpse of Erin and home;
And the Exile is parted thro' life's weary days
From the scenes where his youth loved to roam;
From the haunts of his boyhood, his manhood, his all,
To wander a stranger o'er earth,
With never a hope for a distant recall
To the beautiful land of his birth.

——:o:——

ERIN GO BRAGH!

AIR:—"*Exile of Erin.*"

How many wild songs, breathing tearful emotion,
Have swept o'er the harp-strings of Erin's sad lay!
How many brave lives have enkindled devotion,
That freedom and glory should brighten her day!

But Time's fateful years, have but deepened
her sorrow;
Have blighted the hopes that would dawn on
her morrow;
But manhood aroused, retribution would bor-
row,
To cancel the deep debt of Erin go Bragh!

The dark, cruel reign of her ruthless oppressor:
His red years of conquest, how far, far away!
'Gainst heaven, and freedom, and man, the
transgressor,
Provokes God's dire anger at no distant day!
Homeless, oppressed, in the fair land that bore
him;
Vengeance and wrath surging wildly before
him!
The brave Celtic heart would to manhood re-
store him;
Would wreathe Freedom's chaplet for Erin
go Bragh!

I care not false land, how soon your extinction,
Whose merciless sceptre,—unpitying gave,
To Liberty's heroes,—of man the distinction—
The dark felon's cell, and the patriot's grave;

As long as the Tide rolls its swell thro' the ocean;
As long as this fair earth is true to her motion;
So long shall the Irishman's love and devotion,
Entwine themselves round thee, dear Erin go Bragh!

Courage! brave hearts, sing the sad song no longer,—
The whine and the love-note are heard from the slave;
The years in their flight, leave the tyrant less stronger,
As Liberty speeding o'er Tyranny's wave!
Arise, for your hour of redemption is nearing!
Arise, for the sky over Erin is clearing!
Arise, for your thraldom is fast disappearing!
When Liberty's mantle clothes Erin go Bragh!

——:o:——

A JUBILEE SCENE IN BANTRY BAY.

The dear old Flag of Erin, as sun-burst lit the air;
Its silken folds, as waves of green, shone out in glory there;

The hearts that gave it freedom, a transient rapture feel,
That, as sweet chords of music, across their bosom steal.
Historic Bay of Bantry, how proudly swells your tide;
Whose deep blue wave caresses the land on either side;
From Castletown Berehaven, to Whiddy's fair green Isle,
Your lordly tide is breaking, in many a sunny smile!

See yonder frowning man-of-war that darkly sits the wave,
She floats false England's Triple Cross, that marks fair Freedom's grave!
Within the glories of that bay, her darkened shadow looms,
From glen and crag re-echoing, her demon cannon booms;
As merciless as death is she, upon that glinting swell,
From which the heart in dread recoils, as Purity from hell!
Her watchful captain, from the poop, the green old flag espies,
Whose sunlit folds in battle waved, where many a Saxon lies.

"Man, man the boats, brave Britons! tear down
that flag of green!
Let none but England's colors upon this bay
be seen:
The right of Conquest and of Might, for seven
hundred years!
Is ours to-day, where none assails, our jubilee
of tears!"
In fancy I am there once more upon that bound-
ing swell,
Where many a time thro' snowy foam our gal-
lant boat sped well;
In fancy I am there once more with hearts as
brave and true,
As ever rolled the crystal spray upon the waters
blue.

Tho' many years have passed since when, we
dared that gallant tide;
The brave young hearts that plowed its breast,
are scattered far and wide;
The brave young hearts to Freedom pledged,
resurgent, as its wave,
Have drifted aimless from its shores to find a
foreign grave!
Oh! bitter memories of the past your shadows
come and go!
An avalanche of hate and wrath that wreathes
the heart in woe:

All Patient Ruler of the Earth, how long must
England's sway,
Obscure the Freedom that would light, thy
shores, sweet Bantry Bay.

——:o:——

IRELAND'S DEVOTION AND DESTINY.

DEDICATED TO THE A. O. H. AND READ AT THEIR BANQUET HELD AT COHOES, MARCH 17TH, 1888.

Ceud Mille Failta,—children of the Gael,
United Brothers of Green Innisfail;
Our warmest greeting, genial as her light,
Thro' toast and song, is gladly yours to-night:
Proverbial welcome, fruitful as her fields,
Our hearts to-night, with joyous pleasure yields;
As tho' assembled in her halls of pride,
Ere foreign foe, had claimed her as his bride.

On this great day, to Erin ever dear,—
The fairest one that blossoms in her year;
Resurgent glories from the grave of Time,
Her exiled sons, invoke in every clime;
As well beneath the Tropic's scorching ray,
As near the Arctic's, long, Cimmerian day;

As warmly where, the Clyde and Mersey run,
As where the Tiber greets a brighter sun;
As sweet and tender, where the Hudson twines,
As where the Lee with Ocean wave combines;
As proud and hopeful, where St. Lawrence glides,
As where the Shannon seeks Atlantic's tides;
As brave, defiant, where the Liffey rolls,
As where the Thames its muddy wave controls;

Perfected union of a mighty whole,
How sweet the chords that thrill the Irish soul!
In every land their joyous clangs are rung!
In every clime their treasured notes are sung!
From far Australia, to the Polar Sea.—
Wherever Man asserts his dignity;
There does the burning word of Ireland plead,
For ruth and justice for his its land and creed;
In senate hall its earnest voice is raised,
Thro' kindling hearts its Phillipics are blazed!
Swift, as the bolts, that pierce the inky sky,
Its fervor rolls, as thunder from on high!
Fierce as the eagle speeding on his prey;
Bright as the beam that heralds in the day!
The ever present, all-absorbing theme
Of race and land evokes the exile's dream!

Let's take the hand of Mem'ry for awhile,
And journey back, in thought, to Erin's Isle;

Thro' haunts of pleasure, scenes of boyhood's days,
Where love and friendship, kindled joy and praise;
Thro' wood and dell, o'er sunny glade and hill;
By stream and river,—dear to Freedom's thrill—
Amid the ruins of historic past,
Ere tyrant shadows o'er their walls were cast;
Across the heath, where martyred heroes bled,
Beside the graves which mark our kindred dead;
Along the shore which brightened to the swell,
Whose silver spray upon its bosom fell;
Thro' all the haunts to youth's bright morning dear;
Among the friends that claimed affection's tear;
Let us in thought, on this auspicious night
Once more review the home of youth's delight;
Repair at morning, where the dewy bead,
In crystal glories sparkled o'er the mead;
'Mid spring's sweet flowers, bright with song of day,
To bear the Shamrock in our hearts away!

Symbol of Ireland's unity of soul,
Thy trefoil leaves our wayward will control;
Bring back our purpose, to that God-like creed,
That from one stem, Devotion's law should lead!

As pure and holy, sanctified and blest,
As when our Saint the pagan host addressed!
As pure and holy, sanctified and fair,
As when God's light their souls illumined there!

Deep in our hearts the Shamrock's leaves shall twine,
With Freedom's purpose, earnest, and divine!
Shall crown our faith that Ireland's cause ere long,
Shall beam resurgent, as her treasured song!
Shall fill with joy, her children long oppressed,
With woes un-numbered, and with hearts depressed;
Shall rive the bondage, of her griefs, and pains;
And bind the tyrant with his own dark chains!

As Ishmael's sons our race has multiplied,—
Has nursed the hopes, for which our fathers died;
Has borne the woes of Ireland o'er the wave,
As kindling embers, fresh from Freedom's grave!
Has moulded thought within this mighty land;
And shown the blood-drops on the tyrant's hand!
Has sped the message,—fearful in its wrath—
A frowning menace, in his crimson path!

Creative wish, that blossoms in the soul!
Coercive laws, thy will, can ne'er control;
Thy parent Freedom! gleaming from on high!
As morning's light, illumes her clouded sky!

To-night thy beam, within our hearts is lit;
In burning words, thy earnestness, is writ;
Across the main, responsive to thy thrill,
The voice of Erin would inspire us still;
Would nerve our hearts, to meet her dawn of light,
That as God lives! shall penetrate her night.

Within this land, historic, great, and free,
No truer hearts, than thine for liberty;
No braver arm, no warmer bosom bled,
When cloud and menace o'er its face were spread.
From Ramillies field, to Gettysburg—fair Fame,
Records the glories of the Irish name;
From Linden's plain, where Sarsfield's life-blood flowed,
To Fredericksburg, you've trod the hero's road!
Unstinted, as the Morning's stream of light,
You've shed your blood, in Freedom's crimson fight!

And yet, the brawling braggart would disown,
Your tireless effort to set free your own,
Whose faith undying, as the stars o'erhead,
Would sink in glory, where her flag is spread!
Who stemmed the torrent of the German lines,
Where Boyne's fair water to the Ocean twines;
Whose brave, stout arms, at Lim'rick and
Benburb,
Thro' blood and slaughter, did the Saxon curb;
Whose creed of freedom, bright, but yet unwon,
From martyred sire, bequeaths to vengeful son!

All-trusting race, how faithful and how true,
The noble instincts which we draw from you:
From that fair land of suffering and woe,
Whose tears unstinted thro' the ages flow!
What grace and manhood, energy and pride,
Have sunk beneath the tyrant's bloody tide!
Whose crimes have stained the centuries that roll,
As gouts of blood upon the guilty soul.

But we to-night record a solemn vow,
Before high Heaven to wreathe the tyrant's
brow,
With keener anguish than he ever dealt;
With deeper wounds than Erin ever felt!
Until our land all beauteous as the morn
Shall ocean's breast, a radiant gem adorn.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Where rolls the fair light of the morning,
  Away from the shadows of night;
Where glints the bright dew on the flow'r-cup,
  And the streamlet flows on in delight;
Where the birds in their transports awaken
  The grove with their ecstatic thrill;
Where the pine-tops with zephyrs are shaken,
  And the purple heath waves on the hill;

Where the bee hums her song thro' the clover,
  A drowsy and murmuring refrain;
Where the fox-glove and hare-bell are blowing
  Their colors to brighten the plain;
Where the meadow's brown grasses are drooping,
  Awaiting the scythe, bright and keen:
Where the golden-haired barley is waving,
  And the children play loud on the green:

Where the daisy and blue-bell are springing,
  From the shamrock close pressed to their stems;
Where Nature's bright glories are singing
  Her resonant echoes in hymns;

Where the air is as pure as its maidens,
Unladen by sickness or pain;
Where the sun loves to linger in summer
Ere crossing the western main.

And this was the home of my childhood,
The fair land of mountain and stream—
The beautiful gem of the ocean—
Of minstrels the pride and the dream;
The land of brave men and fair women;
The theme of the poets' sweet songs;
The "Holiest Island" of nations,
Ere Freedom had treasured her wrongs.

From this beautiful land was I banished
Across the wide western wave,
To a land whose brave sons raised their banner
Triumphant o'er Tyranny's grave;
From this beautiful land was I parted,
With heart deeply surging with hate,
Rebellious, revengeful, defiant,
Awaiting the vengeance of Fate

Awaiting the hour of her franchise,
Deferred through the centuries past;
Awaiting the joy of the nations,
That Erin found freedom at last;
Awaiting the tyrant's debasement,
When her tottering throne shall decay,
And the Babylon crimes of her power,
As that city, shall crumble away.

LOVE OF LAND.

Where would the Irish exile die?
Where do his aspirations lie?
To where his thoughts forever fly,
To Ireland!

Where did his heart's best hopes remain
Ere crossing o'er the trackless main?
For whom does England forge her chain?
For Ireland!

Whose heart is ever in the cause
Of manhood's rights and freedom's laws?
Whose soul an inspiration draws
For Ireland?

'Tis he whose wrongs to heaven have cried;
Whose race for native land has died;
Whose faith and manhood have been tried
For Ireland!

What land will yet to Freedom rise
With golden harp, 'neath sunny skies?
'T is she of earth the paradise,
Fair Ireland!

What land a warmer glow inspires;
Whose song of glory never tires;
Whose fingers touched the sweetest lyres?
'T was Ireland!

What land is nerving for the blow,
Whose might shall lay the tyrant low;
'T is thine, false England's sworn foe,
Brave Ireland.

What land is that, that would her save;
Whose protests speed across the wave;
Whose valor dug false England's grave
For Freedom?

'T is she, the Eagle of the West
Who opes for Ireland's sons her breast;
Who drove the Tyrant from her nest,
A Free Land!

The Sunburst, with the Blue Flag streams,
In glinting folds of starry beams—
Protecting as the sun that gleams
O'er Ireland!

How soon their union shall delight
The sons of Freedom and of right,
When England's star shall sink in night
'Neath Ireland!

AN IRISH EXILE'S JUBILEE ODE.

DEDICATED TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

Fifty years of British Rule,
Shout the triumph to Cabul!
Fifty years of queenly reign;—
Shout the anthem o'er the main!
From Albion's coast to far Cathay,
Kneel the nations! kneel and pray!
Great is England's queen, and blest,
Broad her shield, and fair her crest!
Freedom 'neath her scepter lies,
With shackled hands, and blood shot eyes!

Fifty years of land-lord strife;
Fifty years of wasted life;
Fifty years where Famine swept;
Fifty years where Justice slept;
Fifty years on Patience fed;
Fifty years where bullets sped;
Fifty years where patriots bled;
Fifty years of woe and dread;
Fifty years where prisons gaped;
Fifty years of Freedom draped;

Fifty years of buckshot reign;—
Shout the anthem o'er again!
Liberty! for what? For whom?
We've dug her grave, with ample room,
For Erin's sons, if they but dim
The splendor of her diadem;
For fifty years her sceptre meek,
Has helped the strong against the weak!

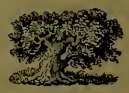
Ye crook'd-kneed slaves, down, down, and sing
Your fulsome song, see what we bring,
The dazzling pageant, bright of sheen,
To shout the virtues of our queen!
Prolific mother, great and good,
As ever reared a hungry brood;
For fifty years her care has been
To strip your purses of their sheen;
For fifty years her parent breast
Has ached, to see her darlings blest,
To tax, and grind, with threat and frown,
That they should wear some beggar's crown;
That from your pockets should be rung
Their golden chains, with diamonds strung;
Then shout the mother and the queen,
Who dug the trench of SKIBBEREEN!!!
Whose darling Albert! dead, alas!
Would feed the Irishman on grass!
The wide, deep pit, that famine gave
To Irish valor for a grave,

Was dug, that Albert's coward crest,
Should in mausoleum proudly rest.
For fifty years her laws have sent
THREE MILLIONS to this continent!
The least of whom, more prized than he,
In God's superb economy!
TWO MILLIONS more 'neath Ireland's sky,
Thro' Famine's pangs, forever lie!!!

Shout! lusty throat of Ireland, shout!—
Ring, ring your hymn of triumph out;
Great indeed has been your boon,
On this bright, fair day in June.
Out upon the level green,
Sing the glories of your queen;
Out upon the mountain's side;
Swell the anthem far and wide;—
Unhoused, unfed, unpitied cast,
'Neath summer's sun or winter's blast,
'Neath hunger's pangs, and sorrow's tears,
Ring out her Jubilee of years.
Ye gaunt, pale peasants of the soil
Ring out your Jubilee of toil;—
Your patient wife, your children's cry,
For food and raiment, shout on high!
Shout! Eviction's cry of pain;
Shout! Coercion's cruel chain;
Shout! your wrongs far o'er the sea
On this great day of Jubilee.

Shout the day when you will stand,
As freemen in your native land;
When she, who now, to pity cold,
Shall pass away beneath the mold;
When honor, fame, and liberty
Shall sing your song of Jubilee.

A few short years, and they, who now
Would press the thorns upon your brow;
Would pass coercive laws, to bind
Each noble impulse of the mind;
Will, as their acts, sink deep in gloom
Without a ray to light their tomb!



IN MEMORY OF THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore, one of Ireland's most illustrious sons and sweetest poets, was born in Aungier street, Dublin, in 1780, of respectable Catholic parents. As a student of Trinity college, his career was a brilliant one, marked with success. In March 1811 he married Miss Dyke, an actress, a native of Kilkenny, with whom he lived very happily; and by whom he had five children, none of which survived him. The charm of his song won for him the admiration of all, so that his life, (if we except the close) was one of fete and pleasure. His "O Blame not the Bard" was as the apology of a spoiled child. Amid all the temptations, flatteries, and pleasures that surrounded him he never lost sight of the miseries of his native land. He died at Sloperton cottage February 26, 1852, aged 72 years and nine months. Leaving his worldly wealth (an unpublished MS) to his widow, and was buried in Bromham, Bedfordshire, England.

Immortal bard of Erin's Isle,
How sweet the Lyre!
You touched with many a trill the while
And word of fire!
Your melodies with pathos flow,
In every line their beauties glow;
In love, or joy, or grief, or woe,
They never tire!
In budding bloom they ever blow,
The heart's desire!

We hold thee first in bardic fame,
Sweet child of Song!
Whose numbers struck the lurid flame
Of deep set wrong!

And tho' your harp was oft' unstrung
To notes that have the bosom wrung,
Enough yet thrilled its chords among
To wreathe your name!
For Freedom's fire around it clung,
Too sweet for blame!

The Orpheus of the melting lay,
Immortal sleeps!
Whose minstrelsy thro' Time's decay
Distinction reaps!
In foreign land your body lies,
Your soul triumphant in the skies;
Your harp's sweet trills transcendent rise
Where glory weeps!
With you the song of Erin dies,
Fond memory keeps!

We envy Bromham's church-yard fair,
Beneath whose breast;
The Bard of Erin rests from care,
And grief oppressed!
Our every glory England stole,
That fired the heart or thrilled the soul!
That left our land the miser dole,
Of years unblest!
The poisoned dregs, in Freedom's bowl,—
Despair at best!

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Our natal day once more has come,
With gladsome song and cheer;
Once more we think of boyhood's home,
Its mem'ries fond and dear,
The Mecca of the Irish heart
Is ever fair and bright,
Tho' boundless waves of ocean part
Its beauties from our sight.

Ah! would our song of joy to-day
Was joyous as of yore,
Ere we were forced by tyrant sway
To wander from its shore;
Ah! would the guileless days of youth,
Come back with rosy smile,
To sing the song of Love and Truth,
Within that cherished Isle.

The touch of friendship there was sweet,—
As genial as the sun;
The glowing heart, with love replete,
Affection's tribute won:

Tho' cares oft bent the spirit proud,
And dimmed the eye in tears,
'T was but the threat'ning of the cloud,
That comes, then disappears.

Around thy name, fair day of days,
Our fondest wishes twine;
For we have song and joy and praise,
For mem'ries such as thine;
There is a legend in our heart
Which time cannot efface,
That Fate will yet her vengeance dart
On England's savage race.

When next thy song rolls o'er the sea,
Thou blithe auspicious day,
Bring in its train sweet Liberty
To those who've nursed its lay;
Bring, bring the clash of sword and strife,
Of death and gloom and tears,
To those who've crushed the Irish life
Thro' centuries of years!

O'DRISCOLL'S DAUGHTER.

Where the ivy-crowned castle frowns dark o'er the water;
Where once shone in beauty, O'Driscoll's fair daughter;
Where thy fane Innis-Sherkin,* grown gray thro' the ages,
Looks gloomily down on the surf when it rages:
Where the Gas Kinane,† fierce, as Charybdis swirl,
Awakens death's gloom in its rush and its whirl;
Where the Fastnet peers out o'er the wide seething ocean,
As an eagle secure 'mid the tempest's commotion.

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* An island one mile from the main land, contains the ruins of a monastery.

† This sound is dangerous in stormy weather, and the unfortunate mariner who cannot throw off a distich to appease the anger of Poseidon, is in danger of being ushered into his presence. The ability to do so, insures to the voyager, safety over its troubled waters.

Where the famed "Hundred Islands" of Carbery pillow,
Their dark frowning heads on the breast of the billow,—
Churning the waves in their lawless careering,—
A maelstrom of wrath in their anger appearing:
Here the sea-gull's wild cry is oft heard in alarm,
The herald that rides on the breast of the storm;
Now cleaving the air on her bright angel pinion,
The wild crag her home, and the surge her dominion.

Here, distant Cape Clear, the last beacon of Erin;
Here, Baltimore looms, as its sad tale appearing;
Here, the old ruined castle, dismantled and hoary,
Looks out on the tide darkly breathing its story!
Within its gray walls, where the swallows have nested,
And the ivy, as Friendship, its bartizans crested;
Have I gazed on the scene where the Algerine sought her,
And bore her a captive, O'Driscoll's fair daughter.

Where the light-hearted laugh, and the sweet harp resounded;
Where the jest and the song in swift rivalry bounded;
Where the fair face of beauty gleamed bright as a vision,
And the dancer's light step spoke of grace and precision;
Where stood the O'Driscoll, in battle the bravest,
In honor the truest, in council the gravest;
Where Carbery's maidens—a galaxy streaming—
Shone bright thro' its halls, in their loveliness beaming.

Here, where the portal lies crumbled and broken,
The last cry was heard and the last wish was spoken,
On the threshold of love, with dishonor before them,
The Algerine * horde to their galleys they bore them;
Among the bruised hearts of the captives thus taken,
The fairest of all thro' the strife is unshaken;

* In 1630 the Algerine's landed in Baltimore in the dead of night, burned the town and took several of the inhabitants into captivity, among them the daughter of O'Driscoll, whom they intended for their Dey. They seized one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, at sea, and obliged him to steer into Baltimore. Two years later he was publicly executed.

The daring resolve presses fiercely upon her,
To end her fair life, ere it sinks in dishonor.

The fair youth and maiden o'er ocean are borne,
From the fond ties of home, and of kindred are torn,
To the land where the Simoom and fiercer Sirocco
Sweep over its plains, e'en to distant Morocco;
Here thy children, dear Erin, with sad voice beseeching,
Must list to the Koran—the Moslem's dread teaching—
In sadness look back to that church near the mountain,
Whose faith shone as pure, as some clear silver fountain.

Your Dey is no more! see his life blood is streaming!
From yonder fair hand with the red dagger gleaming;
In the midst of his Seraii, when wooing he sought her,
His love notes were stilled by O'Drisscoll's fair daughter.
Now bear her away where the faggots are raging,
Their terrors bring joy her deep anguish assuaging;

O'er the bright sunny tide, her ashes returning,
To her home by the wave, thro' its carnage and
burning.

O'er the lone rocky street, where in boyhood I
wandered;
Where youth's rosy hours were recklessly
squandered;
Dreaming of Freedom by Illen's * blue water,
Where once trod in beauty, O'Driscoll's fair
daughter,
What heart-throbs went out o'er that wild deso-
lation,
Where Liberty slept, 'neath the wrongs of a
nation,
Breathing a promise, as dark as her story,
To add one more life to her chaplet of glory.

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* This river empties itself into Baltimore harbor. Baltimore is 60 miles south of Cork and is the last place seen by the emigrant bound for the United States.

ON TENNYSON'S JUBILEE ODE.

The last faint effort of expiring pen,
Throws its grim shadows o'er the page again;
The pand'ring Laureate, great at fulsome song,
Rolls his old cart of adjectives along;
Plumes his tired wing thro' realms of phantasy,
To pluck a wreath for England's Jubilee.
No tawdry showman on the village green,
E'er juggled words, as he, for Britain's queen:
No sycophant ere plied the supple pen
With steadier zeal, than does this harlequin.

Plethoric grown, the lexicon must roll
Stupendous words, to swell his mighty soul:
"Ever-broad'ning," "ever-wid'ning," "health-
fuller"—ah me!
Webster dethroned for Vic's great Jubilee!
But words must broaden, widen—e'en the Earth
Must dip her axes for imperial birth.

"Thunders moaning!!" Oh! metaphor sublime,
The last grand effort of exhausted rhyme;
What pension's scribe will do, no pen can tell,
When empty titles do the numbers swell.

Come, thou Canadian, to this feast of love!
Come from your jungle and your sacred grove,
You dusky sons of Hindostan repair
To Albion's coast, why stand you dreaming there?
Know that your Empress, bending o'er your chain,
Has reached her fiftieth year of glorious reign!
Come with the pearls of your Indian seas,
Or Vishnu's eyes, if they her whim should please:
Bring, bring the wealth of Delhi and Cawnpore;
For she already has your Kohinoor;
All that remains, *if any*, bring along
To swell her coffers and her Laureate's song.

Come Boer, come Zulu, Berber, Soudanee
With thoughts subdued for England's jubilee;
Come with your scars, your fetters, and your hate!
Come, ere the call should reach your ears too late:
Come Arab, Caffre, Zealander, and see
St. Paul's illumined for our jubilee;
See myriads trooping o'er that "Broken Arch,"
In one continued, brilliant line of march!

Come Australian from Antipodes;
Come thou with Apples of Hesperides;

The Orpheus of song would bend your sails,
O'er Tropic seas, to where our pomp prevails;
His spell as potent, would your steps entice,
As did his master that of Eurydice;
Your wrongs, your troubles, and your griefs
expire,
Before the charms of his thrilling lyre!

Alas! poor Erin, once so brave and bold,
Lord Alfred leaves you shiv'ring in the cold:
His Orphean lyre has not one note for thee,
Thou wayward daughter of dark destiny:
Not e'en his tenderest, sweetest note could bring
Your stubborn heart within his magic ring!

His Queen! His mighty queen! has forged for
thee
Her strongest chains, to ease your misery!
Has sent you *Famine*, *Buckshot*, *Death and Gloom*,
And now you wish her rested in the tomb!
Ungrateful land! for fifty years has she
Been to your race, a song of Jubilee!
Her reign has sent more prayers to the grave,
Than would the armies of the Romans save.

Oh! what a creature man can be for gold,—
How dead to shame, to pity's throb how cold.
How will the gift divine perverted be,
At chink of gold, or nod of royalty!

Yes, call your slaves from distant lands and
bind,
With heavier chains their nerveless hands and
mind;
Splatter the virgin sheet with fulsome praise,
Which only dims the glamour of your bays;
Your greedy soul, too thirstful and too base,
As Fortune's bubble soon must meet disgrace,
When she whose reign your hungry pen en-
twines
With deeds of mercy leaded twixt the lines;
Shall see the future thro' the gath'ring gloom,
That bears her life and actions to the tomb;
There, there your song shall end, her joys begin,
If, that her reign be free from crime or sin.

——:o:——

TYRANNY'S CURSE.

I know a land as fair and grand,
As ever sun shone o'er;
With sons as brave, on land or wave,
As ever banner bore;
But the Norman came with sword and flame,
And with blows both fierce and keen;
He quenched in tears our land for years,
And dimmed its luster green.

But the bloody sword of the robber horde,
Oft fell from their pulseless grasp,
As they met the blows of their stalwart foes,
Or reeled in their iron clasp!
Thus, from age to age, the bloody page,
Of slaughter dire was seen,
Till the streams ran red, with the blood they shed
In defence of their land of green.

When Ninety-eight had sealed the fate,
Of Emmet and of Tone:
Men stood aghast, as their graves they passed
Unlettered and unknown;
There Erin sat like a death-clad bride,
For the joy of her heart hath fled,
And a nameless mound, was all that bound,
Her faith in the mighty dead!

And the years rolled on, but the sun ne'er shone
On "Erin of the streams,"
And laws accursed, o'er her bosom burst,
As lightnings vivid gleams;
And the stormy minds like the angry winds,
That swept o'er her vales, serene,
Were forced to fly, from her breast or die,
In defence of their flag of green.

But the days of grace draw on apace,
When time's unerring bow,
Shall speed the dart, that shall pierce the heart,
Of Erin's deadly foe ;
In that hour of bliss, shall it be amiss
To pray for the Saxon Queen ;
And wish her race, in some other place,
Than our beauteous Isle of green ?

May Erin's Tell, the superb Parnell,
Hold the tyrant in the toils,
Till Freedom's voice, shall the earth rejoice,
And unloose the serpent's coils ;
When that hour shall come, may Emmet's tomb,
With treasured memories glow ;
And an anthem raise, of song and praise,
To the Hand that has laid her low.

——:o:——

JUBILEE REFLECTIONS.

Bending beneath her crown of gold,
Set with diamonds of price untold,
She comes arrayed as the morning's beam—
A thousand gems on her bosom gleam ;
In deft, rare colors, from climes afar,
From Afric's shores, from Candahar ;

In costliest fabrics, she comes arrayed,
The glittering remnant of life decayed!

The marshalling hosts before her stream,
As tho' she were Love's enchanting dream;
Onward, still onward, their ceaseless flow
Press thro' the millions of pain and woe!
Onward, still onward, the pageant creeps,
Where the surging heart in defiance leaps;
Her car of triumph, as Conquest, rolls
Thro' burning hearts, and thro' thirsting souls!

Behind, the glitter of pomp and pride,
To wealth, and glory, and birth allied;
Sneering, they greet the wild huzza
That mocks the throbbings of Nature's Law!
Onward, their carriages proudly roll,
As a vision of joy to the earnest soul!
What care they for the *canaille* throng,
Their life, as the dawn, is sweet with song.

In satin, and velvet, and rich brocade,
The daughters of wealth are here arrayed:
Onyx, and pearl, and topaz gleam,
As glintings of sun on the laughing stream;
On, onward they come, as a flood of light
That pierces the gloom of the ebon night!
Onward they come with haughty mein,
To swell the pageant of England's Queen.

On the outmost verge of that throng what pain,
What anxious throbbing of heart and brain;
What tears, what longings, what cares, what
woes,
What foodless stomachs, what ragged clothes:
What drooping spirits, what deep despair,
As Banquo's ghost, are rising there!
The song of Hope from their heart is fled,
And the cloud of want o'er their life is spread.

The kingdoms of earth are here to grace,
The pageant that humbles the human race:
Are here the agents of despot sway,
To awe the millions on this fair day!
On, on, they come, as the stars that gleam
Thro' the depths of Thames. dark, muddy
stream;
On, on, they come, as the lightning sped
Thro' the ebon clouds that loom o'erhead.

Ignorance, poverty, crime, and pain,
Are here in numbers to swell the train—
Shouting the glory of England's might,
As tho' their life was a thing of light;
Shouting their toil, their care, their tears,
That shadow their lives thro' the weary years:
Shouting the splendors that power brings
To the haughty minions of queens and kings.

On, to Westminster, old and gray—
The lone, sad relic of Time's decay!
Where king and minister coldly sleep,
Dark as the shadows that round them creep!
Here, here, will the guilty statesman find
A theme to harrow the soul and mind!

Here do the pomp and the pride of earth
Give other creatures a life and birth;
Here will the graves around him breathe
Their tale of anguish and woe beneath;
Here will his own dark life reveal
The shadows that thro' its chambers steal!
Within these gray walls will Conscience dart
Her arrows of doom on his guilty heart.

Does England's Queen, in this hour of pride,
Think of that Island across the tide?
Its wrongs, its griefs, its tears, its pain,
Clouding its sky thro' her long, long reign.
In this bright hour of her Jubilee;
Has she no tear for its misery!

THE MITCHELSTOWN HORROR.

Oh! Pity strain your tearful eye,
Oh! Vengeance speed your winged dart;
For cruel breast of man is dry,
And demon hate pervades his heart.

Beneath the Autumn's golden sun,
That breaks o'er Galtees rugged height,
The glitt'ring sword and polished gun,
Of hireling soldier, glisten bright.

They come, as tho' an armed foe,
Was theirs to meet in conflict dire;
They come as Havoc, or as Woe!
With fell intent and fierce desire.

They come the mercen'ries of death,
Shielded by laws of hate untold;
The pitying pang, they tread beneath,
For they in Slaughter's mart are sold.

The peaceful gath'ring in the street,
That would assert a nation's rights,
This is the foe they come to meet!
This, this, the foe their valor fights!

Manhood's prime,—the silvered head—
The daring heart,—the bloom of youth,
Alike are numbered with the dead;
Alike are sacrificed to Truth!

Alas, poor Londregan, lying there,
By ruffian soldier stricken down;
How sped your three score years of prayer,—
Of blameless life in Mitchelstown.

The bullet speeding thro' your heart,
The guiltless life-blood oozing slow,
Make tyrant slaves in horror start!
At crime so dark, so full of woe.

All patient Ruler of the spheres,
Your awful judgment long delayed,
Shall roll unerring as your years,
To those whose laws 'gainst Thine are made.

Oh! hasten the avenging hour,
Thou mighty God of Seraphim;
Stay, Oh! stay! the bloody power
That toys with life in savage whim!

FORSTER—IN MEMORIAM.

Buckshot Forster for ever is dead,
As the clammy turf o'er his coffin spread,
Or the marble dripping its slow decay,
In the gloom of its vault till the Judgment Day;
Dead as the justice he on earth denied,
To those who for life or for mercy cried;
Dead as the victims he left bestrown,
On the earth like trees, by the tempest blown.
But where, Oh! where, is that spirit fled,
With its heavy burden of woe and dread?

The roofless cabin, the dreary wild;
The wailing cry of the hungry child;
The father's despair, the mother's grief;
The anguished prayer, that sought relief;
The gaping prison, the clanking chain;
The rifles pouring their iron rain!
The piercing shriek, the deep groan of pain;
The life blood oozing from heart and brain;
The havoc and slaughter of fiendly power,
Looked ghastly and grim in that dying hour!

These were the passports that Forster bore
On the wings of Death, to that heavenly shore:
Where the pure of heart, and the just of earth,
Forever rejoice in a glorious birth!
This was the record he bore on high,
To Empyrean Throne beyond the sky;
To the God who died for the sins of man;
Who bounds the earth with a single span;
Whose power is bestowed, that its donor may
Rejoice in the light of Eternal Day.
This, this the burden, his soul now brings,
To the Judgemnt seat, of the King of Kings!

——:o:——

DEFIANCE.

From Erin's shore is heard once more,
The old time song of love and cheer;
Whose treasured notes o'er ocean float,
Inspiritingly sweet and clear;
Her griefs to-day are flung away,
Tho' angry clouds obscure her sky;
Whilst memories crowd on hearts as proud,
As ever throbbed to Freedom's cry.

The genial earth that gave us birth,
Tho' stained by blood, is ever bright;
The shamrock grows beside the rose,
And nature wears her robe of light:
Yet over all there hangs a pall,
Of death and gloom, of tears and woe,
For England draws coercive laws
From out the gloom, to smite her low.

Thrice hated name, we cry thee shame,
On this fair day to Ireland dear;
Array your might to crush the right—
Unconquered will our cause appear;
The iron heel or barbed steel,
Of despot pow'r may do its worst,
Yet wilt thou find the force you bind,
Will on yourself in fury burst!

Avert the strife that dooms your life,
To devastation and to death!
Avert the crash, when armies clash,
And Muscovites their swords unsheath!
In that grim hour of fading power,
What wouldst thou give for Ireland's crest,
To stay the speed of Cossack steed,
Or bear his lance within her breast.

Yes, forge your chains while power remains,
Beleaguered, as thou art by foes;
Let shackles bind the hand and mind—
Crowd all thy wrath, where none oppose:

Thy reign of blood, thro' years has stood,—
Unchecked its fury as of yore;
Unpitying—dread—its course as red,
As when the Norman touched our shore.

Dost fear the end, my Saxon friend?
The powers of earth have crumbled—fell;
The "Broken Arch" will show your march,
Where Thames now rolls his turbid swell;
Then bow to fate, ere yet too late,
The Irish heart you'll ne'er subdue;
Your strength shall fail, before the Gael,
For he to Freedom's cause is true.

——:o:——

ON THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

The wrongs and the tears of a nation,
Find no place in Victoria's oration;
Her multiplied cares are dead to the prayers,
Of the Irishman's trust and oblation.

'Tis the powder and ball of the cannon,
On the banks of the Nile or the Shannon;
Or rifle's dread whiz, that does all the biz,
For such towns as Cawnpore or Dungannon.

She coys with the old Bear of Russia,
And smoothes down the Eagle of Prussia;
But Burmah remains, as Ireland, in chains,
For she sends o'er a Wolsely to crush ye.

To the Irish is Salisbury heeding,
While Balfour attends to the bleeding!
What glory to reign, where manhood is slain,
Tho' her path to the grave is fast speeding.

She's learning to speak Hindoostanee,
The Gaelic, the Russ and Slavanee;
For Salisbury's power is waning each hour,
And Gladstone is loved by the many.

Her blessing goes out for coercion,
With grape shot and torch for diversion;
Her ministers all, are earnest, and call
For the National league's subversion.

There is Healy, and Davitt, and Dillon,
O'Brien and Parnell, the villain;
How saintly she'd pray were they out of the way,
Or safe in some strong-guarded prison!

She'll send Chamberlain over to Derry,
To pilot the Orangeman's wherry;
Then straight to Belfast to blow up a blast,
That things in the north may go merry.

More near to her heart and her wishes,
The "Blue Noses'" claim to the fishes,
Than Mitchelstown's woe, where the red torrents flow!
From the bullet's demoniac hisses!

Is it true? And if so, what a pity,
That Balfour arrived in your city;
Is Dublin asleep, that this villain dare creep
With his "star chamber" plots to commit ye?

——:o:——

EXTERMINATION, NOT COERCION.

From Antrim Head to far Cape Clear;
From Sline's dark wave, to Howth Head,
The cry of blood appals the ear,
For chains are forged and rifles fed;
Once more across the friendly sea,
Beneath its waters dread and lone,
The fettered arms of Liberty
Cry thro' its waves for freedom gone.

Thou godless tyrant—strength thou hast,
And with it beats a demon's heart;
Thy bloody crimes have stained the past,
From which e'en now thou wilt not part:

Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome—
The mighty nations of the past,
Passed from the earth as ocean foam,
As thou wilt go,—art going fast.

It needs no prophet to divine,
The words now written on the wall;
Then wreak your vengeance—fire the mine—
As Nero—slaughter, ere you fall;
Yes, strut and swagger, fume and fret,
There is no terror in your frown,
The Irish arm will smite you yet—
Will tear your bloody laurels down.

The reeking sword is in your hand,
Its blade is red with Irish gore;
The rifle 's poised at dread command,
And havoc reigns supreme once more;
Unarmed Ireland waits the shock,
With darkened brow and broken blade,
As fierce as wave that smites the rock,
And swirls across the gulf it made.

As well disturb the vulture's feast—
Nature has marked thee out for blood:
Now e'en the pure annointed priest
Is swallowed in the raging flood,
Onward it sweeps from shore to shore,
Nor prayer, nor tear, will check its course,
O'er broken arms its terrors pour!
'Gainst naked breasts it spends its force.

Coercion, pshaw! the name's absurd—
Search thou the lexicon of thought;
Search Milton, Dante, for a word
That would express the terrors sought;
"A serpent armed with mortal sting!"
Aye, that arranged in one dread word,
Would all its force of horrors bring
To those whose wrath you have incurred.

Yes, count your wealth as sands of sea;
Pile up your hecatombs of slain;
Forge stronger chains for Liberty;
And steel-clad ships to sweep the main!
Secure at every point, then rest,—
If rest there be, for such as thou,—
Through sleepless nights with burdened breast,
Wipe clammy sweat from guilty brow

How many live a life of fear,
Who, in the senate hall are brave;
How many dread from year to year,
To rest their bones in bloody grave;
Conscience disturbed, what dreadful curse,
The awful monitor of guilt;
What fearful thought will it not nurse,
When once the blood of man is spilt.

ON TENNYSON'S COLONIAL ODE.

The poet Laureate—Tennyson—
Gives England's queen his benison,
In maudlin verse of fulsome song,
In menial praise, of deeds of wrong:
No minstrel of the olden times
Extolled his chief's unhallowed crimes,
With keener zest than here is shown,
Of, "Britons hold your own."

Forever, be thy verse accursed,
Of bards the meanest, and the worst:
Since first you penned "God save the Queen,"
You have been mercen'ry and mean;
You've sold the gift which nature gave
For gold,—the fetters of the slave.

Yes, "hold your own," if "own" it be,
From Tropic clime to frozen sea!
Let earth revolve, her shining frame,"
In light and shade to curse your name;
Let Father Nile's dark muddy stream,
With Berber's blood and Arab's gleam;
Let Boers and Zulus shout and sing
The blessings which the Britons bring;

Let Siam's king, supine Hindoo,
Reveal the deeds that Britons do:
From Arctic Sea to Torrid Zone,
Shout out! let "Britons hold your own."

Yes, trembling robber, "hold your own,"
Nor feign to see your sinking throne;
Bring weak-kneed slaves from o'er the sea
To glimmer in your pageantry;
Bring the wild beasts from Indian clime,
To shout your driveling laureate rhyme;
Bring! Oh bring! a cabin o'er
From Erin's green and lovely shore:
Bring the evicted in your train,
To shout the great Victoria's reign!
Bring the fierce Cossack of the Don,
Or bring the much wronged Irishman;
Then shout your cry, "Let us alone,"
Of, "Britons hold your own."

Ah! wayward Eagle of the West,
Who did'st forsake the parent nest;
Why didst thou in a fateful hour
Plume thy bold wing, from Briton's power?
Hast thou no soul for song or praise,
For the sweet Laureate's melting lays?
Come back, thou bird with heart of stone,
For sure the Britons love their own.

"God over all"—poor Tennyson!
Smirches all the poet won;
Has not one word of song or praise,
For him who crowned his brows with bays;
No, for the great, the good Gladstone
Tells Irishmen "To hold their own."

——:o:——

THE ARREST OF FATHER KELLER AT YOUGHAL, COUNTY CORK

Arrest the priest who dares espouse,
The sacred cause of Truth and Right;
Arrest the priest, who'd dare arouse
Man's sinking heart, thro' gloom of night.

Imprison all who ask for life,
All who would dare that life to give;
There is no honor in the strife,
Then show them you've a right to live.

Let ghost of Forster stalk once more,
The troubled earth, in Balfour's form,
For creatures of his ilk galore,
Are there to quell the rising storm:

But will they still the growing hate,
That rages in the Irish heart;
As well avert the stroke of fate,—
As well enslave the lightning's dart:

Let broken statesmen tell the tale—
Their sleepless nights, their days of dread,
Howe'er they try they 're sure to fail,
E'en tho' their pens with blood are red.

The endless years forever roll,
Across the page of Irish life;
Yet as they pass, the purer soul
Emerges from the bloody strife.

The puny puppet of a day
Will play his pranks before high heaven;
Will e'en o'er-reach coercion's sway,
That he may show the Tory leaven.

But years of peace are drawing near,
The world grow's brighter day by day;
E'en bloody laws no more bring fear,
To those who would their terror stay.

The wrongs you heap on Ireland now,—
The wounds you deal, the lives you take,
Will bring dread fear to England's brow,
When foreign wars o'er her shall break.

In that grim hour of death and strife—
As guilty soul from heaven cast,
Would she restore the Irish life,—
In penitence wipe out the past.

——:o:——

ST. PATRICK'S DAY REDIVIVI.

AIR:—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

How long shall the red flag of Britain wave o'er us?
How long shall her mandates our people oppress?
How long shall the pall, which the tyrant flung o'er us
Obscure heaven's light, and our freedom suppress?
As long as her word is backed by her sword:
As long as her arm unbroken doth rule;
As long as her laws, smirch Liberty's cause;
So long shall she hold hapless Erin in bondage,
A gem without lustre, a flowerless May;
A sorrowing queen, for whom heroes shall muster,
And battle for Freedom on Patrick's Day.

Already, the tyrant is making concession,
And promising measures, she never will give;
Her infamous rule has been one of oppression;
And her gifts are bestowed that her power may live;
With threatening France, and the Russians' advance,
An emollient is offered dear Erin to thee;
An emollient *per se*, for some base Castlereagh;
To barter our rights to that treacherous nation,
Whose "Wise Legislation" we earnestly pray;
May end like the traitor, whose name is here mentioned,
And cut its vile throat on St. Patrick's Day.

All we seek from John Bull is entire separation—
"Home Rule" is a sham—a mere partisan cry—
For our long years of serfdom, we want a free nation,
And have it we will, tho' the tyrant should die:
This *regime* may do, for the lukewarm few,
Who would gladly accept any measure of grace;
But the boon of to-day, would be soon snatched away;

If ever the Russian should meet with disaster,
And the Briton be master, with power to slay;
We'd soon cross the Ocean, less graceful, and faster,
Than ever we did, on St. Patrick's Day.

Look eastward brave hearts, where the rosy cheeked morning,
Is gilding the hill tops, of Erin to-day,
With roseate hues, for the bridal adorning,
That decks Ocean's Queen this St. Patrick's Day.
For the land of our sires, of our loves, and desires,
Has donned the green Shamrock of Hope in her breast;
Has enkindled anew, all the fervor we drew,
From out the pure font, of our sweet sainted Erin,
Whose counsel endearing, ne'er led us astray,
But kept us enthralled, by the goal she is nearing,
Of God, and our Land, and St. Patrick's Day.

TO MY MOTHER.

The author, expecting re-arrest, hurriedly prepared to leave his native land, without acquainting his mother, but she, suspecting his intention, met the conveyance that was to bear him away, some distance from the town. After which followed an agonizing scene, which he has affectionately endeavored to picture, and which can only be realized by those who have had similiar experiences.—This was in the fall of 1865, immediately after the first arrests in Dublin and Cork.

How many years have fled since I
  Received the parting kiss from thee;
What sorrow since that last good-bye,—
  When you were heaven's fair light to me,
    My Mother!

The yearning look of tenderness,
  Which smote my heart as barb of pain;
The upraised hands that did me bless,
  In mem'ry's shrine shall e'er remain,
    My Mother!

Thy anguished cry of keen despair,
  That rent my breast at parting so!
Thy mute appeal to God in prayer,
  That He with me o'er earth would go,
    My Mother!

The ever-present, dread farewell,
Of hope, and joy, and life the dearth,
Upon thy sainted features fell,
That we should meet no more on earth,
My Mother!

And when the parting moment came,
And Freedom craved that I should go,
From thy loved lips I heard my name
To heaven ascend, thro' cry of woe,
My Mother!

Indistinct grew that much loved form,—
The light that lit affection's soul,—
And I was left to breast life's storm,
Without your gentle, sweet control,
My Mother!

How many hearts as thine were left,
By kindred sorrows seared and broken,
Of joy, and light, and life bereft,—
A dreary void, of Hope the token,
My Mother!

How many hearts as thine went down,
In silent sorrow to the dust;
With tearful wish, that God would crown,
The offspring which their bosoms nursed,
My Mother!

Beneath the oak-tree's cooling shade,
That much loved form forever lies;
In native earth forever laid.—
Your soul eternal in the skies,
My Mother!

——:o:——

THE EXILE'S SONG.

AIR:—"*Young Ellen Lorrain.*"

There is a green Island away o'er the ocean,
Whose mem'ries resurgent bring joy to the heart;
Whose struggles for freedom,—whose deeds of devotion
Awaken the glories, that erst would depart;
The sheen of its fields, and the glint of its rivers;
The song of its birds and the sweep of its hills;
As sunbeam of Hope, thro' the Irish heart quivers;
Or wild note of harp, in its magical trills.

How sweet are its songs thro' the roll of the ages;
How fruitful of virtue, of love and renown:
Thro' shadows of time, they glow 'mid the pages,
That bring to the exile his joy and his crown;
They warm the heart with each tender emotion;
They brighten the soul with their passionate swell;
Their pathos and fire, as the blue wave of ocean,
Now tranquil, now seething, as At-e's wierd spell.

How many brave hearts o'er the wild waves are speeding,
Oppress'd with the storm of hate at their breast;
How many sweet souls to the Saviour are pleading,
To guide their fair land to a haven of rest:
Thro' the conflict of war, or the statesman's endeavor;
Thro' dark clouds of havoc, of carnage, and strife,
To wrest their dear land from the tyrant forever,
And give to its brave sons, blest freedom and life.

REMEMBRANCE.

AIR :—"*St. Patrick's Day.*"

The glad song of Erin, once more o'er the ocean,
Is heard, tho' its notes are less fervid and clĕar;
Its numbers grow sad, yet its strains of devotion,
Bring hope on its wings to the Irishman here:
The Shamrock's as green, as bright in its sheen—
As pure and as stainless, as Freedom's sweet name;
Its mem'ries as bright as the morning's fair light,—
Oh! the rapture untold in the swell of thy numbers,
Dear song of old Ireland, tho' far, far away;
The sweet harp of Erin awakes from her slumbers
To welcome the dawning of Patrick's Day!

Unstinted our love for that dear land of sorrow,
Whose faith and devotion no pen could portray;
Whose dark days of gloom, see a glorious to morrow,
That deepens the green of St. Patrick's Day!
Her wrongs and her tears, thro' the vistas of years,
Have crimsoned the page, and have sullied her lay;
But Hope sheds her light on the gloom of her night,
Whose bright cheerful glow has a warmth within it,
Whose future shall win it, God's heavenly ray—
Her sweet song of freedom shall break forth in splendor,
To gladden our hearts on St. Patrick's Day!

Already the war-cry is heard with alarm,
That threatens our foe with destruction and death!
Already the clouds are portentous of storm,
And Freedom now smiles on the land of our birth!
Coercion and chain are all that remain,
To Erin's brave sons in this civilized age;

But the Muscovite's steel, shall yet make them
reel,
For the havoc and crimes they have wreaked
on our sireland,
The beautiful Island of ocean, away;
The Cossack of Don, and the Turcoman fiercer,
Shall yet right her wrongs on St. Patrick's
Day.

——:o:——

KATHLEEN.

Air :—"*Green Hills of Tyrol.*"

I've plucked a rose for fair Kathleen;
A beauteous rose, with leaves of green;
She 'll wear it in her sunny hair,
Or next her heart if I should care.
Her beauty's as glowing,
As its red leaves when blowing,
Set my thoughts sweetly flowing,
Their treasures to thee.
Oh! for thy sake, my heart's fair queen,
I'd give my life for Ireland's green;
With Ireland's cause I'd gladly wed,
And raise her Green. o'er England's Red!

When next we meet, my heart's delight,
I'll bring a wreath of shamrocks bright,—
The modest type of love and thee—
The joyous crown of liberty!
On thy bosom, as nearest;
As thy sweet love, is dearest,
When proudly thou hearst,
On mountain and lea,
The steady tramp of Freedom's corps,
When Ireland's heart shall grieve no more;
When beauteous flowers shall deck her green,
And gleam within thy hair, Kathleen.

The blushing morning's rosy beam,
That shines upon each hill and stream!
Is not more fair than Erin's queen—
The rose of love, my sweet Kathleen!
As, the halo of morning
Its fair tints suborning!
All its glories adorning,
The eastern sky!
So doth my love in beauty glow!
As fair and pure as heaven's bow!
The fairest flower that decks the green,—
My beauteous love, my sweet Kathleen.

THE BOYCOTT.

AIR :—*Kate Kearney.*

O, did you ne'er hear of old Boycott,
Who lived in the land where the dry rot?
Of laws the accursed,
And of land-lords the worst,
Was this infamous rascal named Boycott,

But, the Irish concocted the sly lot,
To make matters warm for Boycott,
Neither pastry nor meat,
Would they sell him to eat,
So he vamosed the ranch, did old Boycott.

Then he sailed o'er the Ocean, and why not?
For Columbia has many a Boycott;
There his acts and his shame
Were lost, but his name
Will long be remembered as Boycott.

For Columbia has many a Boycott;
Unprincipled, greedy, and sly that
Bring shame and disgrace,
On this country's fair face:
Where no room should exist for a Boycott.

And now 'tis a question we try that,
Oppressors be dealt with like Boycott:
If the workman's just cause,
Be not backed by the laws
Why, then lay on the knout of the boycott.

For a chastening rod is the boycott,
It enters Tim Murphy's and my cot,
And, as true men we swear,
We'll not eat, smoke, nor wear
An article branded with boycott!!!

Here's a lung-splitting cheer for the boycott,
'T is the net-work that catches each sly plot;
To the brave Knights of L.,
May their power soon tell,
How they've humbled their foes with the boycott.

——:o:——

SHATTERED HOPES.

AIR:—*Ailleen Aroon.*

False hearted Britain thou'rt ever the same,
Merciless tyrant, where, where is thy shame?
Where are thy pledges now?
Stamped on thine alien brow,—
A traitor to honor thou,—
Falsehood 's thy name.

To-day Erin's cause is more potent than thine;
To-day Erin's sun doth as brilliantly shine;
Honor and Truth to wield,
Over her broken shield,
Hopeful another field,
Laurels may twine.

Long shall thy perfidy ring thro' the years;
Long shall thy broken faith mirror thy fears;
Long shall your Celtic foe
Pay thee back blow for blow;
Thro' dark scenes of strife and woe,
Bloodshed and tears!

And thou, glorious land, of the true and the brave,
Speed thy glad message of hope o'er the wave!
Show the sororicide
Erin's deep wounds, that hide
Justice too long denied—
Liberty's grave!

FREEDOM'S HYBRID.

On the Resolution of Sympathy for Ireland Introduced in the Rhode Island Legislature.

To-day when the freedom of Ireland draws near,
And her statesmen await the dread issue with fear;
Lo! puny Rhode Island, contracted and mean,
Awakens surprise, by her bigoted spleen,—
Refuses her sympathy—trivial at best,
As a hybrid that's hatched in fair Liberty's nest;
Refuses to Ireland her beggarly mite,
In the struggle of freemen to battle for right.
Contemptible Star, 'mongst your sisters the least,
Henceforth let your place on the Banner be creased.

Undisturbed, shall the heart of this country e'er beat,
For a people with valor and virtues replete;
Undisturbed shall it beat, whilst a freeman remains,
To shatter the bandings of Liberty's chains.

Whilst a Barry's, a Kearney's, a Sullivan's name,
Is inscribed on her scroll, in the temple of Fame;
Whilst a Shield's brilliant triumph, a Sheridan's ride,
As bright stars of glory, shall rank side by side;
And the red fields of slaughter historic have been,
Thro' the *esprit de corps* of the sons of the Green.

——:o:——

ERIN AROON.

Far o'er the Ocean wide,
Erin Aroon!
Far o'er the dancing tide,
Erin Aroon!
Neath your mild sunny skies,
Nature adorned lies;—
Sweet as your symphonies,
Erin Aroon!

Clear are thy streams that flow,
Erin Aroon!
Balmy thy breezes blow,
Erin Aroon!
Fair are thy flow'ry meads,
Crystaled with dewey beads;
Fair as thy noble deeds,
Erin Aroon!

Fair be thy destiny,
Erin Aroon!
Fair as God's Litany,
Erin Aroon!
Fair as your sapphire skies,
Tinged with the morning dyes;
Fair as our sympathies,
Erin Aroon!

Sad is the song you sing,
Erin Aroon!
Plaintive its echoes ring,
Erin Aroon!
Fling the sad harp away,
Nerve for the noble fray;
Sing them a bolder lay,
Erin Aroon!

Unpitying all are they,
Erin Aroon!
Wedded to tyranny,
Erin Aroon!
Laughing at sorrow's tear,
Steeping the heart in fear:
Grimly and cold and drear,
Erin Aroon!

——:o:——

THE UNION JACK.

Lines written on seeing the Union Jack floating from the Masthead of the Erastus Corning, Jr., a pleasure boat plying between Troy and Albany.

They tell me I live in a land made free,
By the blood of a giant race!
They show me their flag of Liberty,
With the Stars and Stripes on its face!
They tell me it floats where the Cross of St. George,
Had once dyed this land in blood!
And over dead bodies had made a gorge,
Of those who for Freedom stood!

And I bless me I 'scaped, from a far off land,
Where high over castle and wold,
That same Red Flag doth as proudly stand,
As it did in this land of old:

And keenly my thoughts rush down thro' the years,
That have buried my land in gloom;
And fervid my prayers, that, that Isle of tears,
Will yet wear its verdant bloom!

As thus I muse, a boat shoots past,
On the breast of the Hudson's wave;
And over the *Stars*, and *Stripes*,—from the mast!
Floats the Flag, that marks *Freedom's grave!*
And I tell them, ye dastards! ye are not free!
Your Flag hangs its head in shame!
Whilst over its folds, as in victory!
Waves the one which your hearts doth claim!

The following editorial notice, on the foregoing poem, was published in the Troy Press of September 23d, 1869:

The beautiful and spirited poem, which we publish to-day on our third page, is from the pen of a resident of the Ninth Ward of this city. It has the genuine ring of Tom Moore's verses, and the spirit of Robert Emmet. We can almost excuse the act of an American, flying the British "Union jack" from the masthead of his boat, since it has produced such a stirring remonstrance. Why should an Irishman delight in the sight of the British flag, when he remembers the centuries through which Great Britain has oppressed his people? The time when these oppressions began, is now so far distant, that the acts of the Irish people, to throw off the galling yoke, the risings in arms, the burning towns, and the slaughter are all cited by the Lords and Commons of Parliament, as so

many reasons, why the foot of the lion should press all the more firmly upon the Irish neck. And when, at last, Parliament and the English people see that something must be done, to stay the tide of Fenianism that threatens to cause the British government years of grievous trouble, an emollient is administered, in the shape of a bill, for the disestablishment of the Irish Church; which is as sure as the old Church system was, to keep the Irish people divided. Separate the rods and they may be broken the more easily, is the policy of shrewd John Bull. Stir up religious matters, so that the different sects will fight among themselves, instead of uniting in the cause which should lie nearest every Irish heart—namely, freedom for Ireland, and the people may be made still longer to undergo the oppression of British rule. These are England's crafty plans. Why is not something done to relieve the "peasantry" of Ireland (as those wretched people are poetically termed); some revison made of the laws relating to the tenure of lands; something that will give bread and raiment, and fuel and happiness, as the wages of honest labor? The Church Bill! Who is profited by its passage? Not the most needy, surely. Scarcely had the bill been passed, and we were promised that all the ills of Ireland had found their cure, when the cable brought the news of a sickening case of the ejectment, of several families from their poor homes, and men, women and children crowded by scores into a cow shed, to seek shelter from the winds and the rains. All according to LAW. Of course it was. That is what we complain of. Let the laws be so changed, that these wretched people may fare better than the ox and the hog. Until Great Britain does this, she will find an Irish thorn in her side; and some fine morning Johnny Bull will look across the stormy channel, to see a green flag waving in the western horizon, and if he puts on his spectacles he will find a golden harp on it, too.

BEAUTEOUS KATHLEEN.

Fondly I dream of thee, beauteous Kathleen!
Fair as the summer's tints, my hearts fair queen!
Fair as the morning's light,
Chasing the gloom of night!
Fair as the lily bright,
Beauteous Kathleen!

Honor and Truth are thine, fairest Kathleen:
Beauty and grace are thine, Purity's queen:
Pure as the breeze that blows,
Where the sweet blue-bell grows;
Pure as the winter's snows,
Beauteous Kathleen!

My life is part of thee, much loved Kathleen!
Thou sweet rose of memory, dearest Kathleen;
Oh! for one sunny beam,
Over our lives to stream;
Glorious as Freedom's dream!
Loveliest Kathleen.

THE LOST BOTTLE.

Lines on the bottle dropped at sea by Michael O'Connor of Cohoes, and picked up by Capt. Payne, on the Massachusetts coast.

Indeed, friend O'Connor, I read all the news,
'Bout yourself and your ould empty bottle;
How you stuck your address, of your home in Cohoes,
Away 'neath its air-chambered throttle;
Were it flung in the deep full of Irish potheen,
All sparkling and radiant with glory,
You'd cross o'er again to that Island of Green,
Before you'd e'er hear of its story.

Had Capt. Payne found it, with pure Innishowen,
Filled up to its neck to the stopple,
As shure as a Connaught-man lives in Athlone,
You'd never hear more of your bottle;
Why the shark and the whale would contend for the prize;
Would set the wild waves in commotion,
Till Neptune, with Trident, would put out their eyes,
For disturbing his rest 'neath the ocean!

I'll speak for myself, who never was there,
Who never broke blackthorn wattle—
I'd go from Cohoes, to sweet Innisfail,
To get the first squig of that bottle;
Its parentage, whether in Cork or Athlone;
In Lim'rick, or fair Dublin City;
The man who imbibes it is never alone,
For his speech is both fluent and witty.

If the bottle were full sure 'twould drift t'other way,
Along with the stream of the ocean,
For only such bottles come over to stay,
Chock full of air and commotion!
I envy the Captain who sniffied its perfume,—
Aromatic as Araby's spices:
Of the deep disappointment that settled in gloom,—
Where no longer its nectar entices.

AILEEN.

AIR :—"*My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.*"

There's a beautiful land, in the ocean away,
Whose mem'ries oft hallow my dreams;
Whose beauties grow bright, as the light of the day,
That breaks o'er its mountains and streams;
But the hand of the spoiler brought sorrow and death,
To that sweet sainted Isle o'er the wave;
And forced me away, from the home of my birth,
To seek from the stranger a grave.

I remember the time, when my heart was as bright,
As the sun-beam that sports o'er its green;
When Liberty's song, was my dream and delight,
And I lived in the love of Aileen;
The joy of my life, was to live in her smile,
And to foster the cause she adored;
For next to my Aileen, I loved that Green Isle,
Where the virtues of nations are stored!

O, her dark flashing eye, had more terrors for me,
Than the red, streaming ranks of the foe;
Whose gleams were as swift, as the lightning set free,
Put my heart and my cheeks in a glow!
So I promised fair Aileen, her love should inspire,
The feelings long nursed in my breast:
To battle for Freedom, to plot, and conspire,
Till our beautiful Erin was blest.

Our parting was sweet, as our meeting was bright;
But the future brought sorrow and gloom;
For the day of my pardon to freedom and light,
Saw my Aileen conveyed to the tomb;
Her sweet spirit pined, as the years rolled away,
And the dream of her life was unblest!
Till her beautiful soul, thro' the portals of day,
Took its place 'mong the choirs of the blest!

TO JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

James Clarence Mangan, was born in Dublin in 1803, and received his education at an unpretentious school in the neighborhood of his father's grocer shop. At the age of fifteen, he was employed as a copyist, in a lawyer's office at a small weekly salary. In 1830 his writings to the magazines and periodicals of the day, attracted wide attention, and obtained for him a position on the topograhical staff of the Ordnance Survey, under Dr. Petrie, His writings breathe the most fervent sentiment, and love of native land. His "Nameless One,"

> "Roll forth my song like the rushing river
> That sweeps along to the mighty sea."

is a master piece of poetic effusion.

Few, if any, of Ireland's gifted sons deserves kinder remembrance in the hearts of his countrymen, than the devoted, but unfortunate, Mangan. In the 46th year of his age, he was seized with cholera, and died on the 20th of June, 1849, three years prior to that of Moore.

His translations from the Irish, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Danish and Eastern languages, were marked by rare judgment and taste, and evinced a mind, which, under other circumstances, would outstrip his contemporaries. But though he died in obscurity and poverty, his writings will ever point to his grave, with reverence and love.

Ill fated bard, how pure the stream
You gave to Fame;
How sweetly culled each glowing theme,
That marks your name;
No pensioned scribe to tyrant pow'r;
No crimson rose in foreign bow'r;
In Ireland's deepest, darkest hour,
You would inflame
The Mind's best thought,—the noble dower—
Bright Freedom's aim!

Your burning words thro' earth have cried
For Liberty;
Unchecked as Ocean's boundless tide,
And brave to see!
Among the bards of Erin, none
Have brighter laurels for her spun,—
The heart's desire—Fair Freedom won,
For country,
Your muse glowed fiery as the sun
Exultingly!

Your Roseen Dhu, unchanged remains,
Sweet child of song;
As when you 'd snap her cruel chains
Of crime and wrong;
Thro' Time's dark avenue of years,
There beams no sunlight thro' her tears;
Her days with clouds, and gloom, and fears
Forever throng;
Before the Ruler of the spheres
Her woes prolong.

From fervid heart I give to thee
Renown and praise;
Thou gifted son of Liberty,
Uncrowned thy days.

For manhood's rights your pen sped fire;
Ennobled every proud desire;
Thro' want and sickness soaring higher—
Undying lays—
Forging thoughts, that would inspire,
Man's noblest ways.

——:o:——

ASPIRATION.

My native land is fair and bright—
Beautiful and brave;
My native land is full of light,
Beside the western wave;
My native land with flowers is decked;
My native land with beauties specked;
My hopes were on its bosom wrecked,
Ere I would be a slave.

My native land is filled with love,
Earnest, fair and true;
My native land would gladly prove,
How much her sons could do;
My native land would gladly trace;
Unfading as her beauteous face,
The freedom of her gifted race;
With light from heaven above.

My native land has charms untold,
  Deep hidden in her breast;
More precious far than gems or gold,
  Or beauty's jeweled crest;
Her life is pledged to Liberty;
Her Faith is pledged to Sanctity;
Her sons as brave on land or sea,
  As fortune e'er caressed.

My native land will yet arise
  Resplendent as the sun;
My native land will pierce the skies,
  With deeds of valor done;
My native land will yet be free,
As is the bird that skims her sea,—
The glorious home of Liberty,
  And long sought honors won.

RELIGIOUS POEMS.

——:o:——

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

The morning of Life, how bright and fair,
  Unclouded, and pure, and blest;
How free from the sorrow, and grief, and care,
  That flow thro' the aged breast;
Whilst youth is my portion here below,
  And its skies look bright and clear;
May streams of Love from its bosom flow,
  To the God who is ever near!

Around the heart, what memories cling,
  As we journey thro' the years;
And some are bright, as an angel's wing,
  And some of them wet with tears!
The sunshine of youth too soon is fled,
  And the threat'ning clouds appear,
Whose silver-lining is seen o'erhead,
  Whenever my God is near!

Temptations will come, but the soul secure,
And watchful, and brave, and bold,
Unsullied shall rise, as fair and pure,
As the glints of shining gold!
The pleasures of life, are false and few,—
Their heritage, but a tear!
They come as the siren, fair to view,—
Before God, they disappear!

If age must come, and the weary years
Should gather around my life;
I know that an angel will dry the tears,
I'll shed in the bitter strife;
And when the dread summons shall break the gloom,
The timid have met with fear!
I'll welcome the herald that bears my doom,
For I know my God is near!

——:o:——

DEATH.

He speeds on the wings of the morning!
He pierces the depths of the night!
His presence is felt without warning—
As shadow pursuing the light!

His promise fulfilled to the lowly,
As those who on velvet recline;
His promptings, exalted and holy,
Would make all our actions divine!

Unpurchased his power, as the glory
That beams on our souls from on high;
The legend of Time, grim and hoary,
"That all who are born must die!"
He bears thro' the scroll of the ages,
Unquestioned, unfettered, and brave:
To the thoughtles as well as the sages,
His finger e'er points to the grave!

The proud of the earth bend before him;
The beauty of earth are his prey;
The child who would gladly adore him,
As an angel is borne away;
He gathers fair flowers for heaven,
Bedewed by a mother's fond tears;
Where virtue and goodness have striven,
He bears them away thro' the spheres!

The present is ever his morrow,—
To the tardy the future is dear.—
Unrepentant—a respite would borrow
When the Angel of Death 's standing near:
In that exquisite moment of sorrow,
Ere the dart of the slayer is sped,
What would we not give for the morrow,
With all its bright glories outspread!

CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Sing! grateful hearts the praise of Him,
Who lit the Star of Bethlehem!
Who leads the choirs of Seraphim,
With rapturous song divine!
On this transcendent Night of nights!
Our souls are filled with strange delights!
As those who saw on Thabor's heights,
His wondrous glories shine!

Upon this Night celestial choirs,
Break forth in song, that never tires!
Supernal as the heavenly fires
That thro' the ages roll!
From star to star, the shining host;
Sing, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
In strains whose thrills are never lost,
Upon the thirsting soul!

On this fair Night the shepherds bent,
At voice of the Omnipotent!
Their steps where Heaven its Treasure sent,—
Of priceless love untold!

Fair Zion's Daughter on this night,
Gave earth her Star of fadeless light!
The Rose of Sharon, gleaming bright!
By prophets sung and told!

Exalted Night! when Serpent's head
Was crushed beneath the Virgin's tread!
Of Jesse's root—The Living Bread
Announced thro' earth and sky!
On this great Night man rose redeemed,
As fair as star that o'er him beamed!
Baptized anew, in love that streamed,
In glory from on high!

——:o:——

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

There is a day—a bright fair day,
That comes to crown the year;
When joy and song, and endless praise
To God, sound far and near;
Of all the days that roll along
O'er Time's unerring course,
Glad Christmas is the fairest one,
That sparkles at his source.

Thro' the clear crisp air of winter,
When the world looks chill and drear.
The merry bells are pealing forth
Their anthems sweet and clear;
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!
To Him who reigns on high,
Is heard thro' earth and heaven,—
The angels song of joy.

Who does not love fair Christmas!
The harbinger of joy,
When God sent down His only Son,
Eternal, from on high;
To loose our souls from bondage;
To fill our hearts with cheer,
On this transcendent morning,—
The brightest of the year?

He comes, the joy of angels,
To gladden this fair earth;
The brightest star of heaven
Shines o'er His place of birth;
And yet more fair that mother,
Than Bethlehem's glorious star,—
The spotless Queen of Heaven,—
More beautiful by far.

Bring forth the yew and ivy,
With holly branch between,
To deck the altars of each church
With garlands fresh and green;

Sound, sound the pealing organ,
Sing, sing the tuneful choir,
Of "peace on earth to all good men,
Whose souls to God aspire."

Venite Adoremus!
Pervades the earth and sky;
Venite Adoremus!
Celestial voices cry;
Thro' jasper halls empyrean,
To lowliest cot of earth,
The heavenly courts resplendent,
Sing out the Saviour's birth.

A happy, happy Christmas,
Our prayerful wish shall be,
To those whose souls are cleansed from sin
Thro' God's nativity;
Of all the days that bless the year,
Be this the fairest gem,
That comes to cheer the winter's gloom,
With joyous song and hymn.

WHO 'LL ROLL BACK THE STONE?

"For an angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and coming, rolled back the stone and sat upon it."—Matt. xxviii: 1-7 verses.

Here, with my heart, with its thoughts alone,
I think of that morning fair;
When the Angel of God rolled back the stone—
And shone in his glory there.

Conception of light, to the darkened soul,
Obscured by the cloud of sin,
That fain would battle to reach the goal,
Where the angel shines within.

Conception of light, to the weary heart,
Oppressed 'neath its load of care;
Would from its burden of woes depart
To the breast of its God, in prayer.

Would roll the stone of Oppression back,
From the sepulcher of the mind;
Would follow the light of the Angel's track,
With a purpose unconfined.

How many there are who roll the stone,
Of sorrow and gloom and tears;
Which darken the path, where the sunlight shone,
On the joys of the fading years.

If man were an Angel of Light to man,
Untrammeled he'd tread alone:
As bright, as when first his life began,
When the Angel rolled the stone.

If man were an angel that rolled the stone,
From the breast of his fellow-man,
How bright that path to the Heavenly Throne,
Where the years are but a span.

——:o:——

CASTING THE STONE.

He that is without sin among you let him cast a stone at her.—John viii: 1-11.

How few, if any, dare cast the stone,
Whose souls are not stained by sin;
How few, if any, to Him are known,
Whose conscience is pure within.

How few, if any, dare tread alone
The intricate path of life;
Without God's mercy to cast the stone,
That arms our hearts for the strife.

How few, if any, dare judge the hearts,
Of those whom our souls despise;
When the King of Kings His mercies darts
From the brow of the farthest skies!

For man's vain judgment is weak indeed,
When measured against the skill,
Of Him, who treasures His creatures' need,
In the depths of His mighty will.

May the Finger of God the pardon trace,
In the Book of Living Light;
In letters of Mercy, of Love and Grace
When this world recedes from sight.

Oh! may the command, which the Master gave,
To favor, our hearts restore,
That passing o'er life's dark surging wave,
We may go and sin no more.

PRAYER.

Heaven's fair fruit! the thirsting soul
  Receives its draught of bliss from thee;
Invisible, thy sweet control
  Revokes the wrath of Heaven's decree!

In doubt or sorrow, care or grief,
  A refuge thou, secure and fair;
You bring the weary heart relief,—
  For soothing is the balm of Prayer!

You penetrate the darkest cloud,
  And show beyond a vista bright!
To Nature's God you cry aloud!
  And pierce the ebon arch of night!

Enfranchised, as the beam of morn,
  Your heavenly purpose fair and pure;
Of God's transcendent glories born,—
  His promised joys, you would secure.

As is the rain drop to the sod;
  As is the sun-beam to the rose;
Thro' Nature's depths, the voice of God,
  Around the soul mysterious glows!

There is no heart however cold;
  There is no soul however dead;
That does not beam with love untold,
  When your fair light is round them shed!

——:o:——

BENEVOLENCE.

DEDICATED TO THE C. B. L.

He who would help his fellow man;—
  Would band with him as brother,
Is true to Heaven's eternal plan,—
  Assisting one another.

He who would raise the lowly up—
  Would save the heart from sinking,
Drinks deep of Nature's genial cup,—
  God's sacred precepts linking.

There beams a glory round the soul,
  Of him, whose words would sever,
The passions, which our hearts control,
  Would loose our bonds forever.

Society, protecting, pure!
  Ennobling and fraternal;
Would our best hopes on earth secure,
  Beyond, a life eternal!

Would chase the clouds of want and strife,
From those whose loves we cherish,—
The helpless babe, the patient wife,
Oh! would we have them perish?

Whose counsels would our lives enhance;—
Would dry the tears of sorrow,
Are cheering as the beams that glance
From rounded sun to-morrow!

The sacred bonds that bind us here,
The children of one Mother,
Make us to one another dear;—
As brother is to brother.

To God and creed and country true,—
The pioneers of Freedom;
Who would the paths of men pursue;—
Would from their pitfalls lead them.

To them be honor, worth and praise,
Beyond the Pen's endeavor;
Their glorious work with length of days,
And goodness beaming ever!

THE PALM—PALM SUNDAY.

Emblem of praise and victory—
As conquest of the soul o'er sin:
Our thoughts to-day triumphantly
Arise, where angels' songs begin!
Hosanna to Great David's Son!
The heavens resound the glorious strain:
Give praise to God for conquest won—
Eternal as Jehovah's reign!

No captive bears He in His train;
No victor's spoils, no trophied weal;
No bruised heart, no maddened brain
Are crushed beneath His chariot wheel.
Hosannas ring! glad voices shout!
The heavens with joy are filled to-day;
The Prince of Peace dispels all doubt;
Then strew palm branches in His way.

No costly trappings,—prancing steed,—
His heavenly victories proclaim;
No glitt'ring heralds Him precede,
To shout the Great Messiah's name!

Arrayed in robes of purity,—
The olive branch and palm combine,
To sing the God of Mystery,—
In all His attributes divine.

Herald of conquest and of love,
Thou com'st to crown the Easter morn;
Thou bear'st garlands from above,
To deck the brow of man new born.
What memories thine, O, Christian heart:
That thro' the years has bourne the palm;
Who sees the clouds of heaven part,
In joy, eternal, sweet, and calm!

——:o:——

THE AGONY.

The Pasch was over, that glorious feast,
With God the Son as its first High Priest;
The time had come when that Patient God
Should tread the steps by no man ere trod;
When the Law and the Prophets' dreaded ban
Should break on the Life of the Son of Man;
When the Fiat of God, to sin allied,
Would on the morrow be ratified;
When the traitor that dipped his hand that day,
In the dish with Him, would His life betray;

But woe to the traitor, whose thirst for gold,
And sordid heart, his great Master sold!

A hymn was sung ere they bent their way,
To that hallowed spot, Gethsemane;
Transcendent hymn, when the world's Desire,
Gave forth the words, and then led the choir;
When the Joy of heaven, the Light of earth,
Broke forth in praise of our glorious birth;
Had pierced the depths of the farthest bound,
To Him, the "Ancient of Days," profound.

As evening's shadows begin to fall
O'er God's fair city renowned o'er all;
The Promised of nations wends His way
To that loved retreat, Gethsemane;
To drink the Chalice of Sin and Death,
And fulfil the Law with His latest breath.

The Syrian sun had drawn his beam,
From Cedron's brook and from Jordan's stream;
Had crested the brow of Olives, fair,
Where the Author of Life now kneels in pray'r;
Had hurried his course o'er Libanus' height,
And lit fair Tyre in his golden light;
Then sinking beneath the ocean's breast,
Rolled his fiery car to the distant west.

His glorious eyes now rest upon,
Peter and James, and the much loved John;

These does He ask to watch and pray,
Ere the Tempter should steal their hearts away;
This said, He leaves them—then prostrate falls,
On the troubled earth, and there loudly calls,
On Him the Father of Love and Light,
Who reigns supreme in empyrean height;
On Him the Father whose Throne is sought,
In vain on the wings of human thought;
That the chalice of wrath should pass away
From His sinless hands, on that dreadful day.

For His soul is heavy, and drops of blood,
On His glorious face and body stood;
For the sins of man, as the temptests course,
Oppress His soul with their hideous force;
For the sins of man, must the mandate fill,
And bow His head to His Father's will.

Thrice does He seek His beloved the while,
To find them asleep 'neath the Tempter's guile;
As tho' the Father of Life and Light
Would shield His Beloved from mortal sight.
And now He tells them to "Rest and sleep,"
For the hour had come with horrors deep!
When His sinless life should atone for all,
That sinned from the time of Adam's fall.

Already the traitor is on his way,
Who will the Light of the world betray;

Already his voice in the Garden 's heard;
Already the branches around are stirred;
Already he kisses the Master's cheek;
Already the rabble around Him break;
Already in demon strife and sport,
He 's hurried along to Caiphas' court.

——:o:——

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

How paint that fearful grouping;
That surging throng of hate,
That gathered its frenzied numbers,
Before the Prætor's gate.

How paint those hideous faces,
That glower as things of Doom;
On their meek and patient Captive,
Whose fires the heavens illume.

Thro' the streets of that mighty city,—
Where once Jehovah trod,
The rabble of death is speeding;
Their victim—the Son of God.

In view of that Sacred Temple,
That gems Moria's brow;
And Zion of the "Just One,"—
Is silent watcher now.

"Vision of Peace" they called thee!
Thou city without compare;
In days of the kings and prophets,
When thy joys were bright and fair.

When thy daughters struck their tabors,
With harp and lute among;
And their cymbals crashed the glory,
Of Israel's joyous song.

But thy vision of peace is over,
And havoc, and death, and gloom,
Surround God's favored city,—
That treasured the Psalmist's tomb.

"City of God" they called thee,
But that name from thee is fled,
And the pæans that woke its glories
Into life, are forever dead.

The Praetorium Hall is entered,
By that surging, seething throng,
Fierce as the waves of ocean
When the tempest rolls along.

As the waves that break in fury,
O'er rocks 'neath ocean hid,
The swell of vengeance gathers
In terror and woe amid.

In vain the judge is pleading,
For the Captive's stainless life;
In vain he seeks to pardon
The innocent cause of strife.

In vain he tries to smother,
Their savage cry for blood;
For the Fiat of God is stronger
Than the pleadings their hearts withstood.

Lowly and meekly bending,
In vesture of spotless white;
He hears the cruel sentence,
That opens the gates of light.

No murmur of wrong escapes Him,
For His mission is one of love;
And the cruel gibes of malice,
Arise to the throne above.

And the words of crucifixion,—
Those thrilling words of fear,
Are heard in the highest heavens,
And borne from sphere to sphere.

Now wash your hands, O, Pilate,
That no stain of guilt remains;
For the "Fruit of Man's Redemption"
Has snapped the Tyrant's chains.

Let the guilty now have freedom ;
Let the sinless die the death ;
Let Barabas howl your fury,
With foul and fetid breath.

Away to the scourge and pillar ;
Away to Golgatha's height:
But the gloom and the strife you gather,
Will break into floods of light.

And your crime, where will it find you,
In the hour of your direst woe ;
When your towers, and walls, and ramparts,
Shall fall 'neath the Roman foe.

When havoc, and death, and famine,
Shall compass thee round about ;
And the din of strife and battle,
Shall belch from each savage mouth ?

In that hour of dread and terror,
When thy myriad hosts are slain,
Will arise no voice of pity,
To mourn your cry of pain.

In that hour of desolation,
When no hand is raised to save ;
And your proud and godless city,
Is as one upturned grave.

When your valor and pride are broken,
And those who shall find no graves,
Are banished and cursed forever,
And borne away as slaves.

——:o:——

THE SEVEN DOLORS.

THE CIRCUMCISION.

Obedient to the Mosiac Code,
The Sacred blood of Jesus flowed!
Sinless and pure, His mother's heart
Is pierced by grief's first poignant dart!

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Unsheltered 'neath Egyptian sun,
She flies to save the Holy One,
From Herod's murderous decree,
Inspired of God, protectingly;
Her sainted spouse, o'er desert sands,
Attends her flight, at Heaven's commands.

LOST IN THE TEMPLE.

Three days her heart with grief is wrung
At loss of Him, eternal sprung!
Untiring in her search is she,
Of Heaven's fair Fruit the Mystery!

Whilst He would Heaven's fair seed instil,
Obedient to His Father's Will.

CARRYING THE CROSS.

What words can bring her soul relief;
What balm assuage its wounds and grief;
When she, the Virgin, ever blessed
Beholds her Son with woes oppressed;
Bearing the Cross of sin and shame,
As tho' His life was one of blame.

THE DEATH.

Shut out the dull deep sounds of dread!
When God the Son with Hands outspread;
And sacred Feet, transfixed and torn,
Are of their grace and beauty shorn!
Shut out the hammer's cruel thud!
That nailed their glories to the wood.
Shut out the THIRSTING, DYING GOD!!!

JESUS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

Disfigured, bleeding, Heaven appeased!
She sees His Hands and Feet released!
God's fairest Promise, pierced and torn!
Is from the Cross unpitying borne!
Is now a mother's sainted care,
Her grief, her sorrow, and her prayer!

THE BURIAL.

She sees Him borne to the grave,
Who came on earth, Man's soul to save!
She sees the stone, its mouth conceal,
Securely bound with Caesar's seal!
The joy that Heaven vouchsafed to her
Is now entombed in Sepulcher.

——:o:——

THE VIA DOLOROSA.

I STATION.

Christ sentenced to Death.

Profound Oh! God of wondrous mystery;—
Whose blood was shed, that man redeemed should be;
We see Thee sentenced to a cruel death.
Amid the jeers, and scoffer's shouts of mirth.

II STATION.

Jesus bears His Cross.

Inestimable love! Supremely blest!
When we behold our Saviour's shoulders pressed,
By the dark burden of our direful sins,
Whose heavy weight, at Calvary's foot begins.

III STATION.

Jesus falls the first time under the Cross.

Fair Light of heaven, whose mysteries appall:
Whose praise is sung by Seraphim o'er all.
We now behold Thee, as in weakness prone,
Beneath the Cross, that should be ours alone.

IV STATION.

Jesus meets His Blessed Mother.

What mind conceives the anguish and the woe
Before unfelt by mother here below;
When she, the Virgin, fairer than the morn,
Beholds her Son, with angry lashes torn!

V STATION.

Simon of Cryene helps Jesus carry His Cross.

Could we with Simon blest, of Cyrene,
Thread the dark road that leads to Calvary:
Could we assist our Saviour to the mount,
To drink unstinted drafts from heavenly fount.

VI STATION.

Jesus and Veronica.

Veronica—what pity touched thee now,
To wipe sin's terrors from the Master's brow?
Pure as thy soul, that linen cloth shall trace,
The beauteous imprint of His glorious face.

VII STATION.

Jesus falls the second time.

He falls once more, O, crushing weight of grief,
Send down just Heaven, swift comfort and relief:
The earth appalled, would hide the precious load,
And in her breast would find some sweet abode.

VIII STATION.

Jesus comforts the women of Jerusalem.

We now behold Him, fainting, bleeding, torn;—
Of all His beauty and His splendor shorn;
Comforting those whose tears for Him would flow;
Whose pitying hearts would enter in His woe.

IX STATION.

Jesus falls a third time.

Exhausted Nature, weeping and aghast!
Sees her Great Master, bruised and torn and lashed;
Unpitying earth beholds that glorious Form,
Prostrate and weak, as dove before the storm.

X STATION.

Jesus is Stripped of His Clothes.

O, sacred Flesh! we see the blood rent scars,
Whose dark red hue, the God of Nature mars;
We see Him stripped beneath the clear blue sky,
Prepared to journey to His home on high.

XI STATION.

Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.

O, Sun of heaven, hasten thou thy course;
And thou, O, Earth relax thy wheeling force;
The God that gave ye beauties to admire,
Who guid'st thine orbits thro' celestial fire:
Whose word unerring ne'er thro' Time has failed,
Is now on earth, as malefactor nailed!

XII STATION.

Jesus Dies.

We now behold Him, pierced, and torn and dead,
His priceless Blood for man's redemption shed;
Forgiving, meek, dying, as God sh'd die;
Breathing His soul in prayer to Him on high.

XIII STATION.

Jesus taken down from the Cross.

Now take Him Mary to your sainted breast,
Whose infant hands you tenderly caressed;
Press those cold lips that spoke their bliss to thee,
From Bethlehem's crib to fateful Calvary:
Kiss those sweet wounds, whose rosy mouths have given
That precious tide, that cleansed our souls for heaven.

XIV STATION.

Jesus is laid in the Tomb.

And now the last sad scene, announced of old,
From lips of God, thro' prophet sung and told:—
The price, betrayal, crucifixion, all,
For sins of Man committed from the Fall:
The buffets, stripes, the seamless coat there spoken;
The precious Body, pierced, but yet unbroken:
All, all, prefigured, heaven's atonement made
For sins of man, by Blood of Jesus paid!

Now bear His body, fresh from spice and myrrh,
To the dark chamber of the sepulcher;
Where never man in Death's embrace had slept,
By God designed—for His Beloved kept.

Roll your great stone against its mouth, and
then,
Shout, shout your triumph to the sons of men :—
But God triumphant over Death and Sin
Will on the morrow break its fastening ;
Will roll the stone of Death ! ! Far, far, away.
Beyond the glories of His brightest day !

——:o:——

THE CRUCIFIXION.

Here, where the Evening gathers
Her shadows of gloom around,
Have they raised the Cross of Jesus,
Erect from the grassy mound.

Here, where the skull of Adam,
By Melchisedech's hand was laid ;
Have they raised that glorious Form,
Whose beams the heavens pervade.

Over that brow of splendor,
That shone as the mid-day sun ;
The atoning blood is streaming,
The conflict o'er Death is won.

And the sacred hands that ever,
The blessings of life bestowed,
To the blind, the lame, and stricken,
Are nailed to the cruel wood.

Mute are those lips that uttered,
Words which no tongue ere told;
Pierced is that heart that kindled,
With treasures of love untold.

And those feet that glowed on Thabor,
Transfixed is their beauty now;
Whose imprints left their glory,
On Olivet's favored brow.

Here stands His sacred Mother—
The Virgin surpassing fair,
Pierced with a sword of sorrow,
The mirror of grief and prayer.

Here the "Beloved Disciple,"
Who lay on the Master's Breast,
When the Bread of Life was broken,
And the Chalice of Life was blest.

The Magdalene lowly kneeling,
With penitent tears and grief,
Kisses the Cross that bears Him,
Whose words brought her soul relief.

Here the beloved Salome,
The mother of James and John,
Would fain divide the anguish,
That presses each heart upon.

And this is the pomp and glory,
That heaven vouchsafes to Him,—
Prince of the Shining Cohorts;
Light of the Seraphim!

Where now the myriad voices,
That shouted His name in praise?
Where now the joy and splendor,
That beamed on the God of Days?

Alas! and alas! how lonely,
Is all His following now;
Who stood as a God transfigured,
On Thabor's hallowed brow.

Only four tireless watchers,
Are all that are left to bear,
The grief of Earth and Heaven;
Its unknown bliss to share.

Only four tireless watchers,
Are left of that surging throng;
That strewed His path with branches,—
That shouted His name in song!

Eloi, lamma sabathani—
Are the dying words of Him;
The joy of the Saints and Angels:
The Crown of the Cherubim.

The troubled earth upheaving;
The Veil of the Temple rent,
Are the angry signs from heaven,
For the blood of the Lamb besprent.

His Mission of love is ended;
His blood for Man is shed;
And that Form of heavenly splendor
Is numbered among the dead.

Now draw your guards around Him;
Encompass His body there:
For His Soul supreme in glory
To the Prophets and Saints repair.

There, where the sin of Adam
Consigned their souls to rest,
Is found the Son of Mary,
With Freedom and Light confessed.

And with Him the thief, that chiding,
The scoffer of Heaven's decree;
Forever with Him abiding,—
In glory eternally.

THE RESURRECTION.

This and the succeeding poem were suggested by Rev. J. F. Lowery's beautiful sermon on the Resurrection.

The Syrian sun, with golden beam,
Now shone o'er Jordan's gloomy stream;
Now lit Mount Thabor's favored crest,
Forever, and forever blessed.

Asphaltites*—in grim surprise,—
Beneath where Moab's mountains rise,
Reflects the glorious orb of day,
In ebon smiles and ghastly play;
Now glints thy waters, fair to see,
Tiberias and Galilee.

Its glittering beams, a diadem,
Of glory lit Jerusalem;
Then passing over Cedron's Brook,
Shone o'er the path the Saviour took,
The evening that He went to pray,
To that loved spot, Gethsemane.

But ere that sun its radiance shed,
O'er Jordan's vale or Thabor's head;

* A name for the Dead Sea

The Magdelene is on her way,
To where the Saviour's body lay;
And in her sainted company
The mother of John—fair Salome.

The gloomy streets are silent now,
As Horeb's peak or Zion's brow;
The Roman sentinels, who kept
The guarded post, have long since slept;
Whilst over all a pall is spread,
Significant of coming dread;
Prophetical of direful woe,—
Of Salem's* crime and overthrow;
When Titus shall with sword and flame
Bring fierce destruction on thy name;
Plow up those streets, where pomp and pride,
Had urged them to a deicide.

Sweet spices do they bring, and balm
The Saviour's body to embalm;
And as they tread their way alone,
They ask, "Who 'll roll us back the Stone?"
For a great stone they could not stir,
Was rolled against the Sepulcher;
Securely sealed with Cæsar's Seal,
Ere they that glorious form should steal.

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* The ancient name of Jerusalem.

And now the Marys reach the Tomb,
As morning's beams dispel the gloom;
With wondrous joy they now behold
The mighty fastening backward rolled!
Within, an angel clad in white,
Resplendent as the morning's light!
With trembling awe they reach the place
Where Jesus lay, an empty space;
Whilst the white cloths His body bound,
In careful folds lay on the ground.

The perfumed treasure which they brought:
The mighty love with which they sought
The "Man of Sorrows,"—Christ their God,
Beatified the place they trod.

"He whom ye seek," the angel said
"Is risen!" is no longer dead.
"Go seek ye Peter, much loved John,
And tell them of the risen One.
Go tell them, and the rest, that He
Now goes before to Galilee."

LIFE IN DEATH.

The tiny seed that 's dropped to earth
Shall wither and decay,
To give its beauteous offspring birth,
And life its joyous May.

The rose shall shed its sweet perfume,—
Shall die, and pass away;
But summer comes in all its bloom,
With tints as bright and gay.

From death to life all nature springs,—
The seasons come and go;
The butterfly on gorgeous wings,
From chrysalis doth glow.

The eagle piercing yonder cloud,
Majestic in his flight;
Emerges from his ovum shroud,
To bathe his wings in light.

Immutable as God's decree,
Or sun that mounts the sky,
That Death gives life to all we see,
That living things shall die.

E'en Man to Nature's law must yield,—
Must perish and decay,
As do the lilies of the field
Until the Judgment Day.

Transcendent day when Time shall end,
When Death shall be no more;
Supernal One, be thou our friend
To reach that Heavenly Shore.

O, may our bodies glorious rise,
Impassible and blest;
From star to star through azure skies,
To find eternal rest.

——:o:——

EASTER SUNDAY.

Sweet Easter day,—the Christian's hope,—
Breaks in the East, as Bethlehem's star;
Then bending westward, points its rays,
O'er ocean's wave, to climes afar;
We stand beside the Sepulcher,
In all the glow of Syrian sun;
We bring sweet spikenard and myrrh,—
The soul, from earth's illusions won.

Subdued before the angel choir,—
  Before that endless song of praise,
Whose strains of glory never tire;—
  We stand before the God of Days:
Celestial beam that lights the soul;
  That fills the earth with wond'rous love;
Thro' gloom and death its glories roll,
  A reflex of the joys above.

The feeble pen can ill portray
  This feast of joy, beyond compare;
The soul's fair hymn is Easter day,
  That wafts its perfume on the air;
Where'er the light of God pervades,
  This day transcends in ecstacy—
Its rosy beam o'er earth ne'er fades—
  Of heavenly choirs, the symphony!

From Thabor's height, o'er Jordan's stream,—
  Where'er the foot of Jesus trod;
There comes a voice of bliss supreme,
  That would adore the ways of God;
The Light that shown on Thabor's brow;
  That darkly paled on Calvary,
Sits radiant in the heavens now,
  Eternal in His majesty!

The Resurrection and the Life;
  The Dove of Hope and promise true,
This day would end the demon strife,
  The powers of Darkness plan for you:

Eternal as the angels' song,
The voice of God is ever near:
Thro' all our life it rolls along,
And fills our souls with rapture here.

Then hasten we as Magdalene,
Ere sun of heaven lights the sky;
Let 's seek the Sepulcher where lay
The Son of God supreme on high.
Let 's seek the Eucharist of Love,
Wherein our joy and bliss are found,
That we may live with Him above,
Whose love for us no thought can bound.

——:o:——

EASTER THOUGHTS.

Where the sun in its splendor adorns the East,
And its light on my cold heart is beaming;
In rapturous awe would I dare look on high,
Where its radiant glories are streaming.

I think of that morning, where, far o'er the wave,
Near the walls of God's favorite city,
The bright One of glory arose from the grave,
Where the pure-hearted laid Him in pity.

I hear the sweet song as the swash of the sea—
The light-feathered wing of the ocean,
Whose soft thrilling strains were as soothing to me,
As Prayer to the soul of Devotion!

And I gather my thoughts to that morning of light—
The promise that breaks all our sorrow—
That morning that woke o'er the earth with delight,
And that gave unto life its to-morrow.

And songs of the angels sink deep in my breast,
As their symphonies swell the glad measure;
Whose sweet Alleluias are heard in the west—
The Easter's glad tidings and treasure.

In this sweet hour of calm, when our senses arise,
As the perfume that floats round the altar;
Would we ask the Arisen, a place in the skies!
Tho' in asking, our spirits should falter.

As the incense that floats from the censer to-night;
Or the faint flush that crimsons the morning;
May our lives be as pure and as full of delight,
As the promise that waits their adorning.

THE ASCENSION.

The golden sun's unclouded beam,
A flood of glory, brightly set,
Thro' heaven's arch, doth brightly stream,
To light the brow of Olivet;
Whereon this day, triumphantly,
The God of immortality,
Ascends supreme thro' realms of light,
To Him, whose joy is as the sun;—
From yonder stone He takes His flight;
From whence His sorrows first begun;
The imprints of that Foot divine
Upon that stone, as glory, shine!

Behold Him now, Jerusalem!
Beyond thy gates, in splendor rise!
The Ever-glorious Son of Him
Whose throne is set beyond the skies!
See Golgotha, thy victory!
See Thabor! See Gethsemane!
The heavenly courts to-day are stirred
With Alleluia, and with song;
From sphere to sphere seraphic heard
The rushing joys, that sweep along;
To-day invisible with Him,
The just arise, to bliss supreme!

Behold Him now! ye sons of men:—
The "Man of Sorrows," and of care,
Triumphant rise o'er Death and Sin,
Thro' yielding waves of amber air!
Ye, whose Faith has wavered here;—
Whose doubts have caused the Master's tear:
Behold Him now! and say if e'er
A shadow o'er your souls shall rest;
Eternal, as the voice of Prayer,
That glorious sight their depths has blest!
Behold Him Heaven! Behold Him Earth!
Creation's Light! Its Life! Its Birth!

Behold Him, ye whose steps have trod!
The thorn-crowned road of grief and pain;
Behold the glory of your God
Ascending to His bright domain!
Behold Him Mary, ever blest,—
Behold the joy that filled your breast;
All is prepared to welcome thee,
The brightest star in heaven's sheen;
He goes before in brilliancy,
To welcome thee,—Celestial Queen—
As is the dawn that breaks the night,
He goes before, in Love and Light.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

The Author of Sanctity and Grace!
  Descends this day with gifts of Love:
The studded depths of heaven trace
  His wondrous flight thro' orbs that move!
Supernal, as the joys he brings,—
Redeeming draughts from heavenly springs.

Ten days have sped since Jesus' Feet,
  Rested their last, on Olivet!
And now thro' Heaven the Paraclete
  Descends, where Juda's star has set!
To fire the tongues of those who saw
The Son of Man fulfill the Law!

On this great day of sanctity,
  The heart o'erflows with joy and love!
For endless Grace and Purity
  Vouchsafed by Him who reigns above!
On this great day was ratified
The Law for which the Saviour died.

On this great day Jerusalem,
  Is thronged with myriads from afar,
To celebrate the Will of Him
  Who spoke thro' Sinai's cloud and jar!
On this great day, with tongues of fire,
He bids the Mosaic Code expire!

Each in his tongue is taught the Law,
  For which the Saviour toiled and bled!
The Mede and Parthian nearer draw
  To Peter, by the Spirit led!
In language hitherto unheard
The Greek and Roman heart is stirred.

On this great day was sanctified,
  The One True Church of Christ on earth;
On this great day beatified
  The Chosen Twelve!—fair Heaven's birth!
On this great day Three Thousand Hearts
Were pierced by Faith's mysterious darts!

——:o:——

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The tireless struggle of a Christian soul,
  Finds rest at last from earthly cares and strife;
Eternity, her curtain does unroll,
  And shows the passage to a fairer life!

Inexorable Death! where falls thy dart,—
Whether in youth, or riper years of prime,
To us unknown—for counselor thou art,
To thy grim work—thou ravager of time.

Some do you find impatient at thy stay,—
Prepared to journey to a brighter shore,—
As the pure soul, that winged its flight to-day,—
Where all is love and joy forever more!

Others there are, who would prolong the day,
Of their departure from Earth's gloomy prison;
Who see not heaven's illuminating ray,
Shine o'er their path, as morning star arisen!

From far off land,—where Faith is fondly nursed,—
She came as exile from her native shore;
Rich in the blessings, and the sacred trust,
That from its sainted breast she proudly bore.

Thro' years of gloom, of sunshine, and of tears,
She bears her works before the throne of Him,
Who reigns eternal thro' the changing years,—
The mighty God of Saints and Seraphim!

The fond, true mother, now may find repose,
From earthly cares, beneath the still cold sod;
Whilst heaven's fair light before that spirit goes,
To meet the glories of the Living God!

We mourn the dead, who pass from earth away, –
A tribute dear to nature and to love;
But for the just, who seek, Eternal Day!
There is but joy, as angel's song above.

Example fair,—be ours as hers the close,
Of lifes sweet ending,—thro' its pitfalls rife;
Be ours the joys that bring the soul repose,
Amid the glories of the future life!

——:o:——

A LEGEND.

Written on the remarkable legend connected with one of St. Francis of Sales breviaries, which opened of its own accord, after the saint's death, and emitted sweet odors.

The precious volume often read,
The sainted hand hath laid aside;
For he, who touched its leaves is dead,—
His soul in Heaven beatified!

But Heavenly wish and saintly prayer,
E'en thro' its pages, are not hid;
The sanctity of Sales is there,
As odor sweet, its leaves amid!

The breviary neglected lies,—
Companion of the pious dead;—
But odors from the leaves arise,
And wide the open page is spread!

Oh! mystery of Love Divine!
Untouched by man, the page to ope;
That his great love for God should shine,
Thro' perfumed leaf, as flowers of Hope!

Would that our lives at evening's close,
When earthly joys no longer bloom;
In man's best thoughts would e'er repose,—
Emitting prayerful sweet perfume.

——:o:——

IN MEMORIAM.

Away from the strife and the cares of life
To the light that never grows dim!
There to sing the praise of the God of Days
With the Saints and the Seraphim.

Away from the moil, and the weary toil
Of this world, with death at its core!
To breathe the pure air of an endless prayer,
Where sorrow and pain are no more.

Away 'mid the gleams of the morning's beams
To the Throne of Empyrean bright,
Thro' boundless space to the Seat of Grace,
There to joy in its heavenly light.

And that soul's last breath, ere freed by death;
To a dear companion was given;
'Ere it winged its flight, thro' realms of light
"We shall meet again in heaven!"

May those words of cheer be forever near
The hearts that have nobly striven,
To reach the goal of *that earnest soul*,—
The home of the Just in heaven.

——:o:——

IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Rest, rest from the cares and the sorrows of life,
Sweet spirit eternally blest!
Rest, rest from the conflict of death, and its strife,
On your Saviour's all comforting breast!

On that day dear to souls, was yours borne
away—
On the wings of the Angel of Light!
From the gloom of this earth to God's infinite
day,
Unending to breathe its delight!

Rest, rest, from the struggle—the victory's won,
And the soul from its shadows set free;
May its glories shine bright as the light of the
sun,
That streams o'er eternity's sea.

From the pain and the anguish that sin brings
to all;
From the sickness, protracted and deep;
Your body enfranchised escapes from their
thrall,
Till the Angel awakens its sleep!

To the dear ones of earth may a comfort arise,
As sweet as the bliss of your own!
That their spirits as pure may ascend thro' the
skies;—
Where the Infinite sits on His throne!

HELENA M. CAREY'S POEMS.

——:o:——

TO THE MUSE.

INTRODUCTION.

The pleasing thoughts you bring to me
  Seraphic Queen of Song,
Are clear as fount of Purity,
  With crystal streams among;
You steal upon my hours of rest,
  And beautify my care;
With throbs of joy you fill my breast,
  And shine an angel there.

Whate'er thou art, whose magic trill,
  Awakes the golden chords;
To me as mystic as my will,
  Or thought that shapes my words:
All beauteous as the morning's light,
  Your song is ever near:
Which breaks in notes of strange delight
  Upon my startled ear.

Forsake me not, inspiring voice,
When cloud and storm are near;
Let heavenly thoughts in thee rejoice,
Thro' beam of sun or tear;
Tempt not my weak, untutored mind,
To stray beyond its bound;
Ere thy pure strains are left behind
For those of siren sound.

——:o:——

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Here lies the grave of a soldier,
Festooned with the flowers of the spring;
The anthem of peace is around it,
And triumphs, its requiem sing.

The red-throated robin is singing
His silver note carol on high;
Whilst the lilies around it are springing,
Diffusing their fragrance and joy.

The foliaged branches are bending
Their shadows to shelter its bloom;
O, the glories of earth are unending,
For the hero that rests in the tomb.

We gaze on that grave with emotion,
Its memories bring joy to the heart;
For honor, and truth, and devotion,
From its silence can never depart.

The pride of a life is around it,
Its halo of glory is shed;
From the cloud-rifted sky and the sunbeam,
That gleam o'er the home of the dead.

Oh! bring from the trophies of battle,
The flag that he gallantly bore;
With the rents of the sword and the bullet,
As thro' the red carnage he tore.

Oh! bring that unflinching devotion,
The garland of honor and fame;
To deck the loved grave of the sleeper,
That bears on that headstone his name.

As long as the stars on our banner,
Reflect their bright glints in the wave;
So long shall the soldier be honored,
With memories outliving the grave.

And the tears of the cloud and the dew drop
Shall moisten the mounds where they rest,
Till the earth, at her final upheaving,
Shall send forth her heroes as blest.

MEMORY OF DEPARTED WORTH.

Only a column of marble—
  Only a tablet to fame—
A very few feet at the highest,
  Just space for each honored name.

Only a column of marble—
  Beautiful, fair, and white,
For youths and maidens to gaze on,
  With reverence and delight!

Only a Spartan's honor—
  Only a hero's reward;
Thro' the havoc of death and battle,
  When Liberty stood on guard!

A few little thousand dollars!
  The cost of some worthless show;
Would build them a column of marble,
  Thro' the ages that come and go.

How trivial the death of a hero,
  Who dies in defence of his land;
When the changers of dimes and dollars
  Hold his country's honor in hand.

A few little faded flowers—
That die ere their perfume is shed,
Is all the tribute you pay them,
Whose blood for your cause was shed!

They gave you freedom and honor,
Happiness, glory, and fame;
And now you deny them a column,
Whereon to inscribe their name.

The great of your cause is remembered,
In marble piercing the air;
But the lowly hero of battle
May rest undistinguished there.

Shame on such puny devotion!
When the pride of your country lies dead;
And your flag sheds its gleams of honor,
Wherever its folds are spread.

O, build them a column of marble,
Beautiful, fair, and white,
To glow in the gleam of the sunshine,
And chasten the gloom of the night!

Their life has forever departed—
Their honor and glory are thine;
Then show to the children around you,
That Liberty's cause is divine!

OCTOBER.

Over the river the woods are aglow,—
And the gorgeous feast is spread!
For royal October is speeding on,
With a crown for each drooping head.

For the garnered treasure of nature yields
Her vintage of ripened cheer,
To him, the kingliest of the months—
The prince of the "Rolling Year."

Over the river, the crimson and gold,
Border the clear blue sky—
Beautiful emblems of peace and love;
Of sweet contentment and joy.

Over the river the mellow tints
Of nature are brilliant and fair;
Lighting the soul with that joyous calm,
That comes as the voice of pray'r.

Down in the valley, away on the hill;
By river, and mountain, and spring:
The beautiful robe of the year is spread,
Bright as an angel's wing!

Over the river, the feast is o'er—
The revel 's a thing of the past;
For surly November comes sweeping on,
On his fierce, unpitying blast.

Over the river the trees are bare,
The leaves are withered and strown;
Whilst Gloom, and Death, and grim Despair
Now stalk where their glories shone.

Over the river our lives are set,
As the leaves that wither and die;
Over the river our souls shall drift
To their beautiful home on high!

Oh! may their autumn be fair and bright,
Over the river of love;
Winging their course thro' realms of light
To the home of the just, above.

Oh! may they glow as October's tints,
Before that throne on high,
Where a feast of joy is forever spread,
Whose beauties shall never die.

NEW YEARS DAY.

When the Christmas bells have ceased to ring;
And the Christmas choirs have ceased to sing;
There is another hopeful day,
That comes to steal our hearts away;
That brings fresh mem'ries to the mind,
As fair as those it left behind.

In youth's bright day how sweet the song,
That brings this beauteous day along;
The coming hopes, with roseate brow,
Make each New Year a gladsome vow:
Make each New Year, more prized, more blest,
More beautiful than all the rest.

Let me be one of those whose voice
Shall ever in its birth rejoice;
Let me be one of those whose vow,
Shall never stain its angel brow;
Let me be one of those whose song,
Its sweetest mem'ries 't would prolong.

This hopeful day, so full of cheer,
Points sweetly to the opened year;

Invites the giddy and the gay,
To sober thoughts, and sober play ;
Invites the drunkard to avoid
The cup that does his manhood hide.

Invites us all, with passions rife,
To lead a better, purer life ;
Invites each tender, noble thought
To what in other years it sought;
Invites us all to strive and pray,
That God would bless this New Years Day.

This New Years Day may blessings rest
Upon the hearts that would be blest;
This New Years Day may pardon crown
The souls that would God's mercies frown ;
This New Years Day with treasures stored,
Be God's eternal name adored.

——:o:——

REGRET.

There comes a void within the heart,
At word unkindly spoken ;
There comes a pang from out it depths,
At promise made, then broken ;

Could we recall the bitter word
We often speak unthinking;
What sunshine would our lives impart—
What hearts would save from sinking.

Unguarded words, thus lightly sped,
As barbed steel will wound us;
Will cast their gloom upon the joys
That Nature flings around us!
The promise made—that broken is—
Oft brings hot tears of sorrow;
That flow unceasing as the years,
Which know no bright to-morrow.

Regret will come when tis too late,—
The heart's best thoughts revealing:
But words of balm can ne'er restore
Our wounded love or feeling;
If we a promise give, Oh! let
Our actions prove its keeping:
If angry words our thoughts would speak.
Let them ne'er end in weeping.

JOY.

Sweet little word, what spell hast thou
To still the heart's emotion?
From whence the thrill that wreathes the brow,
As rippling streams commotion?
The pulse of thought, as quickly flies,
As beam that lights the morning:
Or as the rainbow tint that dies,
Ere sky's fair arch adorning.

Thou fliest on rosy wings of light
To still the throbs of sorrow,—
With thee, sweet word, there is no night,
No yesterday, nor morrow!
Thou bringst balm to soothe the heart,—
Bright sunshine to the weeping;
Thy cheerful beams upon us dart
In waking hours, or sleeping.

In many shapes you come to bind
The wounds that sorely try us;
And deeply crushed in heart and mind,
Your angel smiles espy us!
Life would be dreary, sad and lone,
If thy sweet face were hidden;—
Thou art as sun that brightly shone,
At God's eternal bidding!

PITY.

These four little letters, as Mercy flow!
  Alluring as desert spring;
When the burning sands unpitying blow,
  On the Simoon's fatal wing!
As the Alpine shelter from storm and death,
  Their sweet caresses fling;
Or the dewy morning's scented breath,
  That streams o'er the budding spring!

How grateful to God is the heart that feels,
  For the sorrows that droop the mind;
For the soothing word, that as sunshine steals,
  O'er the spirit that shadows bind!
They come as song of far off dream,
  That shone o'er Life's early morn!
Or as the shimmer of woodland stream,
  From its shady fringes borne!

Sweet word of comfort—the angel breast
  That utters your song of cheer;
To the wounded heart, as balm is pressed,
  Pathetic, and sweet and dear!
Who loves to nurture your beam of light,
  Diffusing its genial rays;
Dispels the gloom that enshrouds our night,
  And warms our hearts in praise.

EASTER SONG.

The rosy morn of Easter-Tide
From far Jerusalem speeds its way;
Fringed with golden streams of light
To guild this bright transcendent day!
The clouds of gloom
That draped the Tomb,
Of Him who died for sins of Man:
Are rolled away
On this fair day,
The brightest one since Time began.!

Celestial song of bliss untold!
Is heard from sphere to sphere to-day!
The choirs of Heaven, entrancing roll
The mighty anthem far away!
From star to star,
Is heard a far;
Alleluias ring—for God is ris'n!
This day is streamed
O'er man redeemed,
The light that gleams o'er earthly prison.

The chimes of earth in silver tones,
Announce this joyous feast of love ;
The tireless song of angels pour
It's pæans of glory from above !
Thou light supreme,
Pour down your beam,
Upon our sinful souls to-day ;
As fair as when
The Magdalene
Bent loving steps to where You lay.

O, may our hearts, as Sepulcher
Be lit by God's unfading light ;
O, may the angel shine within
Their darkened chambers, robed in light !
O, may the soul
Its treasure roll,
Of purest thought, and love sublime ;
Till doubt and fear
Shall disappear,,
Upon the fleeting wings of Time.

TO SISTER NELLIE.

I once had a rose-cheeked sister,
With tresses of golden hair;
And eye as brown as the Autumn
When Nature has heard his prayer:
Unangered we played together,
Innocent, loving, and kind;
But the angels bore her from me,
And left me in grief behind.

Over that brow of opal,
The seal of heaven was set;
Celestial, pure, and tender,
Where heavenly graces met:
Around those lips angelic,
The budding prayer was found;
That child-like lisped its fervor
Pathetic, and sweet of sound.

Purer than spring's bright lily,
That kind hands strewed on her breast;
Fairer that soul, and brighter,
Than the crescent that lights the west:

Tho' years and years have vanished,
Since that dark and tearful day,
Unforgetting, I grieve and sorrow,
For the glory they bore away.

Ah! would I may meet thee, Nellie,
When the sorrows of earth are o'er;
When borne away thro' the shadows,
To the light of a brighter shore!
With thee forever and ever,
To sing God's song of praise!
Where Death's dark pangs ne'er sever,
The glories that bind our days.

——:o:——

DEATH'S SOUVENIR.

What marvelous charm this braid of gold—
The strands of my sister's hair;
Has for me, who loved her, with love untold,—
Unselfish beyond compare!
Sad are my thoughts thro' the welling tears,
That moisten its burnished sheen;
When I think of childhood's rosy years,
And their happy days between.

The mem'ries that float on the waves of time,
Are, as sad weird notes of song;
Which breathe their sorrows in measured rhyme,
That ghost-like around us throng!
They come when recalled by some fond regret,
As this golden tress of hair;
That shines anew where its glints are wet,
By the tearful eye of prayer!

Short lived our grief, as the tint of flower,
For the loved ones gone before;
As fleeting shadow that dims the hour,
Then breaks into light once more;
Ephemeral all, are our lives' fond ties,
As shadows around them set:
And the anguished hearts—sad tearful eyes—
Too soon, alas! forget!

How many there are, who hoard away,
The treasures that beauty wore;
In silken tresses of gold or gray,
Whose life throbs are felt no more!
How many there are whose tears are shed,
As mine, o'er some golden braid;
Whose wearer in life to God has fled—
Where beauty shall never fade!

DEVOTION'S HYMN.

Here, where the cypress and willow
  Are bending their soft cooling shade;
Where the fair grassy mound, as a pillow,
  Is flowered,—where a hero is laid;
With the sunbeams of heaven around it;
  With the dewdrop to crystal its sheen:
O, the peace and the stillness, delicious!
  That rest 'neath this fair wave of green.

Beneath lie the bones of a soldier,—
  Sad relics of conflict and strife.—
When the peace of our homes was endangered,
  And our country was struggling for life;
O'er that grave is the sad, quaint inscription,
  Begrudgingly lettered, and dim;
With no name, with no deed of distinction,
  To record the bright glories of him.

Brave heart! in thy coldness of slumber,
  You reck not indifference's frown,
Those three iron letters but number
  Your *Glory*, *Achievements*, *Renown*! *

* G. A. R.

They speak, as the Spartan, whose glory,
Has sped thro' the centuries down;
They speak of Devotion's bright story,
Her honor, her fame, and her crown.

See yonder fair obelisk * gleaming,—
Brightly piercing the clear, sunny dome!
'Neath that white shaft, a soldier lies dreaming,
Who as you fought for country and home;
But wealth has inscribed his achievements,
In letters artistic and bright;
Whilst the equal loved grave that surrounds you,
Is dark as the shadows of night!

Fair emblems of love and devotion,—
Sweet tributes of earth, dew, and sun—
We strew o'er your grave with emotion,
For all that your valor has won:
Their perfume as love shall awaken
The anthem that swells in our breast,
That your odor, as theirs, may be taken
To the home of the pure and the blest!

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* Gen. Wool's monument.

THANKSGIVING MUSINGS.

How many unite on this day of praise,
To thank the God of Light?
How many brave hearts their voices raise,
For blessings which delight?
How many are counting the days of gloom,
Of food and fire bereft;
Awaiting the sunny days of bloom,
When winter's clouds are cleft.

In fancy they see the plenteous board,
With earth's fair dainties spread!
In fancy they see rich larders stored,
With pastry, meat, and bread;
In fancy they see the genial fire
Pour our its cheering rays;
Then turn their hearts where gloom and night
Enshroud their own dark days.

How many there are from plenteous store,
Would from its surplus part?
How many who count their millions o'er
Would light one clouded heart?

How many who see the shivering child,
Intrude his hand for bread;
Forget that tho' Son of Man—reviled—
Adorns his drooping head?

How many who revel, and feast to-day,
Forget the burning tears;
That sorrow bears on her wings away,
As shades of vanished years?
How many obey the prompting soul,
That would God's gifts bestow;
On him whose bounty—A Miser's dole,
Is given here below?

Alas, that this day such thoughts would bring.
When all around looks bright;
Alas, that hunger, on gloomy wing,
Should brood around its night!
Alas, that Bounty should lock her store,
Of raiment food and fire,
Against the victims, that crowd her door,—
Whose pleadings the wealthy tire.

Yes, shout the blessings the Master sends,
With flippant tongue of praise!
Yes, hoard the treasures her bounty lends,
This life's short fleeting days:
But, Oh! remember, another day,
With feast more glorious spread!
Will beam on our souls, o'er Time's decay,
When heaven shall judge her dead!

THE SHAMROCK.

The summer's breeze ne'er stirs thy leaves
In shady dell or glen;
For closely pressed to earth's fair breast,
You shun the gaze of men;
Yet on this day when hearts are gay,
Thy trefoil leaf is sought;
For spell thou hast, to speak the past,
And spin the web of thought.

Thy triple crest, o'er many a breast,
Is fondly pressed to-day;
For mem'ries dear to song and cheer,
Thy tiny leaves portray;
Thy hymn is sung by old and young,
On each recurring year;
And tales of old again are told,
That make thy mem'ry dear.

With thee are twined the links that bind,
Our hearts to Freedom's cause;
With thee belongs the tuneful songs,
Which storied legend draws;

Tho' far away our thoughts to-day,
Our prayerful wishes rise
That Freedom's beam o'er thee shall stream,
'Neath Erin's sunny skies.

On one frail stem, this little gem,
United grows, and fair!
Emblem of Him, who reigns supreme,
O'er sky, and earth, and air;
Thy modest sheen of fairest green,
Engraven is, and true,
Upon our hearts, whose joy imparts
A glory to the view!

——:o:——

IRELAND'S EVERGREENS.

The following poem was written on receiving from Ireland, sprigs of the Shamrock, and leaves of the Holly, Ivy and Laurel.

Emblem of Erin's glorious past,
Of Erin's strife thro' blood and gloom;
Ah! little plant, what power thou hast,
To soothe the exile's lonely doom!

Sweet visitant from o'er the sea,
Renowned in story and in song;
O, speak thy troubled tale to me
Of shattered hope, and treasured wrong.

Show where the blood marks stained thy face:
  Thou emblem of the triune God!
Show where its beauty and its grace,
  By foreign foot, to earth were trod.

And with thee comes, all cheer and song,
  The trusting holly's prickly leaf!
A hymn of joy its green among!
  With not a shade of care or grief.

Sweet prudish leaf, what peace and joy
  Around thee cluster, 'round thee play;
The festive hours flew faster by,
  When shone thy boughs on Christmas Day.

Here comes the friend of ruins gray—
  The dark green ivy's pointed leaf;
Historian of the world's decay,
  In friendship's van—he comes the chief.

Oh! what a tale couldst thou unfold
  Of death and havoc, strife and blood:
Of mould'ring fane, and castle old,
  That long the tyrant host withstood.

As are thy roots in Ireland set—
  Defying Time's extinctive law—
So will our dreams of Freedom yet,
  From out the gloom their glories draw.

To crown the trios' song of praise,
The laurel's lanceolate leaf appears,
With sweet aroma for its bays—
He comes the leaf that never sears.

Tho' foot of mine hath never trod,
The lovely land from whence ye came;
Yet are ye dear as is the sod,
That hides in death some treasured name.

——:o:——

THE MAY-LILY.

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND, MARY E. A. BOYLE.

Thou tiny glory of the spring
O, where hast thou been hid?
I've come once more to see the dell
Where ope'd thy drooping lid;

I've come once more to see thy bells
In elfin beauty grow;
I've come once more to seek the mound
Whereon thy white cups blow;

I've come to pluck thy slender stem;
To wear thee next my heart;
Thou beautiful created thing,
How fair and pure thou art!

Dear link of childhood's happy days,—
Sweet offspring of the earth:
How gladly does my heart respond
To thine angelic birth.

Thou perfumed daughter of the sod,—
Ephemeral and bright;
Thy beauteous life is spotless, brief,—
A fragrance and delight.

Thou soul of earth! I see in thee
A type of future bliss,—
The resurrection and the hope
Of home more fair than this.

Where life is measured, not by years;
Where death has no control;
Where all is love, and light, and joy,—
The lilies of the soul!

I see in thee a type of Him,
Whose will created thee:
The Burden of the angels hymn,—
The Source of purity.

I see in thee a type of her,
Who gave the Saviour birth,—
The purest lily of her sex
That ever trod the earth.

FAREWELL TO MAY.

Sweet servant of the year farewell,
With grateful hearts we part with thee;
How fair thy life no pen can tell—
Forever dear to memory;
Fair, sunny queen of bud and bloom—
You left our earth a paradise;
From April's tear, and winter's gloom,
You robed her in your em'rald dyes.

The tints of flower, the song of bird,
Around your life a glory shed!
The perfumed leaves the zephyrs stirred
Are, as thy days, too fleeting sped;
As joy you came, as joy you leave—
The sweetest month that crowns the year—
Then why should we in sorrow grieve?
Why shed o'er thee the parting tear?

But vain regrets will ne'er recall
The happy hours we spent with thee;
Where shone thy beams, the shadows fall,
For pleasure's dream departs with thee!
Your fair successor, June, is here,
With riper cheek and brighter tress;
Thro' beam of sun does she appear,
Adorned with your sun woven dress.

JUNE.

Hail! beauteous daughter of the sun,—
The empress of the "rolling year,"
How swiftly does your chariot run,
When Phœbus is the charioteer;
And glorying in your onward flight,
Earth's forces reach Solstitial height.

Sweet month of bird, of plant, and flower.—
The paradise of God's fair earth;
How sweet to rest within thy bower,
And paint thy glorious life and birth:
Of earth's bright Twelve thou art the gem—
The ruby in that diadem.

Mirror of Heaven's delights art thou,
Queen of the earth—her life and bloom,
God's halo rests upon your brow,
As when creation lit your gloom!
The consecrated month of Him
Who reigns above the Seraphim.

Than is the Sun's meridian beam;
Than is thy bowers cooling shade:
His love and mercy on us stream,
From out the worlds which he has made,
From star to star His rays Divine
Do on our souls in splendor shine.

THE LIGHT OF GOD.

Grief and wrong will droop the heart,
  Will cloud the brow with care;
Will pierce fair Hope, as venomed dart,
  And hush the voice of Pray'r.

But God who soothes the anguished mind,
  Will heal its wounds with balm;
Will still its troubles, as the wind,
  That dies before the calm.

Ah! lost indeed are they who yield
  Their hearts to dark Despair;
Who take not up that saving shield,—
  The soul-protecting Pray'r.

There is a light within our breast,
  The tempest cannot shroud;
It breaks in glory when oppressed,
  As lightning from the cloud.

The voice of God, is this fair light,
  Which shines forever there:
It sparkles in the gloom of night,
  And sanctifies our care.

There is no heart however dark,
That does not bear within;
This Fire of Love—this Heavenly Spark—
Whose darkened cloud is Sin.

Man may oppress his fellow man;
May rule with stern decree;
But God revokes the cruel ban
With light and liberty.

For God who loves the stricken soul
Will not withdraw His light;
But in His mercy make it whole,
A marvel of delight!

——:o:——

WHAT THE STAR SAW.

Down from its home, in the blue dome,
What did the little star see?
Rivers and streams glinting his beams,—
Crooning their song to the lea!
Mountains, lakes, fells, beautiful dells;
Groves where the little birds nod;
Sweet shady bowers, hiding the flowers,—
Breathing the perfume of God!

Down from its height bearing its light:
Down in the dew crystaled earth;
Shedding its beam over the stream,
Joining its song and its mirth;
Gladly would bear, joy through the air;
Breaking the shadows of night;
Gladly would roam, down from its home—
Beaming its love and its light!

Down once again, over the main;
What did the little star see?
Shipwreck and death, blood sprinkled heath;
Foot-prints of strife on the lea!
Sorrow and gloom, shrouding the tomb;
Poverty, malice and pain!
Riches and dress, hunger's caress!
Bearing its sting to the brain!

Tempest and tear, verdure and sear;
Cabin, and mansion and hall;
Darkness and gloom, hiding earth's bloom,
Bearing their shadows o'er all!
Changeless and true, up in the blue;
There would the little star rest;
Fadeless and bright, bending its light,
To soften the cares in our breast!

YOUTH'S MEMORIES.

AIR :—"*Granachree.*"

I 'm leaving thee, thou fair, bright land,
In which my youth was nursed;
Thy rock-bound coast and golden strand,
Where strayed my footsteps first;
The grassy fields, with daisies specked,
That cheered the summer's day;
The crystal lake, with lilies decked,
With me o'er earth shall stray.

The fairy rath of Elfin Queen,
With grassy rampart bound;
Where undismayed I trod the green,
And mocked the echo's sound;
Where liquid song of lark was heard
In rippling notes arise;
Of Ireland's choir the sweetest bird
That sings beneath her skies.

The churchyard where my parents sleep
Now fades before mines eyes;
Their tender memories, fond and deep,
Shall mingle with my sighs;

Alone upon the ocean's breast—
Where'er my footsteps stray,
My prayerful thoughts shall ever rest
Beside their mounds of clay.

I care not whence they bear me now—
How fiercely breaks the storm—
My heart's as cold as winter's brow,
That erst beat true and warm;
The parting from my native shore,
Is as a beam of light,
That shows some image 't would adore,
Then vanishes in night.

How many hearts, as mine have strayed
Across that boundless sea;
How many hands in death are laid
That struggled to be free;
Yet undeterred I fly the home
To memory ever dear—
Its bright green fields, and sapphire dome,
For skies less bright and clear.

THOUGHTS.

From bounteous shore of happy land,
I gaze across the sea;
Where tyranny with blood-stained hand
Is smiting Liberty!
And thoughts as surging as the wave,
When tempests' lightning dart;
Or, as the shadows of the grave,
Break o'er my swelling heart.

Beyond the boundless field of foam,
The spoiler's bolt is sped;
O'er many a poor, secluded home
The cloud of grief is spread;
O'er many a heart the sun has set,
In sorrow and in gloom;
That as the rose, with dew-drop wet,
Was formed to bud and bloom!

Oh, God! how long since Erin's foe
Commenced his work of death!
What broken hearts, what tears, what woe,
Have gulped its life beneath;
Yet will the sun as brightly shine
O'er mountain, stream, and flood,
As if no hand incarnadine
Had dyed its fields in blood.

Oh! what a cruel wretch is he—
How false unto his kind—
Whose heart ne'er throbs for misery,—
Whose hands its shackles bind.
From Bodyke comes eviction's cry,
As piteous as of yore;
Its smoking huts, its lurid sky,
In horror reach our shore!

False Saxon land, to pity dead,
Ring out your song of praise!
Your blood-writ laws o'er earth are spread
Unhallowed as your days;
The surging grief, the tear of shame,
The homeless orphan's cry,
Will wreathe in blood your cruel name
As warnings ere you die!

Oh! jubilee of crimes unheard:
Ring out your chimes of woe!
Oh, song! whose piteous strains have stirred
The years that come and go;
There is no sadder song than thine—
Famed children of the Gael—
There gleams no diamond in you mine,
No sunbeam in your wail.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

The voice of Nature in tones sublime,
Is touching the sweet, weird chords of Time;
Is tinting the leaves with gold and red,
As morning blushes, Hyperion spread!

The evening sunset is not more fair,
Than the burning glories that ripen there:
The Bow of heaven, of varied hue,
Is not to Nature, in tint more true!

Skirting the margin of stream and lake,
As joy reflected their colors break!
As beauty's cheek, consumptive glows,
Their life's sweet sunset more beauteous grows.

The robin has fled the greenwood shade,
Forsaking the nest which his skill had made;
Bearing his song and his cheer away,
Ere the shadows fall on the autumn day.

The Bee and the Ant have housed their store,
Awaiting the winter's gloom once more;
Teaching a lesson to man the while,
To garner God's love, while the heavens smile.

OCTOBER GLORIES.

The whispering leaves in crimson tints,
And yellow gold outspread,
Are fair as morning's safron glints,
Or evening's sunset red;
Where'er I gaze their glories beam,
As light of setting sun,
Reflected in the glancing stream,
Ere his bright course is run.

—:o:—

A FOURTH OF JULY SONG.

How gayly dressed are the people to-day;
How filled are their hearts with joy;
Cares are forgotten and cast away,
For this is the Fourth of July.

Come let us follow the fife and drum;
Let 's tread to the measure of Life!
Come beautiful girls, Oh come! Oh come!
Come husband, and children, and wife.

For Liberty's day comes once in a year,
With fair corona of joy!
Then proudly awaken its song of cheer—
The beautiful Fourth of July!

Time's fleeting wings shall bear it away,
Like some vain bauble or toy!
Leaving gloom in the path which it lit to-day,—
The beautiful Fourth of July.

Oh! come! for the hour of toil draws nigh;
Come taste of each vanishing sweet—
Oh! come! as love this Fourth of July,—
Where Freedom's proud children meet!

——:o:——

GATHERING LILIES.

From yonder bough the robin trills
His song of welcome to the May;
His crimson breast with rapture fills,
For nature dons her holiday;
The air gives back the swelling notes
That quiver thro' the breeze;
O'er tranquil hearts their sweetness floats,
A joy amid the budding trees!

The lily drooping on its stem,
Its fairy bells of white disclose,
A fairer and a sweeter hymn
Than robin's song, or tint of rose,
The glory of the vernal sod,—
Of earth, the fairest, sweetest flow'r,
Whose tiny cups with perfume nod,
Within her scented bower.

I left my home this morning fair
To seek the dell wherein they bloom;
To wear their glories in my hair,
And from their cups to catch perfume;
To read a lesson from their birth;
To ponder o'er their swift decay;
Which shows the teardrop in the mirth
That marks our footsteps day by day.

——:o:——

THE RESURRECTION OF NATURE.

The rustling leaves come scurrying down,
From the hungry sapless trees;
And Nature's beautiful tinted robe,
Is sport for the wayward breeze;
Draggled and soiled in the muddy streets,
Their beauty is thing of the past;
And the glory that lit the soul with joy,
In the swirl of death is cast.

Heedless our step o'er their faded bloom,
Ne'er thinking of Time's decay;
How our life, as theirs, shall end in gloom,
When its autumn is rolled away;
Heedless our thoughts as the wanton blast,
That severs their glints of fire:
That we in our pride shall breathe at last
When the joys of this Earth expire.

But Nature's glories shall bloom once more,
And the trees their green shall wear;
When winter's shadows have flitted o'er
And the spring renews her pray'r;
From the bare, cold sod, the tiny plant,
Shall tremblingly raise its head;
As the soul released from its mortal coil,
Thro' heaven's fair arch is led!

——:o:——

BOYHOOD'S FREAKS.

The many freaks of boyhood,
How reckless in their mirth;
Where nature spreads her treasures
Over the gladsome earth!
When neither care nor sorrow
Clouded his summer's day:
And his truant life was happy,
As butterfly at play!

Braving the rosy orchard—
Fair youth's Hesperides—
Lost in fear and wonder
Beneath its bending trees;
Plucking the mellow pippin
That drooped from bending bough—
Startled at throbs of conscience,
That thrill his bosom now.

Unheeding brier or thorn—
The tangled glen derides—
To pick the ripened berries
That grew along its sides;
The wild rose and the blue-bell
Would next receive his care—
For youth has tender fancies,
For some one's golden hair!

Chasing the tinted glory
Over the grassy crest;
Peering among the branches—
Seeking the robin's nest;
Hiding away the school books,
That would enslave the will;
Weaving the mitcher's story
To baffle father's skill!

Tempting the shining river,
Clear as its crystal gleam;
Chasing his mocking shadow,—
Reflected in its stream;

Unheeding mother's warning
To pluck the lily white,
That grew 'mid the tangled sedges,
Tempting and fair and bright.

Plucking the yellow blossom,
'Gainst blame—the talisman;
Securely hid in the bosom,
Thro' which dire terrors ran;
Skulking away in the shadows:
Fearful of Fate's decree:
Wishing the past forgotten
Ere reaching father's knee.

The morning of life how valiant,
As hero of tale or song;
Bright deeds would achieve in fancy,
Would move the world along;
Where beauty's charms are captive,
A champion would find in youth;
Brave as the famed Orestes;
Pure as the heart of truth!

The tale of love and sorrow,
That dimmed the eyes in tears:
The fate of the brave Leander,
Remembered adown the years:
The castle of giant Ogre
Where captive virgins wept;
Awaiting the direful summons,
Delayed, while the monster slept!

Him would he face with truncheon,
Would batter, pound, and kill:
Would steal the golden apples,
That foiled enchanter's skill;
Him would he roast and simmer
Before that glowing fire;
Or tear the Cyclops eye out,
That lit his fierce desire.

But time dispels the fancies,
That wreathe the youthful mind,
And sober thoughts less brilliant
It's equinoctials bind!
But oh! give me the morning,
With perfumed crystals wet,
To life's meridian splendors
That beam o'er youth's regrets!

—:o:—

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I knelt by thy peaceful bedside,
Sweet spirit forever blest;
When death brought the awful message,
That laid thy body at rest.

Fair as the reed by the river,
That spirit passed away;
To live with its God forever
In the light of an endless day.

My soul felt a thrill of emotion,
As I saw that fair, fair face,
Reflect the repose of heaven,
In all its angelic grace.

Thro' realms of light ascending,
My heart's deep pray'r rose high,
To the glorious Queen of Heaven,
To welcome that soul with joy.

I grieved for that Christian mother,—
God's guardian on the earth;
Who gave her beautiful treasure
To Him who shaped its birth.

God's blessing on such mothers,
Who give such treasures away;
When the light of the cloud is breaking,
O'er the bright soul passing away.

Sweet as the breath of the morning,
Her beautiful spirit has fled;
And we gaze on that fair, fair sleeper,
Now numbered among the dead.

Her sinless death is a blessing,
To those she has left behind;
Whilst her soul with the saints and angels,
Companions shall ever find.

——:o:——

AFFECTION'S MEMORIALS.

Three little broken columns,
Over so many graves;
Three little slender beds of earth,—
Three little motionless waves.

Still as the forms they cover;
Still as the cold, cold earth;
Fair as the spirits that hover,
Over the soul at birth.

Three little columns of marble,
White as the virgin snow;
Pure as the life of the sleepers—
Hushed forever below.

Tributes of love and affection,
Beautiful emblems of death;
Where are the hopes that once nurtured,
The forms now lying beneath?

Joy, as the light of the morning,
Brings shadows in her train,
Chasing the beams of sunlight
Over the heart and brain;

Leaving the broken columns
Of ruin and death behind;
Symbols of grief and sorrow,
Food for the anguished mind.

——:o:——

IN MEMORY.

The beauteous form now lying in death,
So saintly and so fair;
Was once a mother's pride and hope,—
Her treasure and her care.

Her life was one of purest mold,
Both dove-like and serene;
In all the actions of her life,
God's hand was plainly seen.

From early youth her soul was blessed:
For God had nurtured there
The heavenly seeds of Faith and Love,
Of Hope and earnest Prayer.

That cold, cold brow, so pure, so fair;
So calm in death's repose;
Once glowed in all the flush of life,
As does the beauteous rose.

But Death's dread summons came and bore
That saintly soul away,
To live with angels and be blest,
Thro' God's eternal day!

Then be the tear of sorrow changed,
To one of joy expressed;
That she whose form had brightened earth,
Now lies among the blest.

Then be the cup of sorrow blessed,
For grief should find no place,
Beside the soul released from sin
By God's supernal Grace.

Be ours the effort and the care,
When Death's dread summons close
Our life, and all the ties of earth,
To live in heaven's repose.

To die as sinless and as pure,
As Christian and as brave,
With hope triumphant over Death,
The hope beyond the grave.

FAREWELL TO EILLEEN.

Farewell to the scenes of my love and my child hood,
To Erin's green vales and her mountains so hoar;
Farewell to the glen, with its fringes of wild-wood,
Where first I met Eilleen, sweet Eilleen asthore;
Beautiful Eilleen, ever loved Eilleen!
O, beautiful Eilleen, sweet Eilleen asthore!

I part from my love, as the sunset is bending,
Its shadows o'er scenes, that I'll never see more;
I part from the mother, whose love was unending,
And I part from my heart, and sweet Eilleen asthore.
Beautiful Eilleen, ever loved Eilleen!
O beautiful Eilleen, sweet Eilleen asthore!

My treasure of life I resign to your keeping,
The gift is but small, from this world's great store;
O, give me instead, what my true love is seeking,
Your fond trusting heart my own Eilleen asthore.
Beautiful Eilleen, ever loved Eilleen!
O, beautiful Eilleen, my Eilleen asthore!

Adieu my fond love, and each tender emotion,
That brought me a suitor to all I adore;
Thy image shall set me a life of devotion,
As true as thy heart, my own Eilleen asthore.
Beautiful Eilleen, ever loved Eilleen!
My heart's sweetest idol, my Eilleen asthore!

——:o:——

NOVEMBER.

Dispite your fits and spells of gloom,
We'll miss your beams of sun;
Whose rays, now hid in winter's breast,
Are clouded one by one;
You've gathered in the autumn bloom,
And hid its leaves away;
To beautify the earth anew
When Spring rolls out her day!

We thought you chill, and cold, and drear;
We thought your night was long;
But now you 're gone we miss the cheer,
That lingered in your song!
We never feel the loss of worth,
Until its charm is fled;
We never miss the trusted friend
Till numbered with the dead.

The crystal sparks of winter came,
Ere yet your life had fled;
His shroud of death was o'er you placed—
A chaste, cold sheet out-spread—
His all pervading, unseen sting,
That thrills the throbbing air;
Aroused your tardy drooping wing
To fly beyond our prayer!

——:o:——

THE SNOW.

Hurrying, scurrying, crystalized, fair,
The snow flakes are sped thro' the chill pulseless air!
Hither, and thither, on weird wing as light,
As the moonbeams that steal thro' the shadows of night:

On the breast of the river, the cheek of the stream,
Their glance, is as thought, that is merged in a dream;
The brown fields they cover, with mantle as white,
As childhood enrobes its fair angels of light!

Their tender caresses, as playfully sped;
Their etchings o'er cabin, as mansion are spread;
On the soft face of beauty, as poverty's cheek,
Unfavored their kiss, as the lesson they speak!
O'er the gay promenade, as grime draggled street,
Their crystals as fair 'neath the wanderer's feet;
Tho' biting and painful, their venom and sting,
Unbiased the chill which they bear on their wing!

The snow-flakes, as death, come silently down;
As noiseless as Charity wreathing her crown!
O'er the once shining greenwood their fair robe is flung,
O'er the crisp, shriveled leaves their anthem is sung;

O'er the blue mountain crest as the valley below,
The bleak face of nature is wreathed in snow;
As Hope brightly crowned do their glories appear,
Tho' strewed o'er our path thro' the cloud and the sear!

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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